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January 11, 1930

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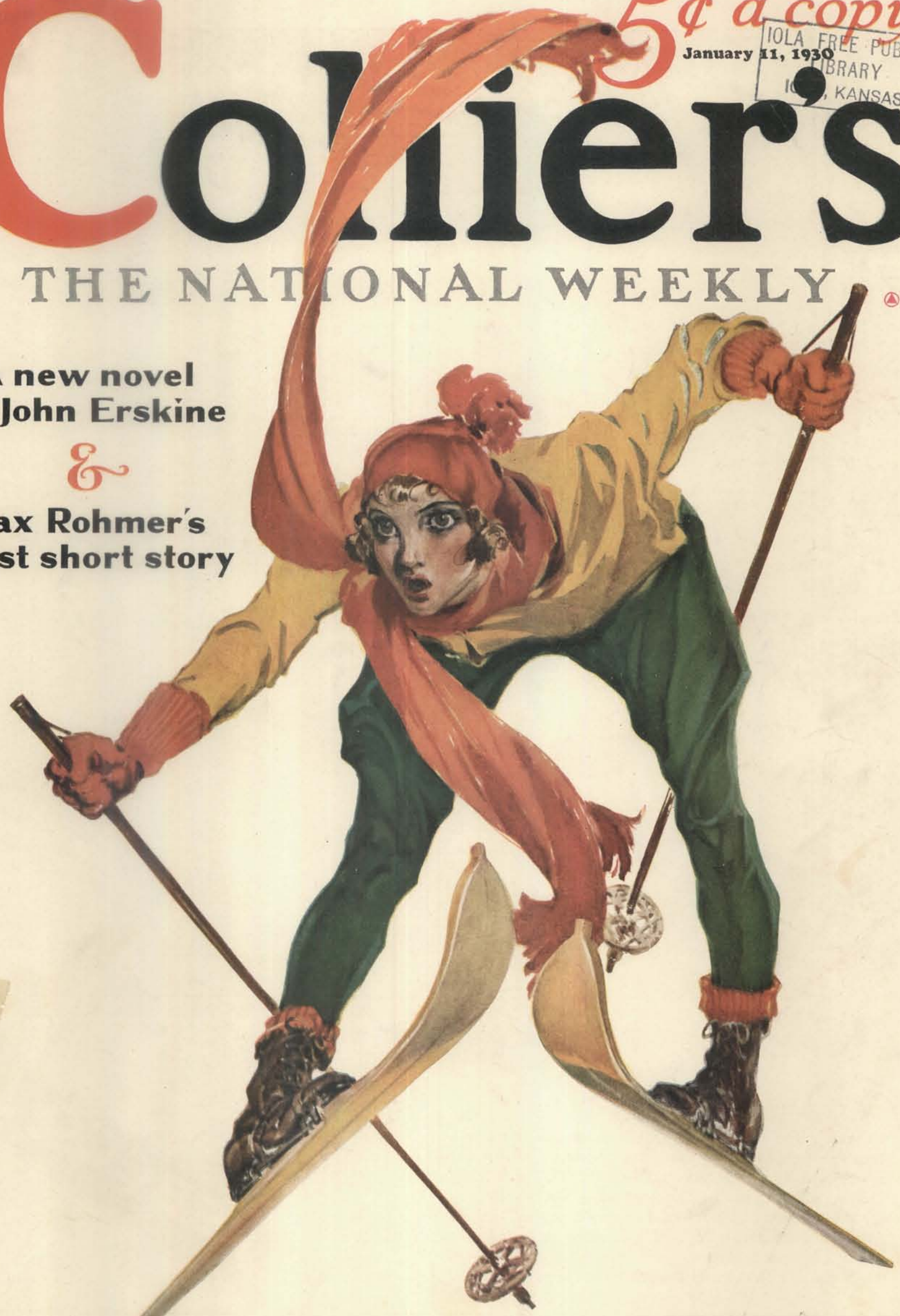
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A new novel by John Erskine

&

Sax Rohmer's latest short story



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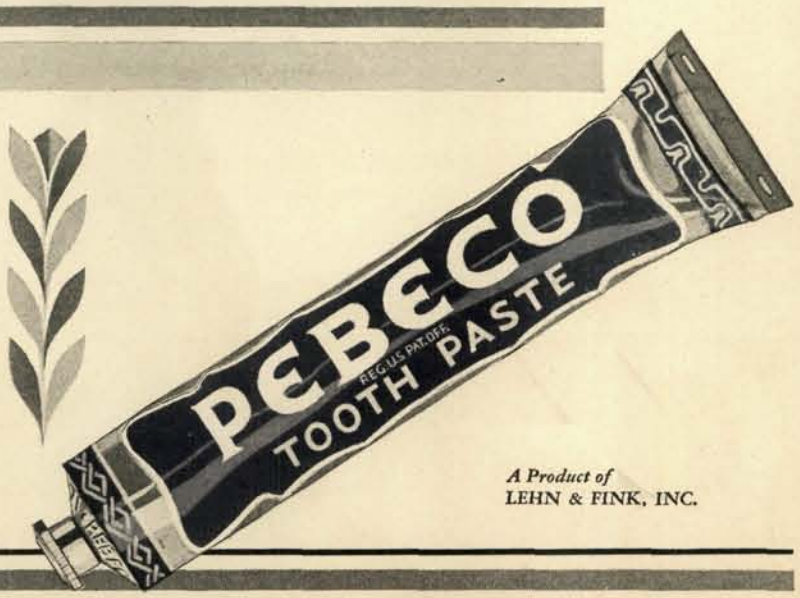
JAN. 11, 1930

"Help Coming!" says Pebeco's Taste

In your quest of sparkling, white teeth, do you buy a tooth paste for its *taste?* Or for what science has proved it can actually do for your teeth? PEBECO Tooth Paste cleans, whitens, checks "acid-mouth". When first you try PEBECO you may not like the taste—but you'll realize from its distinctive tang that it is *doing its work!* In a week, mere acquaintance will ripen into friendship. Then you'll KNOW why Pebeco users so rarely switch.



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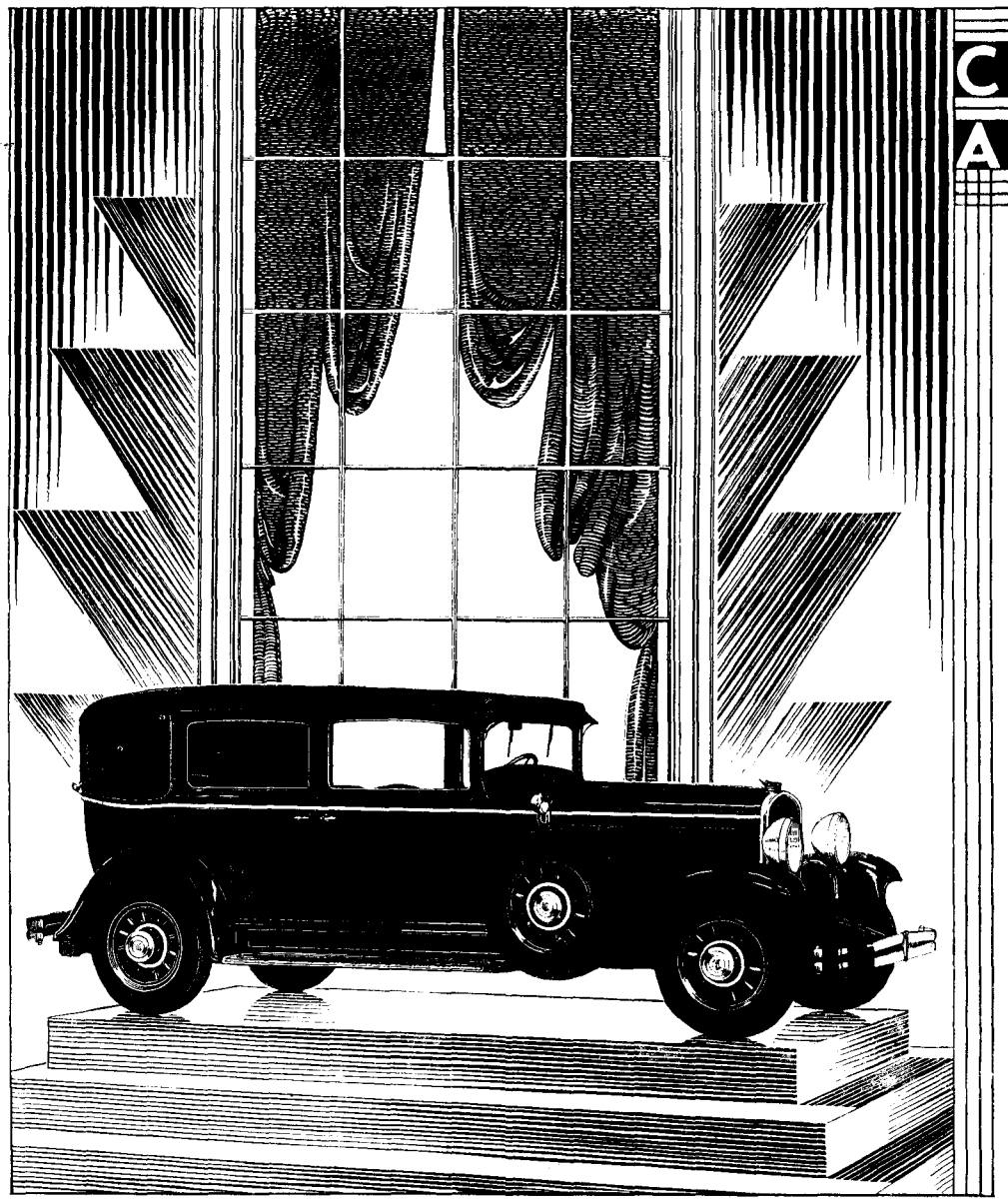

New Chrysler "77" Town Sedan, $1775 (Special Equipment Extra)

CHRYSLER INSPIRES A PRIDE ALL ITS OWN

Chrysler proves what it *IS* by what it *DOES*

FEATURES: LARGE, POWERFUL ENGINES . . . SEVEN-BEARING COUNTER-BALANCED CRANKSHAFT . . . MULTI-RANGE FOUR-SPEED TRANSMISSION AND GEAR SHIFT . . . RUBBER SPRING SHACKLES . . . CHRYSLER WEATHERPROOF FOUR-WHEEL HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . LARGER, ROOMIER BODIES OF DREADNOUGHT CONSTRUCTION . . . ADJUSTABLE FRONT SEATS . . . METALWARE BY CARTIER

All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows. Also, special displays during the New York Show, January 4th to 11th, in the Commodore Hotel and during the Chicago Show, January 25th to February 1st in the Balloon Room and lobbies of the Congress Hotel.

A MOTOR car proves what it is by what it does. For performance is tangible, definite—something you can easily check for yourself.

When we say the new Multi-Range Chryslers are swifter in pick-up than other cars—smoother in flight—faster in climbing hills—easier to drive—we are simply stating facts you can prove.

This new Chrysler leadership in performance is the result of such advancements in engineering as the new Chrysler Multi-Range four-speed transmission and gear shift with a new, quiet Acceleration Range that combines the pick-up of "second" with the smooth, silent flexibility of "high." Shifting gears back and forth between forward speeds can be done at any car speed without clashing. Another fundamental is Down-Draft carburetion, which introduces the most advanced fuelizing practice.

These new Multi-Range Chryslers are new from the ground up. Bodies are longer, wider and have more headroom. They combine "dreadnought" strength with utmost comfort, modern smartness, beauty and luxury inside and out.

In the midst of all today's claims and counterclaims, Chrysler suggests a demonstration that you may learn for yourself why Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

MULTI-RANGE CHRYSLER

© 1929 Chrysler Corporation

THE IMPERIAL	8 Body Styles, $2895 to $3475	THE 77	9 Body Styles, $1595 to $1795	THE 70	7 Body Styles, $1295 to $1525	THE 66	6 Body Styles, $985 to $1065	ALL PRICES F.O.B DETROIT

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

January 11, 1930

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WHERE THE HEART IS

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Next Week

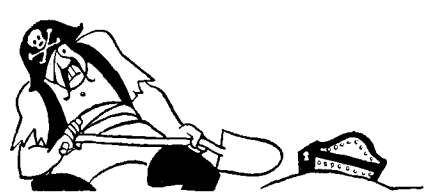
DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON, General Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, dropped in to see us a few weeks ago. We began talking about liquor in Washington and the good doctor said so many strong things that we asked him to write them for us. Everything he says about liquor and bootlegging is, as you might suspect, distinctly uncomplimentary; but drinking in Washington moves him to new heights and makes him a denouncer well worth reading.

There are times, as we have told Dr. Wilson, when we disagree with him completely; but we know him rather well and this country does not hold a more unselfish soul nor a more uncompromising fighter for the cause he loves. "How Dry is Washington?" will be quoted everywhere.

THERE may be things funnier than a circus, but we don't know anything that's more fun. We like 'em and we like stories about them. "Sunday on the Lot" is Courtney Ryley Cooper's latest. It's about a young man fresh from college who tries to manage a troupe of elephants on the basis of a course in zoölogy, until the elephants decide they'd rather not hear any more about it. Their conduct is unscientific, maybe, but highly colorful.

—

"IT IS very hard work being a Prince," King Edward told his little son George. Perhaps the hard work began when his grandmother, Queen Victoria, gave him, unexpectedly, a biscuit with sugar on top. It wasn't a very nice biscuit but the small boy ate it all because his father had taught him that he must never make others uncomfortable or unhappy. King George always remembered that lesson and in the story of his life, which begins next week, evidences of his thought of others are many. There are four articles in the series, simple and straightforward as befits the subject and written by the Richard Dent who did so well by the Prince of Wales.



AND let the children stay up a little bit later, for we have a pirate story that will enchant the whole family. There's a rolling ship, a tropic storm, a lovely lady,

"And Buccaneers and buried Gold
"And all the old romance, retold
"Exactly in the ancient way,"

as Mr. Stevenson wrote when he was boosting "Treasure Island." "Jewels of the Dead," by Emma-Lindsay Squier, is a good yarn, mates, and you may lay to that.

—

ALSO John Erskine, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Arthur Somers Roche, Wallace Irwin, Jerome Beatty, Ina Claire, Grantland Rice, and others. Thus do we continue to give the new year a break.

Any Week

OUR respect and love for a good cook is unsurpassed. And we don't say this by way of placating Miss Alma F. Byers of Royal Oak, Michigan, either. When anyone has as pretty a grievance as Miss Byers we stand by and respect it. To say nothing of envying the possessor. But—

"Please tell me," writes she, "why story writers depend on servant girls and people with gold teeth for their humorous characters? It takes brains to cook and keep a house clean. It's always the same story:

"The brainless maid always shows up in time to give the goofy hero and the sappy sweet heroine a good laugh with her grammatical errors and if the author doesn't think that will roll his audience he gives the maid a brace of gold teeth. If you can't tell me why these brainy writers insist on this please ask Nina Wilcox Putnam or Ring Lardner."

While we are looking for Mrs. Putnam and Mr. Lardner we give it as our opinion that, whatever she does for a living, Miss Byers is a magnificent cook.

—

A GENTLEMAN who doesn't sign his name informs us that he bought Collier's to read at a six-day bicycle race and was amazed to find that our authors have plagiarized O. Henry, Poe, De Maupassant, Sudermann, Turgenev, Chekhov, Mother Goose and at least two movies.

Mr. G. O'K. Kendrick of Deming, New Mexico, contributes a clipping from the El Paso Times wherein we see the shadow of our recent dispute with plumbers who forget their tools. The clipping has it that the Pasadena, California, fire department broke all records getting to a conflagration not long ago, only to discover they had forgotten the wrench to turn on the hydrant.

MR. JOSEPH E. NORWOOD, editor of the Magnolia (Mississippi) Gazette, likes E. Phillips Oppenheim but notices with mingled emotions that there is always at least one of Mr. Oppenheim's characters dipping into a whisky-and-soda. He wants to know whether Mr. Oppenheim is a whisky-and-soda addict. This irritates us. Not that we object at all to Mr. Norwood's fine journalistic inquisitiveness, but that someone is always compelling us to admit that we don't know everything.

—

WHICH reminds us that we met a brave old Christian gentleman not long ago who had once been our school teacher. We asked Andrew (that's what we all called him) whether he liked Collier's.

"Yes," said he, gently. "Why?"

"Well," we explained meekly, "we'd just like to know."

"Thee still asks idle questions," sighed Andrew.

—

BUT, then, nothing ever enthused nor depressed Andrew. Just a calm, comforting voice from above. . . . Like that of Mr. R. R. McGlachin of Winnipeg, Canada.

"Why the hell," writes Mr. McGlachin, "don't some of you dumb-bells look for stories north of the border?"

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IS X your PARTNER or COMPETITOR?

X symbolizes the forces that work outside *your business—that daily obstruct or advance your career.*

NOT long ago, manufacturers of enameled kitchenware were in despair. Aluminum had laid claim to the kitchen!

A little later, aluminum manufacturers were forced to scratch *their* heads. Kitchens were a blaze of color and enameled ware in harmonizing reds, and blues and oranges was commanding increased sales.

Nothing which the manufacturers of enameled ware did brought in the era of aluminum. Inventive genius — at work *outside* their industry — created this new competitor.

In turn, nothing that the aluminum manufacturers did brought in the vogue of color. Changing public taste (another external) thrust this new factor into aluminum councils.

You . . . and every business man today . . . sit at the center of a whirling vortex made up of the play and counterplay of powerful, *external* forces. Financial events . . . shifts in speculative temperament . . . industrial combinations . . . political action . . . distribution changes . . . you don't create these forces, but each has its effect upon the other. *And upon you!*

Sometimes your very existence is threatened; sometimes your best-laid plans are merely disarranged. Sometimes — and here's a fact too few consider — the goal you hoped to reach is made more sure . . . you are *carried to success* by external forces that really work *for* you.

Especially is this latter true when you understand what the external forces are . . . and how to put them to work in your own interest.

In order that alert, capable business men may better understand, the United States Chamber of Commerce publishes Nation's Business. It started out twelve years ago with the specific purpose of interpreting the relation of outside forces to the business man's own actions and success. Today, as a result, more than 320,000 follow it regularly — look to it for a monthly picture of what is happening in the world of business generally, and in the world of government, as government affects business.

You can pick up the January Nation's Business at leading news stands (twenty-five cents) . . . or have it sent to your home or office monthly, $7.50 for three years.

NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

★ ★ *More than 320,000 circulation* . . . MERLE THORPE, *Editor* ★ ★

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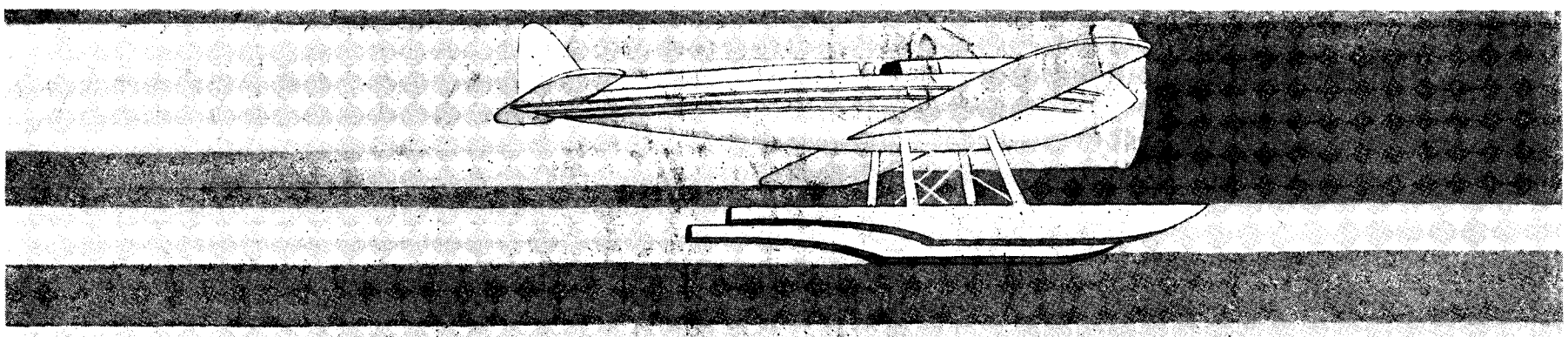
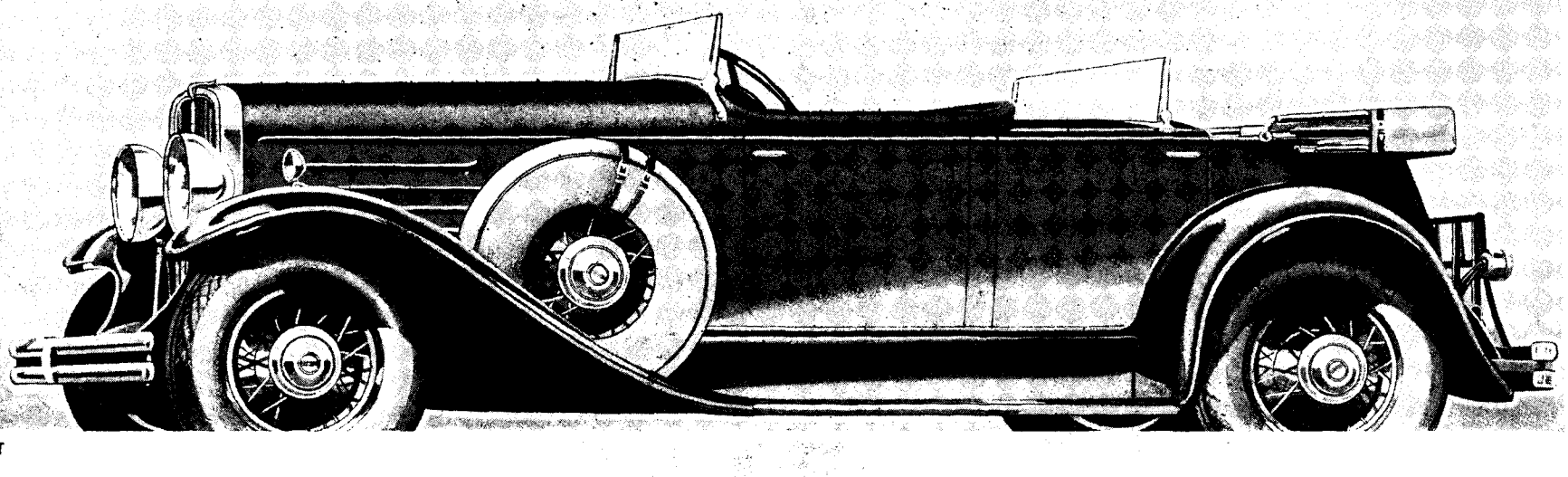
NEW — — — FOR 1930





PURSUIT

A CAR OF BRILLIANT BEAUTY WITH AN AIRPLANE-TYPE ENGINE

TOWN CAR

The great acceptance of air-cooling and Franklin's pronounced popularity which resulted in doubled sales in 1929, give you the right to expect something outstandingly progressive. The 1930 Franklin richly justifies your expectations.

To realize that this car has an airplane-type engine, flown in the air and driven on the highways thousands of miles, an engine delivering the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automobile powerplants—is to understand the great contribution Franklin has made to automotive progress.

This new engine brings to the motor car an endurance and power typical of the airplane—power which remains at the peak throughout the hardest climbs and long, fast runs. You glide quickly to sixty, seventy, eighty with none of the usual experiences that go with great speed—but with complete smoothness, quietness and comfort. To make this ability most effective under all conditions of driving, Franklin gives you a choice of three-speed or four-speed transmissions—both with quiet intermediate gear.

The completeness of Franklin's beauty embraces several body types never before offered. Interesting style innovations—concealed running boards, low hung doors, embossed paneling and belled horizontal louvres—mark this car as definitely in the forefront of fashion. You are cordially invited to attend the first exhibitions. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

FRANKLIN

AIR-COOLED

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She was a little informal, perhaps bold; but perhaps it was only her native spontaneity

A Sparkling Novel of Our Times

By John Erskine—

Author of Adam and Eve, The Private Life of Helen of Troy, and Galahad—

Uncle Sam—

HE WAS the youngest of the family. All his life the others called his attention to the fact, as though he ought to do something about it, or at least be ashamed. It was characteristic of his perverse humor that the consciousness of youth excited in him much gratitude and not a little pride.

His elders he looked upon as unfortunate.

As a child he was freckled and undersized. Later he grew quite tall, awkwardly so, but the freckles remained along with the carroty hair. The others had a trick, not unkindly meant, of pointing out his lack of presence, not to say beauty. They might have spared themselves the pains; in this direction at least, he knew his limitations. From his early years he could never look at Antoinette or at Orlando without a pang of admiration, close to envy. The black hair, the smooth olive of their skin, their clear quick voices, enchanted him.

In a family given to fine names, Samuel was, you might say, an accident in nomenclature. The others poked a little criticism at this too, as though the boy had brought the name on himself. As a child he suffered under the solemn weight of the three syllables; in his cradle he was Samuel. During his boyhood and early youth the relatives addressed him as Sammy, a diminutive which could sharpen the edge of criticism, or in more sociable moods imply a condescending caress. In his maturity, when his good will was worth having, he became Sam.

Perhaps because no beauty was found in his person and no poetry in his name, he took an exaggerated interest in dress. At first an inverted interest. So long as he wore short trousers he liked to justify those family criticisms which he knew he couldn't escape; he raised untidiness to the dignity of a science; his newest breeches had always a conspicuous tear in them, to be mended only by a more conspicuous patch; he made it a matter of religion not to comb his hair, nor to appear at table with washed hands; and his collar would have been soiled if he had not lost it. This period of boyhood defiance was succeeded by a season of foppishness; no sooner were his trousers lengthened out, than he began to prolong the tails of his coat also, and he yearned for a top hat. The amazed relatives accused him of taking Andrew Jackson for his arbiter in styles—all he needed to complete the charming anachronism was to strap down each trouser leg under each boot, and to wrap his throat in a stock. In friendly table-talk they reduced him to this absurdity so often that one can't be sure whether he did dress this way, or whether they only said he wanted to. Later on, when he had learned to laugh at himself, he dressed like other folk, but his family then pointed out that from the moment he accepted convention, his garments seemed odder than ever. You had only to fit him into a mold, to see how queer

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he was, how distinct and individual.

Antoinette was his sister, a good-looking girl, much older than he. She had a sharp tongue, but for Samuel she was none the less fascinating. As long as he could remember, he had loved her good looks, her good sense, her way of managing her life, prudent, a little calculating. As she practiced it, calculation had a spiritual charm, as though it were the flower of inner wisdom rather than an instrument toward outer profit; it implied a philosophy, an active and orderly mind, a sound and disciplined heart.

Orlando was older than Antoinette, and he liked to remind her that he had more experience, but it was only in his talk that his experience showed. To the last hour of old age you could count on him to act with the impulse of youth, with much of the charm we call child-like, with not a few of the tricks we call childish. He had none of Antoinette's facility in sharp speech. He was essentially kind—gentle, rather. His ideas were active, but his body was indolent. Materially speaking, he could be satisfied with the minimum, but he liked to talk. In speech his soul found those satisfactions which duller men try to achieve in an actual world. So long as he could find a gorgeous way of saying what he wanted for dinner, it was as though he had dined.

JOHN and Frederick were the very opposite. So long as John had his dinner, you might say what you liked. He had a turn for facts. He had no illusions about Antoinette, none about Orlando, none about Frederick. He hadn't a high opinion of Samuel. In his own way, he was kindly. Flattering no one, he held the family together long after the diverse traits in its members would have dispersed them to the four quarters. John's one great love was the family—not the component parts of it, but the result when they all got together.

Frederick was the worker of the family. His sense of fact was blemished by a little of Antoinette's prudence combined with some of Orlando's self-hypnotism. In time he surrounded himself with a world singularly well-defined, down to the smallest detail, but unhappily non-existent. To his brothers and his sister he would have seemed ridiculous except for his modesty and his passion for work. The unreal world which he had evolved out of himself, he also kept to himself; he'd share it with you if you desired, but otherwise you wouldn't have to bother about it. There was something fine about this inner sufficiency. And whatever his theories, he had a genius for patient toil in that very mundane existence from which his meditations exported him.

These were Samuel's blood relations. Of their ancestry they were proud, and also, it must be confessed, not a little vague. Just who were their parents? It was one of Samuel's most annoying peculiarities, that he really didn't care.

HIS earliest memories dated from his introduction to life at school. The school was a small one, not so well graded as we should expect nowadays. In Samuel's section there were a number of boys and girls older than he, and one or two younger. The teacher, a serious, emaciated young man, wore in the child's eyes the appearance of extreme age, and gave the impression, which Sam never outgrew, that study must be bad for the health. The desk to which he was assigned, in the back of the room, was too high for him, and the seat too low. He wished he hadn't come.

The first session was devoted to penmanship. For a copy, the sad teacher wrote on the blackboard brief sentences in which the principles of correct living were stressed but the joy of life was not represented, unless surreptitiously in the swirls and curls the teacher wove into the capital letters. Samuel devoted himself at once to the capitals. In a few minutes he had learned how to do the first letter of his own name so that it looked like a grapevine, and recognizing immense possibilities in the A, he went on to that problem, in the hope of pleasing his sister when he got home. He would show her what a handsome name she had.

"Sammy!" the teacher's voice indicated a wish to unbend and put the newcomer at ease. "Sammy, you may show me what you have written."

As Sammy pulled up out of the low seat, he thought his cramped back would break. Physical discomfort, however, was as nothing compared with his terror at finding himself suddenly a public character. The room became unnaturally silent, every child stared at him, and his small boots squeaked cruelly as he made the difficult journey to the teacher's desk.

"What on earth is this? Where's your copy?"

Samuel thought he heard a titter from his classmates. His mouth was very dry—he had to swallow hard before he could speak.

"That's it, sir."

"This is no copy—nothing here but S's and A's. Write out the entire sentence. You can do it, I'm sure."

The teacher's voice trailed off in a gentler tone, as he noticed the child's embarrassment. Samuel took his paper and returned to his desk in disgrace. A large boy sitting on the aisle stuck out a leg and tripped him as he went by. With a shaking hand he began to copy:

Nothing is so ungentleman-like as a School-Boy's Scrawl.

THE flourishes which he had learned by misplaced application, he now suppressed; the S's were what any other youngster might have formed. But the whole sentence was there, in twenty versions, fair at the top, betraying weariness in the last lines. On the other side of the page he recorded the next instalment of wisdom:

An idle Companion will corrupt and disgrace you.

This sentiment had been repeated thirteen times, with the A's simplified, when the teacher gave the signal for the shorter recess. Samuel straightened his tired back. The other children broke for the playground in a rush; he left the room sedately, as one walks out of church. The moral doctrine on which his attention had just been fixed established in his mind some affinity between penmanship and the decalogue.

He would have been glad to share the noisy games which his classmates immediately improvised, but they paid no attention to him. He walked from one group to another, and looked on in silence. They seemed to know each other well, they had a world to themselves, he was left out. Not that he minded—he merely noticed the fact. In his own thoughts he was planning to make that low seat in the schoolroom a little more endurable. What was needed, obviously, was something extra to sit on, to raise him up.

"Well, Sammy, why aren't you exercising?" The teacher had come out. "If you don't take part in the games, my boy, you'll never grow up to be broad and strong, like your brothers."

"Yes, sir," said Sammy. The teacher passed on to other inspections, and the boy slipped into the empty schoolroom. He could find no cushion. At home Antoinette always advised a cushion—Ah, that thick book on the table! He staggered with it to his seat, and climbed up. Just the thing! The cover of the book was a bit stiff, but perhaps if he sat on it long enough it would bend. He got out his paper and began to write, partly because he wished to use the new invention, and partly because he feared that the comfortable seat, unless he occupied it, would be carried off, perhaps by the big boy who sat on the aisle.

The teacher found him there, and made a mental note of his industry. The boys and girls, with difficulty persuaded to come in and get busy, condemned him at once as a treacherous boot-licker. The big fellow on the aisle made a personal matter of it.

"That's the kind he is, is he? Good little child! Sweet thing! Teacher's pet! Watch me bend his beautiful face in, after school!"

THESE muttered tributes delighted the neighbors of the aggrieved speaker, but hardly reached Samuel in his remote seat. He had evolved a new method of copying the warning against idle companions. If he wrote the sentence straight across the page, as one naturally writes, the resulting lines varied in length, according to the amount of cramp in his wrist at the moment. To his eye the effect was shabby. If the thing were done right, wouldn't the

Samuel had heard poetry for the first time, really heard it, with all of him attuned. At last he knew the truth about life!

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words fall directly under each other, in columns? Well, if that was the desired end, why not go directly at it? He had four more lines to do—he would write all the "An's" first, one under the other, then all the "idle's."

"The class in spelling will now come forward," said the teacher. Samuel had got as far as:

An idle Companion
An idle Companion
An idle Companion
An idle Companion

"Richard," said the teacher, "you may bring me the dictionary."

The big boy on the aisle got up and went over to the table, looked under it, lifted a green blotter, as though to make sure the dictionary wasn't hiding.

"I can't find it, sir—it isn't here!"

"Nonsense! It didn't fly away. Where's the dictionary, children?"

Glad of an excuse, they wriggled out of their seats and began to search. Samuel was finishing:

will
will
will
will

"WHY, here it is!" said the big boy. "Sammy is sitting on it!"

The room paused for a moment, then burst into laughter.

"Silence!" The teacher banged on his desk. . . . "Samuel, you may bring me the dictionary!"

Samuel turned so red that his freckles hardly showed. He slipped off Noah Webster and staggered up the aisle.

"Put it on the table, where it belongs. The dictionary, Samuel, is used by all of us, and it is an obvious courtesy to leave it where it will be accessible at all times."

"I didn't know you would need it, sir—all I wanted was something thick."

The children laughed unmercifully, and this time the teacher did not call for silence. He waited till the noise died down. He thought he detected in the child an attempt at impudence.

"What were you working at?"

"My copy."

"Let me see it."

SAMUEL returned to his desk and fetched the paper, with the unfinished columns in the last lines. The teacher stared at it.

"Did you expect me to accept this scrawl with four lines only half done?"

"No, sir, I was going to finish them."

"Don't you finish each line by itself?"

"I've found a better way, sir—up and down. It comes out neater that way."

The teacher looked at him for what seemed an age. When he spoke, his voice was under such control that Samuel couldn't tell whether he was being reprimanded.

"In future, Samuel, you may write the sentences straight across, one at a time. With care you can get the neat effect you are trying for even by that less original method."

"Yes, sir," said Samuel.

After school the big boy was waiting for him, with a group of other classmates. Samuel tried to walk by.

"One moment, one moment, my dear young friend!" Richard had him by the sleeve. "Here, ladies and gentlemen, is a new specimen of the human race, still in the rough, but promising great entertainment when he has been polished off. . . . Sammy, take your hat off and bow."

He lifted Sam's hat off his head. Sam stood as erect as a poker.

"Make a nice bow! . . . Bow, I say! . . . Well, if you won't bow, you won't get your hat!"

Richard ran down the street, the other children after him. Half a block away he shied Samuel's hat up on the porch on the nearest house. Samuel waited till his tormentors were well out of sight, then followed, opened the gate, and retrieved his hat.

As he neared the school house, the following morning, Samuel noticed a group outside the door, much the same group as had tried to tease him. Richard was there. Samuel hoped the teacher had already entered, but he was disappointed. The room was empty. He was about to put his foot across the threshold when Richard took him by the sleeve again. Samuel whipped off his cap and stuck it in his pocket.

"That's better," said Richard. "Always take off your hat to your superiors. Now make a nice bow to the ladies and gentlemen!"

"Let go my arm, will you?"

"When you make a nice bow!"

Samuel swung himself around, with every intention of putting his fist against Richard's eye. But he missed his aim horribly—in fact he lost his balance and sprawled on the ground.

"That's a beautiful bow," Richard began, but Sam was up and coming at him, and something in the youngster's manner made the larger boy prefer not to wait. He backed toward the door, as he thought, but actually into the side of the building. Just as his head bumped against the wall Sam caught him, for the moment a little dazed, and drove his small fist into his face. Or into what should have been his face. Richard's head shifted just in time, and Sam smashed his thumb against the school house. He gave no sign of pain, but drew back and got under way again.

"Say, can't you take a joke? I was only teasing you."

"Time to go in, children—the bell will ring in a minute."

They went in, unusually silent. Samuel wrapped his handkerchief around his swollen and throbbing thumb, and tried to keep his mind on the spelling lesson. But his heart was angry, and he couldn't cool off, and the thumb got worse. When he went to the blackboard he had to use his left hand.

"What have you done to yourself, Sammy? My Lord, child, what a wreck! How did this happen?"

The room was hushed for his answer.

"I bumped it—against the wall—coming in—by accident."

The teacher looked at him intently. He knew there was more behind the words than a child's carelessness. Perhaps he felt the wave of silent approval which swept through the room.

"You'd better go home at once, Sammy, and get that thumb looked after."

THE room remained silent as he picked up his things and started home. He forgot to say good-by to the teacher, but the breach of manners was overlooked. He was still hot and angry inside—he could have killed Richard with satisfaction. But when Antoinette had bound up the hand with soothing ointments, the warlike mood broke, and he cried himself to sleep in her arms.

This was his first distinct memory of school, and of life. For a long time nothing more of importance occurred—as he looked back, the following years melted into each other. Richard bothered him no further, lessons became routine, he found his place with the other children.

When he was fifteen he began to read—truly to read, to find a satisfaction in books beyond any other kind of reality. He browsed through the library at home, and for many an hour lost himself in the magic of an old verse, or in the eloquence of a great story.

No one in the family, and of course no one at (*Continued on page 36*)

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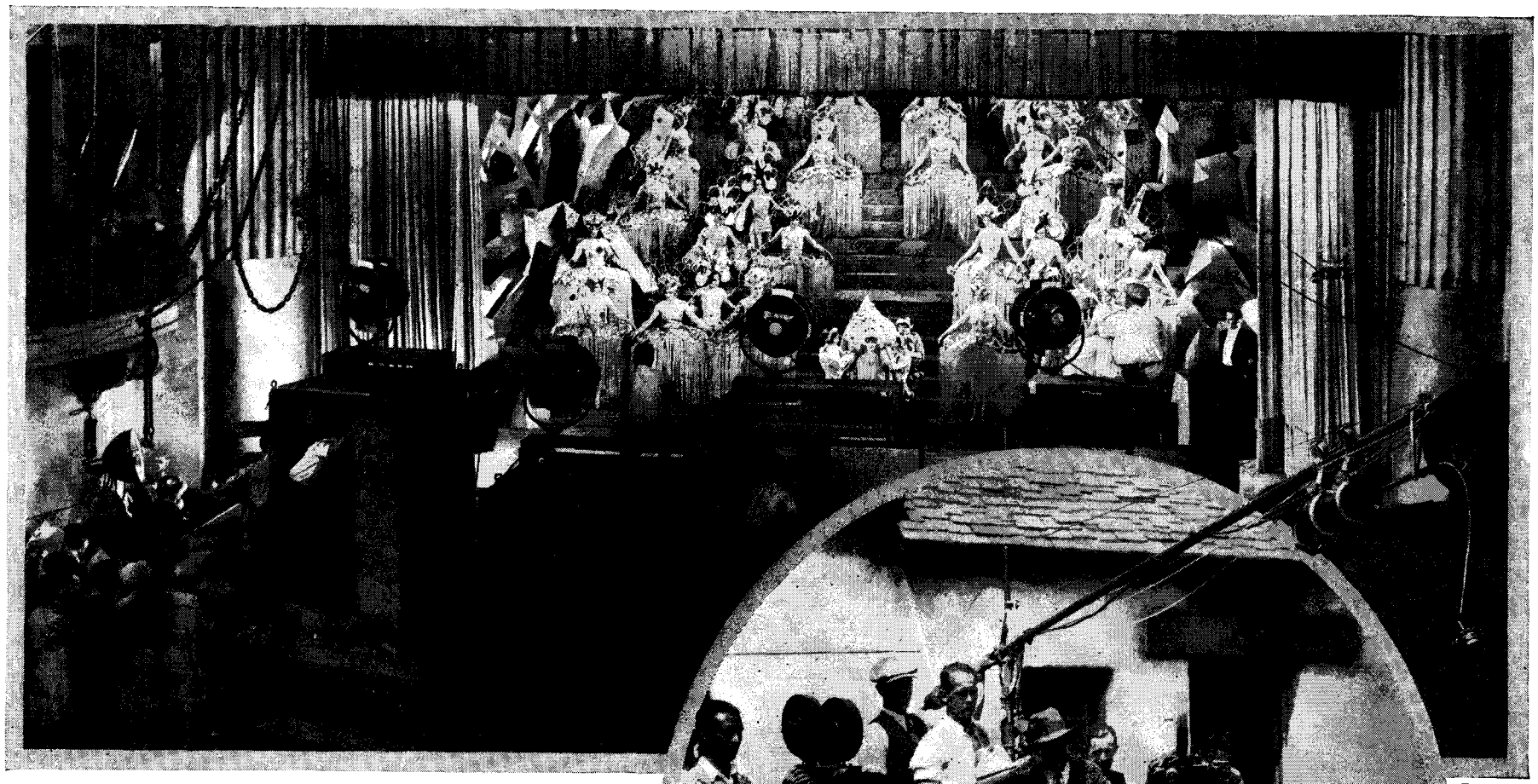

A scene from the picture Paris, in the making. The old-style "igloos" are shown in use

First National

Lend Me Your Ears

Frogs, airplanes and horseflies were a few of the reasons for the talkies' stuttering in their early days. Now the lusty infant industry has developed a real voice

By Rob Wagner

Colleen Moore in an episode from Smiling Irish Eyes. Note the "mike" suspended above her head

A "MAMMY SINGER" started the greatest artistic and industrial revolution in history!

It had taken years of experimentation to achieve the position of security enjoyed by motion pictures in the spring of 1927. In spite of doubts and denials that pursued them during their various masqueradings as a sort of half-sister to painting, sculpture, literature and drama, the world had finally accepted the fact that a miracle had happened—that a *new* art had been added to the immemorial and classic seven!

The cinema had achieved a distinct and perfect entity within its own idiom. In this form it had become stabilized and had grown into the world's greatest medium of entertainment—and its fourth largest industry! Nothing could disturb it—in the spring of 1927!

Technical refinements—we could expect nothing more. Stereoscopic? Certainly, *if* we ever got it. But it would be merely an optical improvement; it would not fundamentally change the art of the silent drama.

Color? Well, perhaps in the case of botanical subjects and pictures like the Indian durbar, where color became a major motif. But in drama it was not considered even desirable. The essence of the cinema was pantomime, and nothing must be permitted that would compete optically with pantomimic action. A bright spot of color had the tendency to distract the eye from the intended point of interest.

But how about sound and dialogue? No. Both had been experimented with and had failed. The early bells, guns and crash-boxes had given way to musical accompaniment, and as for dialogue—well, it belonged to the art of the theater and that point had been absolutely settled; the cinema was a distinct art and had nothing to do with the spoken drama. Producers were practically unanimous in condemning both sound and dialogue, and they were backed in their beliefs by the opinion of the great Professor Münsterberg of Harvard, who had done more than anyone else to "rationalize" the cinema and give it definition.

The Talkies' Début

Then came The Jazz Singer, in the fateful spring of 1927, and upset the hypo-tank! Consternation was none the less sensational because of forewarnings. Everybody in movieland knew that Sam Warner had been monkeying around with a new sound device which had been peddled at every studio in Hollywood.

But who were the Warners? A bunch of "theatrical adventurers" who had been up and down in pictures for years. Mostly down. Why, only last year their credit was such that the moment a Warner employee got his check he beat it to the bank to see if it was good. The Warners—ha! ha! ha!

The first "Warner things" came at a peculiarly fortunate time—for them. Silent pictures were in a decided slump, due to a factory-made sameness in their production, and the public, hungry for entertainment, flocked to see the new talkies, mostly short vaudeville numbers. The producers smiled, regarding the phenomenon as a mere novelty. When the novelty wore off, everything would be jake again.

Then came The Jazz Singer and when the producers saw how their own shows were being neglected, and the Warners were "packing them in," their brows began to pucker. The so-called novelty was lasting longer than they expected. But wait until the crazy Warners made another picture.

They waited. In the meantime Fox jumped in with his Movietone. Crowds? Gosh, they jammed the sidewalks in front of the Warner and Fox theaters for blocks. By the late spring of 1927, the puckered brows had become set as a granite gargoyle's. Evidently they—and the great Professor Münsterberg—were celluloidally very wet.

Naturally, with millions at stake, Wall Street decided the issue. Pragmatic Wall Street has no prejudices or inhibitions. If a thing works, it works, and t'hell with scholastic theories or pucker-browed producers' worries. When Wall Street learned of the empty "silent" seats and the block-long lines waiting to get in to see and hear the new talkies, Warner stock jumped from the floor to the ceiling.

Enter Al Jolson

And what a romance lay curled within that tangled ticker tape. George Jessel had been offered the star part in The Jazz Singer, which he had created on the stage, but the experiment was doubtful and the terms were not satisfactory.

It was then offered to Al Jolson, who had been a flop in silent pictures. He accepted five hundred dollars a week salary and a block of the despised Warner stock. Oh, what that stock earned for Al! On the next picture he was given a thousand dollars a week and Warner stock. And, oh! what *that* stock earned for Al! The erstwhile movie

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flop had become a millionaire overnight.

As for the Warners—well, it's just one more of those Arabian Nights tales that has made movieland the modern fairyland.

Novelty, huh? Within six months, movieland was chaos. Mr. Fox was now in strong with his Movietone and the race was on. Something must be done, and darned quick! What was done makes one of the grandest stories of industrial reorganization the world has ever seen.

The motion picture industry completely revolutionized its plants, built new sound-proof studios, installed new equipment and lighting systems, *and made this spectacular change without once stopping work!*

The truth is, the studios couldn't stop. They owned their agencies and the theaters and the omnivorous maw of the latter had to be supplied with pictures of some sort. Thus they were like an army that had to cover its retreat while consolidating its forces in order to make ready for a new advance.

Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn, Universal and even the smaller studios faced a terrific crisis. With their shelves already loaded with silent films and the whole country suddenly gone sound-minded, they had to meet the situation or bust.

The Gold Rush

Then began the hectic scramble to get onto the bandwagon, with bands that could be *heard*. Enter the radio, phonograph and telephone interests, each and all with various devices and equipments. Which was the better recording system to adopt—wax or film? If a studio was to adopt the wax or Vitaphone and pay the Warners a royalty, it might find that the theaters had been equipping for Movietone.

Furthermore, time was required to build new sound stages and equip them, and in the meantime the accumulated silent films must meet the competition of the now popular talkies. To reshoot all silents as talkies was out of the question, both because of the cost and the lack of equipment. Well, at least it would be possible to build a temporary studio and get in enough equipment to shoot a little music, sound effects and a few feet of dialogue. Which, even if pretty bad, could go forth as so-called sound pictures and help meet the competition of Fox and Warner.

It was an absolutely necessary step but it nearly killed the new goose of the golden eggs, for as these cross-breed pictures were neither one thing nor the other they brought down upon them a tirade of abuse and criticism. It was as if Henry Ford had tried to ease into production on his new car by sending out his old model with a new gearshift, promising a complete model in a few months.

Nor were the studios merely changing models; they were shifting from the known into the unknown with staggering technical problems still unsolved. In such emergencies as these we find America at her best. Almost overnight sound experts swarmed in from the radio, the phonograph and the telephone companies, and within two short years they learned more about the physics of sound than the accumulated knowledge of the entire past!

Lubitsch, the great German director, commented upon the miracle thus:

"Europe excels in theoretical medicine; America, in surgery and dentistry. That's because in surgery and dentistry the problems are immediate and definite. The same is true in what Americans are doing with sound pictures; the problems are immediate and definite and the solutions are marvelous!"

Now for a few of the problems faced and solved within those two years. After a generation of publicity, the average fan, even though he had never seen the inside of a studio, knew how a silent picture was shot. The cast was rehearsed in the action, after which the lights were "hit," and then as the director called "Camera!" the players went through the scene, constantly instructed and coached by the director. In fact the time had come when even an amateur could grab a camera and go forth and make a picture, such as it was.

The sound-proof stages kept out extraneous noises, but how about those within the padded and deadened enclosure? Human sounds were easy to soft-pedal and incandescent lights took the place of hissing arcs, but then there was the camera with its ratchets and clicking film. Up to the moment of the great change from silent to sound pictures, the Bell & Howell camera was almost standard throughout the industry, but the moment it was discovered that the Mitchell, because of its fiber gears, was almost noiseless, everybody flopped to it—or tried to. Of course there weren't enough of them to go around, so most studios had to carry on with the noisier instrument. Hence, the "igloos," or sound-proof booths. These, of course, were cumbersome, and often in taking high "parallel" shots the whole works had to be lifted aloft with derricks.

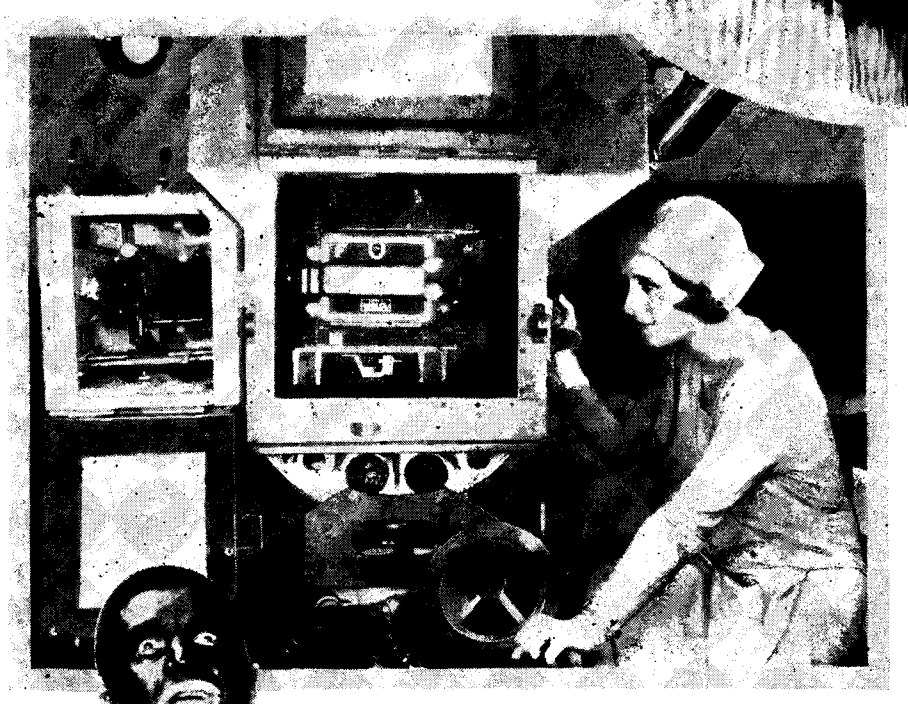
Thus, another problem—the kind that tests our American ingenuity. Instantly there began to appear all sorts of covering-up-the-camera devices to deaden its sound. The latest stunt is a felt-lined metal case that fits over the camera and magazine very much like the silken bedding of a meerschaum pipe-case. This arrangement again made available the Bell & Howell cameras.

Soon, however, producers began to realize that perfect silence is not always desirable. The truth is, the world we live in is alive with distant and underlying noises. Absolute silence often makes the registered sounds seem ghastly, dead or unreal. They learned this acoustical fact from the contrast between sound-stage utterly silent registration and the scenes shot by the news weekly fellows right outdoors where all the background noises were faintly audible.

The truth is that directors are paying less and less attention to collateral sounds and all they have to do in most cases is to see that there are no "out of character" noises. For instance, roosters crowing in a city scene, or railroad whistles on a desert isle.

Thus, with fairly silent cameras, enclosed or covered with sound deadeners, the "igloos" are disappearing.

Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, learns from John Arnold, chief sound cameraman, what the interlock is



Miss Shearer inspects the latest—a sound-proof camera "bungalow" which eliminates the use of "igloos"

Below, Al Jolson, in The Jazz Singer

Warner Brothers

"Shooting" a Talkie

A picture in the making at First National illustrates the complexity of constructing a sound picture record. Billie Dove in the leading rôle, Millard Webb directing. The scene is set as in a silent picture, but instead of two cameras (No. 2 making the foreign negative) that are moved back and forth for the long and the close shots, we find perhaps half a dozen booths or "igloos" stretched in a semi-circle, with cameras set for the various shots, close, semi-close and long, which must be made all at once, so that in cutting or assembling the film, there will be no jump in the dialogue.

High in a little glassed observatory sits the "monitor," or "mixer," with a script before him, listening in on the sound effects and the dialogue and hearing them exactly as they will be recorded on the wax. Farther away in the laboratory is another group of men watching the actual recording.

It all sounds simple enough until you hear the various orders and instructions given to (*Continued on page 49*)

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Illustrated by Frank Godwin

She opened Doody's Flight Futile, found a blank page inside the cover, and wrote: "This is a good book, and lucky will be the one who buys it"

Walk along Broadway

By Frank Condon

The heart-rending experience of that unsung genius, Hobart Chadman Doody, who plunged into the sea of letters and was surprised to find it all wet

IT IS more than possible that amid the multitude of your affairs you have not heard tell of Hobart Chadman Doody, the little man with the lofty brow. Fretting as you may be over whether to trade in the old car on a new job, Hobart may have escaped you, and so I hasten to explain that Mr. Doody is the young intellectual and poetaster who sat down and gave off Flight Futile, which is a book with red covers; which is a book that mercilessly exposes the sham of life and answers the question: "What is the Matter with Men and Women Today?" It shows why marriage is a dismal failure and why love is getting the human race nowhere at all; it shows why society is rotten to the—well, anyhow, you can see it is an important contribution to thought, Flight Futile, the book with the red covers and the portrait of a knight on horseback spearing a shield.

Mr. Doody is associated with the little group of passionate protestants who have sprung up since the war and who are writing literature which they refer to as "permanent." He is not in any way like Wells, Tarkington, Hemingway, H. L. Wilson, Galsworthy, Hergesheimer, Arnold Bennett, Dreiser or Sherwood Anderson, for these are Mid-Victorian gentlemen, doddering along feebly, poking among the ruins of the past. The young intellectuals are impatient with the past, helpless with the present and fearful of the future. Mr. Doody wrote his Flight Futile at white heat, dashing it down upon the shrinking paper. He composed in a frenzy and was wholly exhausted when it was finished, and had to lie down for hours, like a six-day bicycle rider at the end of a bitter sprint.

IT WAS published. Never mind who published it. It *was* published, red covers, horseman spearing a shield—Flight Futile, by Hobart Chadman Doody, price two dollars; and to the astonishment of the young intellectuals, the feverish savers of the day, sloshing around in their permanent work, ordinary persons continued to jam into the subway the day Flight Futile came off the presses. Taxicabs clattered about New York as usual, knocking off each other's fenders. The sun shone. Shops opened and sold groceries. Mail carriers scuffed about the town delivering letters. Millions of pale strap-hangers fought for hand-holds on the elevated and the mayor of New York rode to work in his large motor car. No barricades were thrown up in the streets of Chicago, America remained a republic and bread continued to sell for ten cents a large loaf.

Instantly three weeks passed. Mr. Doody opened his eyes in the chaste aridity of his humble lodging, which consisted of two blowsy rooms in a blowsy house in a blowsy section of Sixty-sixth Street, just off Broadway. They were owned by an Irishwoman with cynical notions concerning lodgers. Doody awakened in a mood of discontent, to which there contributed two main factors. The first was that he lacked both income and ready money. The other was that, despite the high character of Flight Futile, nobody wanted it.

Young intellectuals purchased it, to be sure, but there are not enough of these burning youths in America to constitute a genuinely large public. Mr. Doody was fretful and disappointed, realizing he had done a noble job of work. Mrs. Rooney, the lodging lady, was fretful, too, for Doody struck her as being the kind that would stick an honest woman for two weeks' rent.

Around the corner, on Broadway, Brack's Shop faced the passing multitudes, a store of mixed merchandise, where one might obtain toys for a child, trick balloons, magazines, glue, flashlights, perfume, cook-books, teething-rings, art calendars and sleeve garters. Brack's Shop was, for Mr. Doody, a place of interest, for underneath its miscellany of gimcracks it was an honest book store, a literary oasis on Upper Broadway, with long counters piled high and shelves sparkling with the latest and best in the written word.

It contained Miss Wilcox, who sold books, chatted amiably of matters bookish and actually knew such persons as Sinclair Lewis. She was conscientious, eager to sell good reading and, having a strong physique, she read many of the books she sold. Day by day, Mr. Doody glanced into Brack's Shop, for in an unguarded moment Brack had ordered one copy of Flight Futile from its publisher, one solitary copy of the message that laid bare the souls of men and women. Its red cover was easily seen from the sidewalk as one sauntered past Brack's open door, visible in its friendless solitude on the bottom shelf, the last volume on the left. It was Doody's habit to pace by in gloomy contemplation, looking in at the work he had done in a frenzy—now nothing but a mere book, ignored, scorned by all.

HE WAS a small, pale young man, with his hair slicked back, a pug nose and a reddish tint to his skin. He wore thick spectacles and peered through, wrinkling his nose to aid his vision. His ears were fiery red and protruded. Sometimes there was a spiritual gleam upon his face, the glow of inner fires, but ordinarily he looked merely bilious. He smoked (*Continued on page 40*)

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Framing the Furniture

By Diane Tate and Marian Hall

Often there's nothing wrong with the picture except the frame. And that goes for your room as well. Here Miss Tate and Miss Hall, who are among the most successful of the younger decorators in New York, tell you how the framing should be done

The furniture covering takes its colors from the fawn color of the wall paper and the green of the curtains

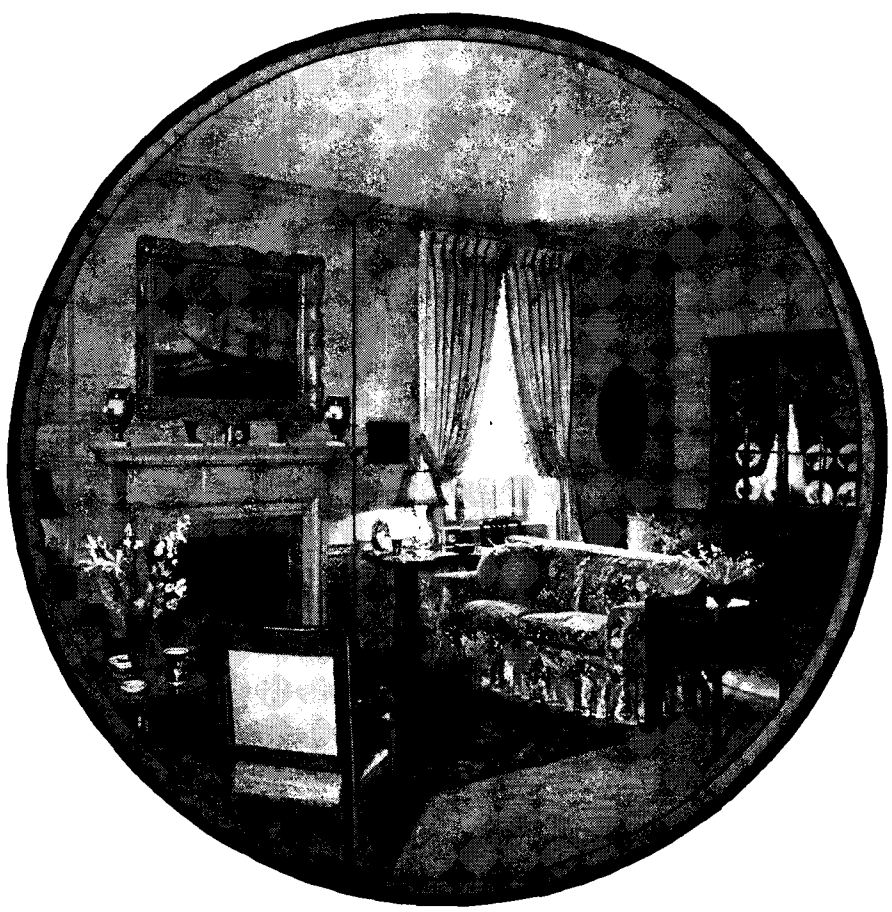
COMPARATIVELY few persons give sufficient thought to the matter of providing a setting for beauty when they are decorating their houses. A large expenditure for something to sit on seems much less than a smaller outlay for architectural distinction that is felt rather than used. Yet a room that has pleasing walls, a floor that "stays down" though possessing adequate interest, curtains that frame the light beautifully, is already half furnished before a single piece is moved in. Just as a woman has half the battle behind her when she has a modern figure on which to put her new clothes.

Painted walls are good, but painting should be done well or not attempted. In the New York coöperative apartment house of today three coats are supposed to be supplied. Yet all too often we find that the sizing has been counted as the first coat, while the second and the third are so thin that they give less color-depth than a single coat such as would have been put on by an old-fashioned workman or a first-class painter of today who is proud of his job. Three real coats are the least that should be used; more are always the part of wisdom if the color is such as will call attention to the walls. If these are in bad condition they should be covered with canvas first and painted afterward.

When it comes to choosing colors, one should always remember that dark tones silhouette the furniture much less vividly than those that are bright or light. Therefore, if we have little furniture that really satisfies us, dark walls are the walls to choose, if the type of room and the amount of light in it give the faintest excuse. There is a certain solidity about dark Chinese blue, dark green with blue in it, true dark green, dark terra cotta, or chocolate with a mauve cast, which is so very practical because we can put any other color against it—yellow, pink, red, or blue.

If we want light walls, no halfway stop is so smart as white—clear, dead white. But it makes huge demands on the furniture and is very expensive to keep up. Cream is a bad compromise; it looks dowdy and dated. Pink has great possibilities from the lightest tone to the dark terra cotta already mentioned. Yellow for a north room is indispensable.

Nothing is lovelier than a beautiful old paper. It can be used anywhere, and for any type of room. Nothing is more helpful than a well-designed commercial paper, even in a living-room—if you're in a transition period when you have few pictures that you feel express your present standard of taste. Nothing is gayer for a bedroom, where a patterned paper gives the opportunity to get in a feeling for design. Nothing is nicer for a small sitting-room, a morning-room, or any other informal room in the house than the right paper.



Dark green-blue walls, yellow satin curtains and a plain carpet with a Bessarabian hearthrug frame this eighteenth-century English furniture

If you feel that your rooms are too high, considering their length and breadth, cut them with a well-designed chair rail, but don't break them at the top with a "drop-ceiling," once fashionable but never in good taste—or so we think today. As for the paneling, moldings have no excuse unless you're framing a big scenic paper that divides logically, and even then paper borders might be better. Of course real paneling—not moldings tacked on but actual wood used in the construction of the walls—is always in good taste, provided the design possesses architectural significance in key with the character of the room and is carried out by workmen accustomed to reverence line to a sixteenth of an inch.

Being Well Grounded

Ceilings are generally kept as unnoticeable as possible today, since we aren't proud of the way economic pressure has brought them close over our heads. Ceilings should be furred down if beams exist. If this is not possible, such obstructions should never have attention called to them by making them of a different color from the ceiling as a whole.

So much for walls and ceilings. Now, what about the floor? The first commandment of all good decorating practice is that floors should be dark. This is no new thing, yet most of us who move from one house to another find light floors that make the worst possible background for whatever covering we choose. Unless we mean to makeshift throughout, we must have them refinished or darkened.

If floors are really beautiful, there is no reason why we should try to cover every inch of them. It often adds to our sense of space to use one or two medium-sized rugs with plenty of floor left bare. So much has been said about the ugliness of placing them at an angle that one would think no advice need be given on this point, yet the lamentable truth often reveals itself even in photographs submitted to the public with every evidence of pride. A plain rug in an important room is a confession of weakness. Of course, if we can't afford at the moment the kind of floor covering we mean to have eventually, a plain rug is much the wisest thing to choose.

We can carpet to the baseboard, or leave a twelve-inch border in a room of average size, smaller or larger borders being reserved for those rooms where the proportions seem to indicate them. If our room has a fireplace, it is a good idea to break the expanse of plainness with a small patterned rug placed in front of it.

In the search nowadays for a beautiful rug there are several roads open. The first and most obvious is, of course, the road to the old Orient, the Orient that made beautiful things to please itself. The second starts for Europe and branches several fascinating ways before the point of purchase. There is the beautiful old Aubusson that can be used in almost any type of room.

There are modern rugs too—especially those lovely things, designed by Boiceau in Paris, that take old designs in the Aubusson feeling and interpret them through fresh eyes. These rugs may be combined just as happily with conventional furniture as with modern.

From Bessarabia come fine rugs. Bessarabia fronts on the Black Sea—and was overrun for centuries by suc-

(*Continued on page 53*)

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Hell Gate to Paradise

A dance set is a good safe costume for swimming —but for being rescued it's downright perilous

By Lawrence Saunders

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Wow! That boat was coming fast! . . . What a racket! . . . She dived deep and struck out frantically under water; came up puffing. "Hey!"

THE lavender lace gown, Bobby reflected wryly as she crawled through the cool, black water, would be a total loss. It had cost her thirty dollars in Fifty-second Street only yesterday, bought especially for this party at a marked-down model dress shop. She wouldn't care to go back for it. She spat out a mouthful of salt water and made a face. Ugh . . . such men. . . .

It was time to rest a bit. Her head was still fuzzy from the gin. Wouldn't you think, Bobby argued when she turned over to float, that a man with a seagoing boat like that could afford better liquor? A yacht, or whatever he called it, big enough to cross the ocean, probably, with three or four sailors, a Jap to serve the drinks, and staterooms down below. The Long Island shore couldn't be much farther away, and this was a warm night with a moon. . . . Legs just wouldn't float . . . too solid . . . dancing did that . . . kick a little to keep them up . . . long breath. . . . Well, kid, time to be moving. . . .

She turned over and struck out again with a slow six-beat crawl. Thank heaven for the summer in the cabaret at Atlantic City. . . . She'd have to write a letter to that lifeguard who had taught her to swim like a real Channel crosser. . . . What was his last name? . . . Her address book was in the purse on the yacht, with her evening cape. . . . The cape was two years old, and she needed a new one, anyway. . . . No, she wouldn't ever look up that Cline . . . swine . . . Cline . . . swine . . . to claim her clothes. . . . These dance sets certainly were made for swimming. . . . The moon was under a cloud again. . . . Pretty lonesome out here in the black water. . . . Why didn't the moon stay out? . . . Some sort of boat coming . . . red light . . . green light. . . . Coming too close . . . right at her. . . . Treading water. . . . Well, if it hit her, it hit her. . . . The moon was out. . . . Wow! That boat was coming fast! . . . What a racket! . . . She dived deep and struck out frantically under water; came up puffing.

"Hey!"

The boat wasn't making a bit of noise now except a rushing sound. . . . Somebody yelling at her. . . . Boat circling around. . . . The engine, slow. . . . It was coming right alongside her. . . . She dived under, came up ten yards away and struck out away from it with all her strength.

The bark of the engine was louder in her ears. . . . Here it came, cutting in ahead of her. . . . Why didn't the damn' fool leave her alone? . . . She was right alongside it. . . . It had stopped, its white side swaying up and down . . . made her dizzy. . . . Well, it was a smaller one, anyway. . . . Man was throwing something at her . . . big white doughnut . . . a life preserver . . . she didn't need that, thank you! . . . Well, there'd be an argument. . . . Might as well get it over with!

She swam alongside until she came to the low place in the middle where you got on and off.

Man leaning over, peering at her. . . . Young man, not bad looking . . . top half of a bathing suit and white duck pants . . . not such clean pants . . . maybe he wouldn't be so bad.

He flattened himself on the deck and held down an arm. It looked strong and brown and rather nice. Bobby grasped the wrist. . . . Oooop! She was up on the deck . . . one shin smarting . . . scraped . . . she rubbed it carefully, standing on one foot.

"WILL you tell me what the hell you're doing, swimming around in the dark in . . . in . . ."

Bobby sat down on the deck, and leaned against the low cabin. It was cold against her back, but she stayed there. She was more spent than she had realized.

"In a dance set . . . if you want to know the name of it," she panted, as flippantly as she could. She was out of breath, after that panicky dash away from the boat. She felt foolish. She had been getting along fine until this galloping gob came along in his toy fire-engine and scared her.

He glared at her. She rather liked that, after an evening of heavy men who called her "baby" and goggled at her like goldfish. Nice eyes, this boy had, gray and cool and mad.

"Listen, fellow," Bobby snapped. "I was going somewhere and not bothering anybody, and you were going somewhere in your toy boat and you think you have to get in my way and ask me where the hell I'm going. Well, what's it to you? Who are you, the house detective?"

"Any man who nearly runs down a girl in this channel, swimming all by herself in that rig. . . ."

"Yes, I know, Lord Chesterfield! His duty as a Christian knight is to scare her to death, pick her up, swear at her, and ask impudent questions."

"I'm sorry." The young man was suddenly formal. "But now that I've annoyed you, the least I can do is set you down where you're going."

"I'd like to go to the nearest railroad station. I've got to get home," said Bobby, at her most haughty.

"In those?" queried the young man, with just an edge of sarcasm.

BOBBY looked at him, then at herself. Really, she might just as well have on nothing at all . . . wet lavender silk, and not much of that. She made an instinctive gesture with both arms.

"Don't bother," said the young man, gruffly. "Please be natural. I'm not interested in what you're wearing. I wanted to know how you got out here dressed like that. It's none of my business. All right."

He turned and looked up and down the Sound. There were no other boats visible except the far-away lights of the one Bobby had left.

"I've got to get going before we drift in and go aground," he said. "If you'll go below, you'll find a bathing suit hanging over the engine. Put it on. Hang your . . . uniform . . . on the hot pipe

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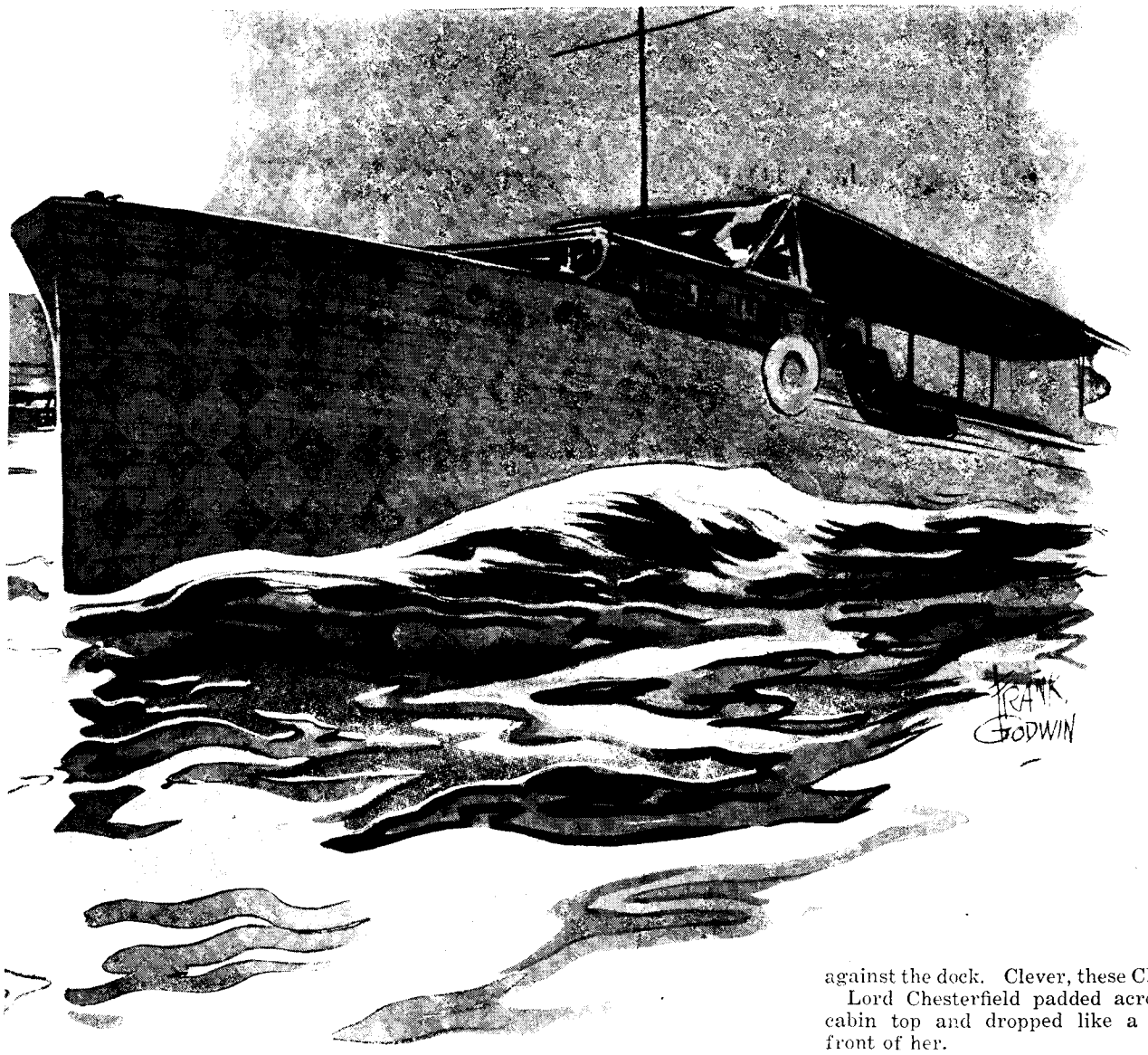

that runs out of the engine and it'll . . . they'll be dry in five minutes. Don't leave them there longer or they'll burn up."

He stepped on a brass pedal and the engines throbbed below. He stooped and raised two big brass plungers and the boat glided forward. Bobby shivered in the wind. Stiffly, with all the dignity she could muster, she arose and crossed the narrow passage behind the wheel to the cabin door.

"Watch your head on that hatch cover," sang out Lord Chesterfield. "The light switch is under your right hand. Don't fall down the ladder."

Bobby clicked on the light and went gingerly down the rubber-covered steps. It was pretty snug below; warm and cozy, in spite of the muffled mania of the engines. A whale of a motor for such a small boat . . . two engines. Woven-wire bunks hung on either side, hauled up out of the way so that the boat stood almost on edge. She wished one of them were down, so she could stretch out on it. It wouldn't do to call the young man downstairs to make up a bed for her. She giggled. After she had spent two hours on that other boat, trying to keep out of staterooms, here she was wanting to go to bed as soon as she got on this one. . . . She laughed aloud.

SHE took off the wet length of silk and lace, squeezed it, and hung it on the hot pipe. She dried her slender body on a fairly clean Turkish towel hanging near the swimming suit. It was a girl's suit, of heavy green wool, cut scanty. It fitted her just a little too perfectly. She ran her hands up and down her body.

"I hope," said Bobby to herself, "it's not his wife's."

She looked around for a mirror; there was a shaving glass screwed into the wall by the door. She had to stand on tiptoe to see her face. When she did look very sweet in that shade of green, with her pale gold hair and her pink skin; she was certainly pink after that swim and the rubbing. No shoes, but she had nice feet, not bunchy and deformed like a toe dancer's. There was a comb hanging by a chain below the mirror. She combed out her short bob. No powder, no lipstick. Oh, well! There was a yellow oilskin coat hanging on the far wall. She put it on and buttoned it. Then she mounted the steps primly and emerged into the rush of cool air on deck. The moon was shining full on the water now; the boat was scudding up the middle of the Sound.

Bobby sat down on the long leather-covered seat behind the silent figure at the wheel. She sat there quite a time, while the boat sped on through the calm black water. Then the beat of the engine slowed and the boat turned in a wide circle to the right. It forged on again, slackened, slower and slower. They were coming up to a low wharf, in a sort of inlet. On shore, dimly seen through tall trees, was the white hulk of a big, sprawling house.

Lord Chesterfield leaped to the wharf with a rope and hitched it deftly over a post. He did the same thing at the other end of the boat, then vaulted aboard and let down some white canvas sausages over the side. This, Bobby decided sagely, was to keep the boat from rubbing against the dock. Clever, these Chinese!

Lord Chesterfield padded across the cabin top and dropped like a cat in front of her.

"Do you mind if I sit down?" he asked, curtly.

"This is your boat, isn't it?"

He sat down, at the far end of the leather seat. It seemed stupid to Bobby that she should be quarreling with such a presentable young man. She broke the hostile silence.

"My name is Barbara Byng," she proffered casually. "I'm not really such a spit-cat as I seem to be. I had just had an unpleasant time with some men who weren't so . . . fatherly as they pretended to be, and I took it out on you."

"You don't mean you were swimming home from a boat ride?" His lordship grinned skeptically. "How did it happen?"

"It isn't so funny." She was a bit starchy. "I went out with two of the girls from . . . girls I didn't know very well . . . on a yacht with some . . . Wall Street men . . . and they weren't very nice. . . ."

"My God! An old-fashioned woman! I didn't think there were any left."

BOBBY glared.

"Any, I mean, of your age and disposition," he amended.

"And what do you know about my disposition?" icily.

"Very little, really. Anyway, your manners are better than mine. I've been very rude and asked questions I'd no business asking. I should be content just to rescue a lovely mermaid in two dollars worth of silk. . . ."

"The silk cost twenty-two dollars, if you must know," Bobby cut in, venomously.

"Sorry. I buy very few clothes for females."

"I suppose someone gave you this bathing suit," Bobby baited him, and could have bitten her tongue for it.

"Well, it was a sort of a bequest."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh. . . ." He drew a long breath. "A young woman, almost as blond as you are and twice as much of a spit-cat, just up and left me flat. The bathing suit was all I saved."

"Your wife?" said Bobby, conscious that she was prying.

"She said she was going to be . . . not so long ago."

"But what happened?"

"Oh," very casually, "she changed her mind. She decided that she wanted to marry a man with more money than I've got."

"Well, the little fool," said Bobby, earnestly. Then she did blush; she could feel the blush even under the bathing suit.

"I . . . I don't (*Continued on page 54*)

"See here, don't you know anybody along this Long Island shore, between here and Greenpoint, from whom you can borrow an outfit?"
"Sorry, I don't," said Bobby

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SAX ROHMER'S

latest short story-

in which a gentleman who likes adventure goes to Venice the romantic and finds plenty of it

At the Palace

He went down the steps and along the damp passage to those other, ascending steps

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

THE launch of the Carabinieri drew in to the steps of the palace. Solemn and gray, the venerable edifice towered above our rolling craft; a tomb of memories—of dead revelries, dead lusts, dead loathings, shadows of powerful, cynical, pitiless da Nostras. The beauty of Venice is cruel as all true beauty must be. The palace when I came to it that night seemed to cast out from gaping doors the dank and forbidding vapors of a mausoleum where lay buried men who had died in torture.

Faintly, at this moment, I detected strains of distant dance music. And I knew that they came from the steam yacht Waterfly, belonging to Winston Agar, the millionaire playwright and owner of the Agar Theater in New York. He had called in the morning to see Harley—an old acquaintance—but had missed him by a few minutes.

Dance music! . . .

A woman waited at the head of the steps. I thought she shuddered when vague reflection from the hall first showed her—for the night was moonless—that two gendarmes stood in our bows.

She thrust out the carpeted gangplank for Captain Mauron. But the captain courteously gave place to Paul Harley. And so presently I found myself in the Palace da Nostra.

Harley looked about him, until his glance rested and lingered upon the face of the woman who had received us. It was a shrewd, almost witchlike, Italian face; heavy-lidded, restless eyes, sensitive nostrils. She had been pretty, and now past middle life had grown lean where others grow fat.

"My wife, signor. She is with me when I find . . ."

A stout, black-clad man who had come with us in the launch was speaking. Harley nodded.

"We are so surprise," the woman broke out shrilly, "so horrify, when tonight we hear—"

Harley checked her with a gesture.

"You must understand, Captain Mauron," said he, turning to the Carabinieri officer, "that Pesaro, here, is butler to the Prince da Nostra. The palace, as you know, is closed. The family is abroad—"

"MY LORD is in Paris," Pesaro interrupted. "Madame is—I cannot say where."

"But Pesaro," Harley continued, "with his wife, carries on in the capacity of caretaker. There had been no time to explain my part in the matter. I came directly to you, outlined what Pesaro had told me, and we have come directly here. But my presence is purely accidental."

I glanced at Harley as he spoke, noticing the streaks of gray in his dark hair, which told of passing years and toils undertaken since I had shared with him those long vigils in Cray's Folly, and had played my little part in solving the mystery of the death of Colonel Menendez and of the bat wing which had foreshadowed it. Now, Fate had thrown us together again. I was merely idling in Venice; he was conducting some delicate mission on behalf of the virtual ruler of Italy.

"My card," Harley went on, his voice suddenly harsh, "the name of my hotel penciled on it, was found by Pesaro in the dead man's possession!"

Captain Mauron clutched a point of his notable mustache, and:

"This already you have explained to me," he said, and his whole bearing registered amazement. "This I cannot understand. . . ."

Led by the trembling butler, we mounted the grand staircase of the Palace da Nostra—one of the scheduled wonders of Venice. We crossed a ballroom where long dead Doges, beneath a Paolo Veronese ceiling depicting loves of the gods, had watched their mistresses tread the measures of some forgotten dance—and had watched, no doubt, cavalier as well as dame, often to the sorrow of both. The da Nostra history is as bloody as any in the annals of Venice.

Here we came upon a second stair, dark and uninviting. Pesaro lighted the way with a lantern. Presently we found ourselves in a small, square, paneled room. It was very dirty, and unfurnished; one heavily barred window overlooked a whispering canal which divided the palace from its northern neighbor—now a commercial building.

"The Old Palace, gentlemen, begins here."

Pesaro increased his earnings in the family's absence by showing visitors over the historic place. His teeth were chattering now, but his manner aped that of a guide.

"The inhabit part of the palace, it is on the right. The ballroom belong to the older part and is under this room; but the New Palace, where the family reside, is more late. The Old Palace, which face upon the Rio da Nostra"—he indicated that narrow canal which I had noted—"has been unoccupy for more than two hundred year. It have a bad name—you understand? Because of . . . history. Very well. Always, always—in my time and in long before me—it is lock—empty. When visitor come"—he shrugged—"they cannot see the Old Palace. Some, who are student, ask me, 'Where is this famous room in which the French duchesse is strangle?' —and I reply, 'It is a legend—a myth. There is no such room.' Very well."

Pesaro paused and, using a large purple handkerchief, mopped his streaming brow. Captain Mauron coughed introductorily, but:

"Hear him out," said Harley. "This is the story, in his own words, which he told me tonight at the Hotel Danieli."

The captain bowed. Pesaro continued.

"Those rooms in the New Palace where I live with my wife, are here—" He pointed down to the right. "Tonight, while we are at supper, we hear a most terrible cry come—a sob—a groan . . . a dying man! And then another. . . . It is a woman who shriek—shriek! God! I can never forget! They come . . . from the Old Palace—"

"Why not from Rio da Nostra?" the captain asked.

"I LOOK out the window of my room, Signor Captain. There is no gondola, no boat, in sight. Presently, with a lantern, we come up here to this room. And now—see!"

He crossed to a section of paneling, pushed, and a hidden door swung open.

"This door is always lock! Only my lord prince have the keys. It is never open—even to inspect—when the family is away. Tonight, when I come, I try . . . and it is open!"

"There is no other way into the Old Palace?"

"No other! Not since two hundred year. . . ."

"Stop there," Harley directed. "And now show us exactly what you did. We will follow you."

Along a dark, damp passage we went, led by Pesaro and his wavering lantern. There appeared a bend in the passage and then we came in sight of another door at the farther end. Some dimly illuminated apartment was visible beyond. We carried on, and so entered a small salon.

Two high windows were almost concealed by heavy curtains, but through a gap in these draperies I caught a glimpse of latticed blinds. A Moorish lamp of brass and colored glass gave light. The furniture was scanty but elegant.

DOMINATING the room was an easel upon which stood a six-foot canvas. This was an unfinished picture, and the painter's materials were spread on a small table near by. On a low dais beyond and to the left of the easel stood a draped couch upon which I saw a large red fan. This fan appeared in the unfinished picture, which was that of a woman lying on the couch where now only the fan lay. She was depicted draped solely in a black lace shawl of so fine a texture and so exquisitely painted that the dead white quality of her skin might be clearly discerned through it. She was posed with her very slender arms raised and her head resting against the outspread fan.

Or so one was forced to assume—because the painted head had been crudely cut from the canvas!

All this I grasped in a few moments; but Pesaro was crossing into the shadows beyond the easel. Now he pulled up. There was a door communicating with another dimly lighted room directly ahead. And before its threshold he had stopped.

Eerily visible in the light from this inner room a man lay in a most unnatural attitude on the black, polished floor. Pesaro held the lantern forward in his trembling hand, and:

"So I find him," he said huskily, "just as you see."

We advanced, stepping softly. . . .

"See! The knife remain!"

It was so. The victim, whose features were invisible by reason of the fact that he lay half on his right side, having his head twisted downward, evidently wore evening dress beneath a full French cape. A dagger, distinguished by a plain silver handle and crosspiece, was buried to the hilt between his shoulders.

Harley augmented the light with a sudden ray from his pocket torch; then:

"When were you last in these rooms?"

"Quite six or perhaps seven months. There was some leakage in the roof. My lady gave me the keys."

"Note that, Knox," Harley interjected.

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da Nostra

Once before she had followed me to the place

Dominating the room was an easel. On this was an unfinished picture, and the painted head had been crudely cut from the canvas!

I determined to do so, although the significance of this answer was not obvious to me.

"Were they empty, then?"

"As always, signor—empty, desolate."

"And tonight: did you hear any sound?"

"Nothing—nothing! It is still, deathly still."

"No window was open?"

"I think not. But we never look—"

Harley moved slightly forward.

"Keep the light down," he directed, and handed his flash-lamp to me.

Stooping, he moved those sagging shoulders, and the dead man's features became visible. The result was unexpected—as well as profoundly shocking. Before us lay Winston Agar, America's most successful playwright!

Even now, his guests were dancing on the Waterfly. . . .

"THE facts of the murder are clear enough. The motive is incomprehensible."

"There was no motive!" said Harley.

"What!"

He and I were alone in the Old Palace. The police surgeon had come and gone; Captain Mauron was supervising the removal of the dead man and conducting inquiries among frequenters of the canal.

"I don't know what you mean! No motive?"

"Agar was stabbed from behind whilst he stood looking at the picture."

"How do you reach the fact that he was looking at the picture?"

"He had an unlighted cigar in his mouth; there were fragments of leaf still clenched between his teeth."

Harley took something from his pocket and held it out for my inspection. It was a thick cigar, the stump bitten clean off.

"As he was stabbed he bit right through it. I found it lying near the foot of the easel."

"But your card was lying on the floor beside him!"

"It dropped from his wallet."

"How do you know he carried a wallet?"

"Because the type of traveler who carries a wrist watch, a cigar case, a cigarette case, his passport, and a purse for small change, carries his paper money in a wallet. Of these possessions only the last is missing."

"Then you think it was robbery?"

"Not at all."

"If not, why has the wallet disappeared?" I asked.

"Probably because it might bear incriminating fingerprints; but there are alternative possibilities. Don't you grasp this most important point, Knox?"

"What important point? That there was no motive?"

"Exactly."

"But you have just constructed a very ingenious theory to show that the wallet was the motive!"

"On the contrary, I have endeavored to show that the *absence* of the wallet disposes of the motive. Agar's passport was in his hip pocket, and he lay, or was moved, on that side. Had they found this passport, it would have served their purpose. *Now* do you understand what they were looking for?"

But I was baffled and shamefacedly said so.

"Neither do I understand," I added, "why your card with your present address penciled on it, should have been in his possession."

"You informed me at lunch that he had called. I stepped on to the Waterfly on my way to the Lido and failing to find Agar on board left a card. My temporary address is penciled on a dozen or more to save trouble."

"It was odd he should have called today."

Harley stared at me.

"Do you think so?" he replied. "Surely what has happened tonight suggests that he had urgent need of my advice."

He crossed to the inner room and I followed. He had examined it carefully, but now he stood in the doorway staring about as if in search of something overlooked. It was a bedroom, very simply furnished, except for the vast canopied bed on a dais facing the shuttered windows. This bed had been there for generations, Pesaro had assured us, but its furnishings were new.

As in the larger room, walls and ceiling spoke of decay. Some attempt had been made to polish the frame of the great bed, but otherwise the apartment bore everywhere signs of age and neglect.

It possessed a second door—leading into a long gallery, we had learned. This door was not only locked but bolted on the bedroom side—sufficient evidence that nobody had gone out that way. One noted a modern dressing-table in lacquer, with three mirrors, its appointments plain but good. Harley had examined every item, particularly scrutinizing combs, brushes and powder. A small but odd assortment of female garments hung in an open cupboard; and now:

"Definitely *two*," he murmured.

WE WENT back to the salon. Already he had sounded its walls on all sides, seeming to be particularly interested in an alcove above which a figure of the Virgin appeared upon the decaying ceiling—formerly very beautiful. Suddenly, staring about him:

"It must have struck you, Knox," he said, "that several pieces of furniture and a number of objects, decorative and useful, are here. How did they get here?"

I stared at him vacantly, and then:

"Obviously by the same way that *we* got here," I answered. "Up the staircase and along the passage. Pesaro is a plain liar. That's clear enough."

Harley returned my stare, and:

"Four people had been in these rooms tonight," he went on, "before Pesaro's arrival. One—Agar—remained, the

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other three went out. How did they get out?"

I pointed to the open door by which we had entered. Harley walked toward it.

"Without reëxamining the lock," he said, "which alone affords sufficient evidence to an expert, I think I can make my meaning plain in another way. You will note that a key is in the lock *on this side!*"

Fully opening the door, he went out into that dark passage beyond and pressed the switch of his lamp. I joined him, and he gently reclosed the door without latching it. Whereas that room of bloody history as well as the bedroom bore signs of recent care, the corridor was unswept and desolate.

"Look!" said Harley simply.

HE WAS throwing a white circle of light on the jamb of the door. A blackened cobweb hung, severed, from its top corner—one dirty segment draped upon the door itself, the other upon the wall of the passage!

I was dumbfounded.

"There are at least five other indications," Harley went on; "notably, the presence of Winston Agar. This door was opened tonight for the first time in many months. . . ."

The amazing fact, with its implications, burst upon me.

"Then how—" I began.

"Precisely what I have just asked you!" Harley interrupted. "How did these people get in and how did they get out? It is admissible that some of the persons present came out by this door into the New Palace *tonight*. In which case they must have escaped by the present entrance on the Grand Canal or must be still hiding in the building. The former possibility is being investigated by Captain Mauron. But even granting so much, how did they *usually* enter and leave?"

I looked about me with a new fear.

"Harley," I said, "the murder of Winston Agar is the toughest problem you have ever tackled."

"Not at all," he replied. "I solved it at the moment I discovered his wallet to be missing!"

"What!"

"He was killed by one of two people. The first, known to me by name—and whose innocence or guilt will be established tomorrow morning or perhaps later tonight; the second, at the moment an unknown quantity, but reducible, Knox, to a definite factor!"

"But—"

"How did they escape? Palpably, either into the New Palace—unlikely—or by a secret exit which I have failed to discover—but which I have decided to ask someone else to point out to me."

Familiar though I was with Paul Harley's acute power of reasoning, these results staggered me. And although, as will presently appear, he was wrong—for he had predicted two suspects, whereas there were *three*—he had correctly deduced from the evidence the facts of the case and was casuistically justified in asserting the murder of Winston Agar to be motiveless.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

Harley, having completed his examination of those mysterious rooms in the Old Palace da Nostra, had reëxamined Pesaro privately and had had a final word with his wife. He had then made a careful tour of the palace and, crossing the Rio da Nostra, had explored the opposite bank and an adjoining narrow street. Now, in a launch placed at our disposal by Captain Mauron, we were speeding across the lagoon.

"To Murano," Harley replied, absently, "to see a woman called Emelie. When I learned of her existence and discovered her history from Mrs. Pesaro, every point of interest in the case was cleared up. The sordid details alone remain."

"So far as I am concerned, *nothing* is cleared up!"

"Well," Harley murmured, "firstly, there is some private entrance to the Old Palace, no doubt dating from the time of the Doges. It is a family secret. But that it exists you will agree to grant?"

"Entirely."

"In this way, two rooms have been furnished—temporarily—as a place of assignation. Is it clear?"

"Quite clear—now that you point it out."

"We may safely assume, since there is neither son nor daughter, that such an arrangement could suggest itself only to (a) the prince; (b) the princess. Let us examine their claims to selection. Either the lover is a painter or he has engaged a painter to make a portrait of his mistress. The prince does not paint. I have checked this. Therefore, if the lady of the black lace is the prince's mistress, he has secretly introduced a brilliant artist to his love-nest. This challenges the probabilities. The Prince da Nostra is a man of sixty.

"Turning to the princess—thirty years her husband's junior—we find ourselves on more fertile ground. She is a Spanish brunette of acknowledged beauty, and it is seemingly common gossip that she married da Nostra for his name and title. I glanced at several photographs of the princess before leaving, and she is an alluring creature, Knox. A sophistical critic might dub her lean, but a poet would describe her as divinely slender—"

"The torn canvas!"

"As you say, the torn canvas. There are many slim bodies in Venice. It was a useless measure—dictated by panic—but comprehensible, nevertheless. They had only one chance; and time was against them. We are, then, seriously considering the claims of madame the princess. The prince being, latterly at least, no more than her husband in name, she forms an attachment for a painter. She disguises her surrender as worship of her lover's art. It is arranged that he shall paint her. And so the unfortunate episode commences."

"But, Harley! Winston Agar never painted that wonderful picture!"

Harley stared at me; then:

"My dear fellow, when will you grasp the elementary fact that poor Agar had nothing to do with this affair?"

"What! Then why was he murdered?"

"You are casting him for the lover's rôle and postulating a jealous husband? Knox!—reconsider. Agar had little to offer a woman except money. Our adventurous princess would never bestow that treasure which probably she refers to as her heart upon this stout, elderly widower! Is your soul dead to romance?"

"This being so," I said, "what was the motive which led to his murder?"

"Oh, my dear fellow!" Harley groaned. "How many times must I tell you that there was *no* motive?"

ONE of those nondescript idlers, inseparable as the mooring posts from any Venetian landing place, lounged at the head of the steps when we came to Murano. Under a starry, moonless sky, the lagoon fringed with twinkling lights made a somber picture, which, however, he had presumably been contemplating with pleasure. This student of repose readily undertook to act as our guide.

Along narrow, cobbled streets we went, turning left, right and left again; until we found ourselves in a street narrower than any yet and before a door which opened flush upon the pavement.

"Wait for us at the corner," Harley said in Italian to the man who had acted as our guide. The man slouched off. Harley knocked loudly. The door was opened.

I saw a tiled, low-ceiled room, no more than four paces square—and a woman: stockily built, gray-haired, and —or so it seemed in that dim lighting—gray-complexioned too.

"Quick!" said Harley. "We must come in—close the door before anyone sees us."

Apathetically, the woman submitted. When Harley had fastened the door she stood, back to it, watching him.

"I am here to ask you one question," he went on. "What did you do with Winston Agar's wallet?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered monotonously, in English. "Who are you?"

"Sit down," Harley replied, "and I will tell you."

THE woman dropped into a low chair which stood just beside the door. She continued to watch Harley with those dark, unseeing eyes.

"I am the only man in Venice," he said, "who can save your mistress and yourself from arrest on a charge of murder, so listen to me carefully. You are Emelie Valetta, widow of Giovanni Valetta of Venice. You were nurse to your present mistress in Seville from the time of her birth, and remained in her service until you married Giovanni Valetta and settled here. After the death of your husband—he was killed in the war with Germany—you entered her service again . . . in a confidential capacity. She was now married. You aided her in her intrigues. Don't trouble to contradict. But correct me if I am wrong in any detail."

Emelie was watching Harley as a bird watches a snake.

"Her most recent affair was with a painter. She was unable to visit his studio—unable to be seen with him publicly in Venice. Therefore, she furnished two rooms of the Old Palace as a meeting place. You assisted her. She was supposed to be abroad. But actually she was living here, in this house, dressing and behaving as a member of your family."

He paused momentarily, and then:

"She is here now!" he added.

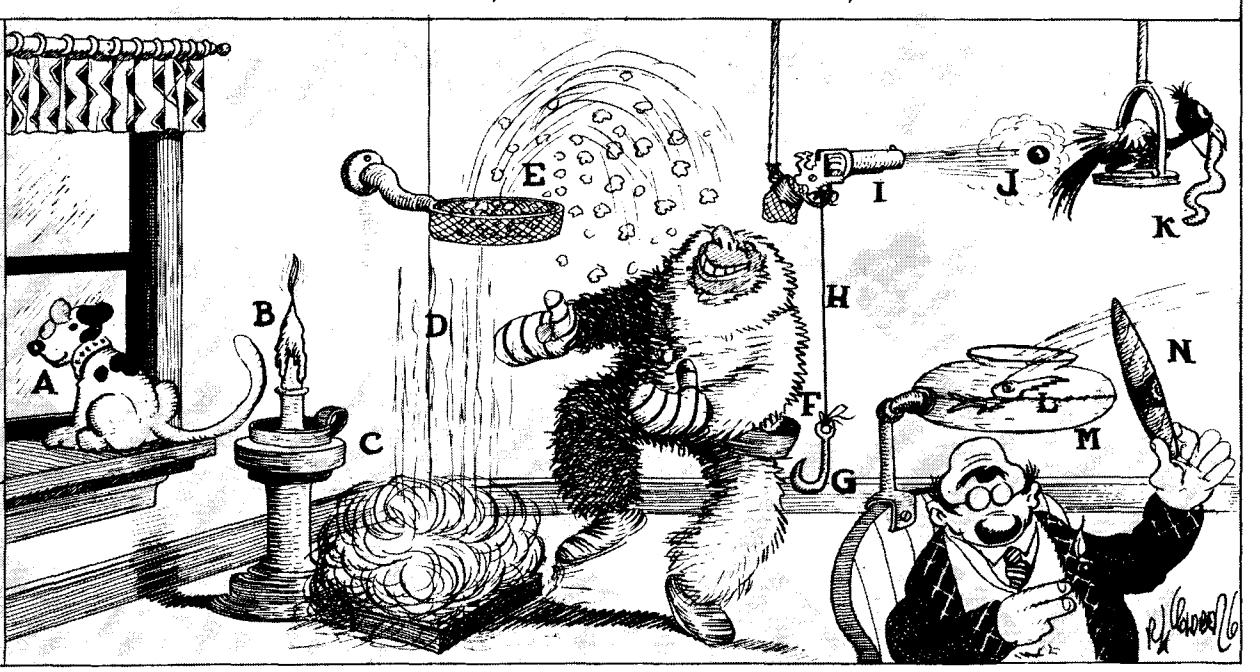
"She is not here! She is on her way to Brindisi!"

"I knew she was not here. I was merely testing your honesty. . . . I am afraid she will have to come back. To continue. You, yourself, went to the Old Palace da Nostra frequently. You were responsible for keeping clean the newly furnished rooms. You superintended the delivery of furniture at the beginning. (*Continued on page 46*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS WALKS THROUGH A GLASS DOOR AND WHEN THEY PICK OUT THE PIECES THEY FIND AN IDEA FOR AN AUTOMATIC CIGAR CUTTER. ZOOVLE-PUP (A) SEEING MASTER COMING UP THE PATH WAGS TAIL FOR JOY UPSETTING CANDLE (B) WHICH SETS FIRE TO EXCELSIOR (C) IN BOX ON FLOOR. FLAMES (D) HEAT POP CORN (E) WHICH ESKIMO MISTAKES FOR FALLING SNOW AND DANCES WITH GLEE, GETTING HIS BELT (F) CAUGHT ON SUSPENDED HOOK (G), WHICH JERKS STRING (H) AND PULLS TRIGGER OF PISTOL (I). BULLET (J) HITS ZINGUS BIRD WHICH OPENS ITS MOUTH IN SURPRISE AND DROPS WORM (K). SWORDFISH (L) JUMPS OUT OF BOWL (M) AFTER WORM AND ITS SWORD NEATLY LOPS OFF END OF CIGAR (N). NOW, THE BIG IDEA IS TO GET THE SWORDFISH BACK INTO THE BOWL. I WOULD SUGGEST THAT YOU LEAVE THAT ENTIRELY TO THE SWORDFISH.



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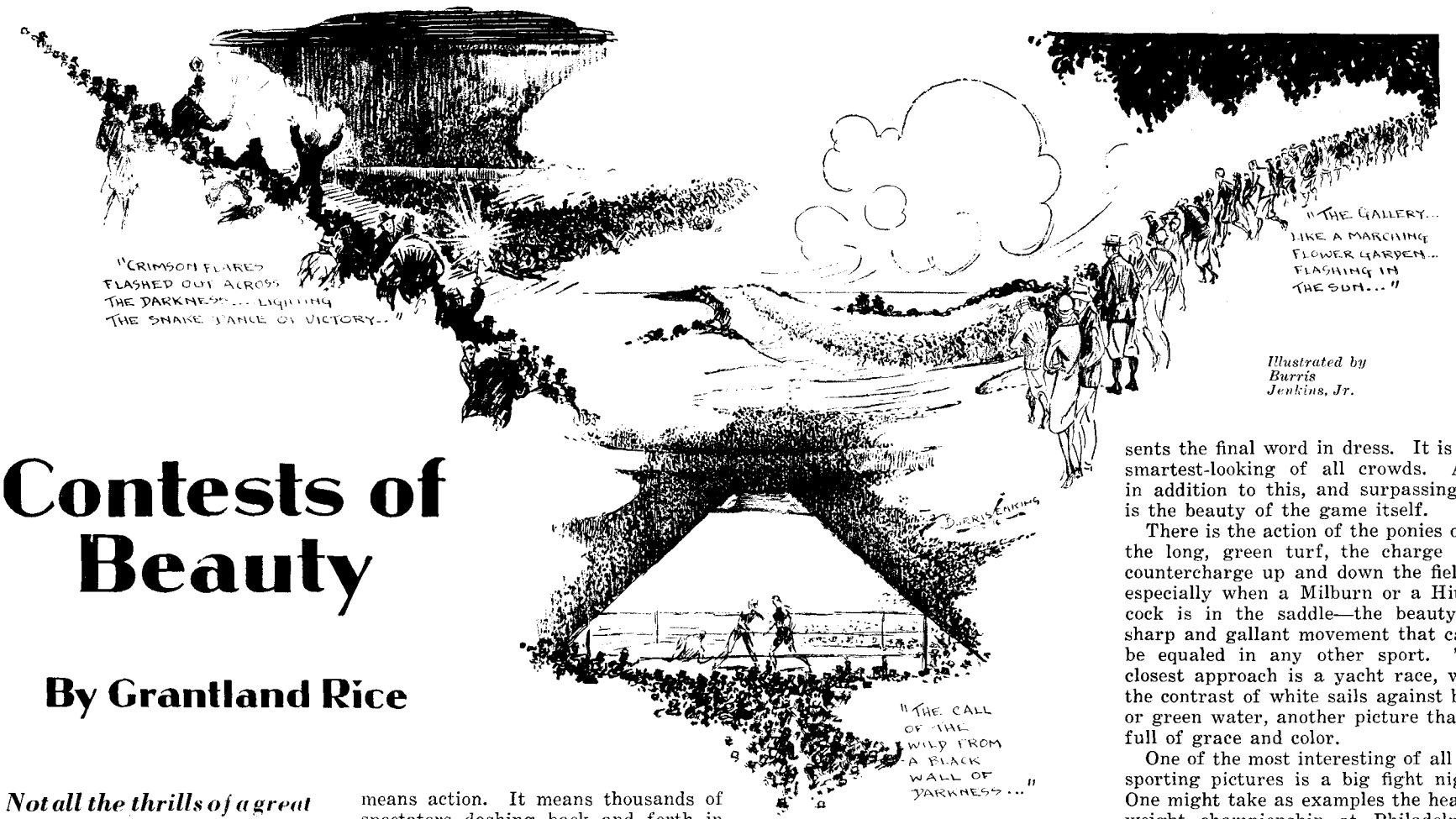
"CRIMSON FLARES FLASHED OUT ACROSS THE DARKNESS... LIGHTING THE SNAKE DANCE OF VICTORY..."
"THE GALLERY... LIKE A MARCHING FLOWER GARDEN... FLASHING IN THE SUN..."
BURRIS JENKINS
"THE CALL OF THE WILD FROM A BLACK WALL OF DARKNESS..."

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

Contests of Beauty

By Grantland Rice

Not all the thrills of a great sporting event are provided by the players. The massed color of those who come to watch is in itself worth watching

MOST of the arguments in sport concern action and performance. This is where most of the thrills develop and where the results are settled. But once in a while some still, small voice can be heard chirping about the comparative beauty spots of leading games. And when you get down to the more subtle facts of existence these beauty spots contribute to a deeper enjoyment and a certain inner glow that may be remembered long after the result of some game is forgotten.

The results of many golf matches played at Pebble Beach in the last amateur championship are now blurred in memory, but there is still the vivid picture which caught the eye as Bobby Jones and Johnny Goodman started away from the sixth tee in last year's contest. This tee faces a narrow sloping valley which in turn leads to an abrupt upland upon which the green is located. It was from this plateau I watched the gallery of seven thousand persons storm down the valley after the two drives. This plateau thrusts out a peninsula into the Pacific. The ocean lies far below to the right of the green and fairway at this hole. There is a view of the ocean on beyond and once again it swings in to the left as one faces the hole.

The deep blue of the Pacific with its swirl of occasional white foam is an eyeful in itself. But on this particular morning when the sun had just broken through and scattered the fog the gallery rivaled in beauty even the ocean. The gallery came sweeping over the dark green turf, flashing every imaginable color. It was like a marching flower garden of orange and crimson, blue and white and purple, green and brown.

A golf gallery is usually the most interesting of all crowds, because it means action. It means thousands of spectators dashing back and forth in wild stampedes to keep up with the players and see every stroke played.

But this gallery, from an elevated view, with its vivid and gaudy and glittering variety of coloring was something far out of the ordinary. For the moment at least it made me forget the match taking place, forget that Bobby Jones was two down at the time to a little-known youngster from Omaha.

There was beauty of action added to the scenic side when Jones lashed a brassie shot from the valley, nearly 250 yards away from the green, up over the plateau to within fifteen feet of the cup to win with a birdie four on a hole nearly five hundred yards in length. Goodman had already played, short of the green. The gallery was at a complete standstill as Bobby addressed the ball, but a moment later it came charging forward and upward with every color and every known blend of colors flashing in the sun as the ball sailed over the hill.

The entire picture presented here meant something more than a mere sporting event. It was something that caught the eye and made an impression strong enough to last for years.

There was another picture from football that was perhaps even more vivid. It came at the end of the last Harvard-Yale game, the best battle between the Crimson and Blue in a decade. In the Harvard stadium snow was banked back of the goal posts at either end of the field. Through the afternoon it had been two banks of white in contrast to the dark green turf.

The Victorious Ghosts

The game had moved back and forth with speed and dash. But near the end twilight had fallen and the playing forms below had begun to grow indistinct. Harvard was leading ten to six at this moment, and just then the final whistle blew.

It was at this point that the picture came into being. From all around the stands crimson flares suddenly flashed out across the darkness, their light spinning across the first border of night. They lit up the white snow banks again and brought into vision thousands of wild and roistering Harvard followers swinging into the snake dance of victory. They swept in and out of the lighted lanes like shadows, to fade and reappear as the flares from the stands continued to flame up like great crimson flowers along the Harvard side.

This football game had been one of the most exciting battles in many years. It had seen Barry Wood direct a Harvard march of eighty-two yards for a touchdown, with a bewildering variety of plays. It had seen Ellis run roughshod over Harvard tacklers to a touchdown. It had seen Booth come within hairbreadth of slipping loose for a ninety-three-yard run to win the game for Yale.

But at this particular moment all the action and thrills from the football game itself faded out of mind in the thrill one got from the strange, weird beauty of the scene below.

As a rule football crowds are the most picturesque that any sport can show, with the possible exception of polo. They are always something to look at. But they are usually massed. In this scene there was action as well as the effect wrought from black darkness, crimson flares and white snow banks. Here was something that came and left within a few minutes but few who stayed to watch will ever forget the spectacle.

There is usually more in the way of football beauty in the big Pacific coast games than anywhere else. In these games the cheering sections put on a tableau which the East and Mid-West never quite approach. But it is doubtful if any one football scene had anything to surpass the finish of this Harvard-Yale game.

For a high average of beauty and pictorial effect it is impossible to keep the award away from polo. Any polo crowd at an international match represents the final word in dress. It is the smartest-looking of all crowds. And in addition to this, and surpassing it, is the beauty of the game itself.

There is the action of the ponies over the long, green turf, the charge and countercharge up and down the field—especially when a Milburn or a Hitchcock is in the saddle—the beauty of sharp and gallant movement that can't be equaled in any other sport. The closest approach is a yacht race, with the contrast of white sails against blue or green water, another picture that is full of grace and color.

One of the most interesting of all the sporting pictures is a big fight night. One might take as examples the heavyweight championship at Philadelphia or the return battle at Soldier Field, Chicago. In each instance more than one hundred thousand spectators were banked from ringside to acres far back, most of them hidden in the darkness. The lights above the ring sent their glow well back, but soon those on the outside edge began to fade into shadowy forms, indistinct. Back of these there was a vague, dark mass from which countless lights flashed and sparkled from thousands of cigars and cigarettes. They were like a swarm of fireflies, ranging high against the sky from the upper tiers.

Rumbles and Flashes

One had the strange feeling of being in the midst of more than a hundred thousand people and yet seeing only a few thousand of them—of hearing the call of the wild at some exciting moment from a black wall of darkness where not a face or form could be seen. It will be a long time before anyone in that crowd at Soldier Field will forget the volcanic thunder that came from these unseen thousands as Dempsey struck out and Tunney fell upon his back, apparently down and out.

The sharp points of light from cigars and cigarettes were dancing all around the place as the entire crowd came to its feet in the deep excitement of one of sport's most spectacular moments. It will be a long while before another Dempsey comes along to keep so many thousands worked up to such a pitch.

For beauty of action there has been nothing yet to equal Dempsey, aged twenty-four, with all the qualities of a leopard, as he fell upon the gigantic Willard and came near tearing out his heart. There was raw speed and power enough in this action almost to wreck 250 pounds of human flesh, but while it had no particular beauty for Willard, it caught and held the admiration of the crowd and is still as distinct today, more than ten years later, as it was the day after it happened. It takes sharp etching to leave a memory so clear.

The crowd may not sense the appeal of beauty in the thrill of the moment or the hour, but it is this appeal which adds much to the effect of the game.

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A battle is brewing in Congress in which all the bitterness of a long controversy will find vent

The Big Bank Round-Up

Mr. Flynn's analysis of chain banking and branch banking will reassure that large number of our fellow citizens who are simply scared by the enormousness of the capital a chain of banks or a bank with many branches can control and manipulate. There's a difference between chain banking and branch banking. This is the first article we have seen that makes it clear. We recommend it to all congressmen

By John T. Flynn

OLD Russell Sage once said to a young man who expressed a doubt as to whether he would find the banking business interesting:

"If you want drama go up to Fourteenth Street (then the heart of the old theater district). If you want hard work come down here. You go into the banking business to get interest, not interested."

The late Senator Aldrich, when he was trying to get his central bank ideas enacted into law, once expressed disgust at the refusal of the Senate and the people to get interested in his plans: "I suppose," he moaned, "we will never get the mass of the people excited over a banking question."

To which the brilliant Senator Carmack of Tennessee replied:

"The senator is wrong. A bank is interesting or not, according to who is operating in it. Whenever the James boys started operating in a bank out in Missouri it was about the most interesting place in the world.

"The senator forgets that the most exciting political battle ever fought in this country was over a bank. When old Andy Jackson drew his long sword and went after the second Bank of the United States the whole country stood around and watched that battle. The trouble with the senator is that he doesn't know how to dramatize his bank."

If Senator Aldrich were to revisit this planet now he would see something of the truth of his Tennessee colleague's reply. He would see this country slowly working itself into a lather over a bank question. And oddly enough it is in some respects the same as the one which Jackson tackled.

The second Bank of the United States earned many of its enemies because of its many branches. One of the precious villains of politics always is that cruel and picturesque scamp—the Money Devil. And of course banks, while very necessary, are after all supposed to be the dens of this Money Devil. That is why it is always very easy to get up a little excitement around a bank.

The moment a bank appears in a community it becomes more or less of an irritant.

More than a hundred years ago there was a little bank on the north side of Chestnut Street near Third in Philadelphia. It was an innocent little affair with six employees. In the window there was a little device which kept carrying around in an endless chain of small buckets gold guineas, pieces of eight, louis, gold johannes, doubloons and pistoles.

Still Fighting the Money Devil

There was always a small crowd around the window looking at the display of wealth. That small building looked very little like an attack upon the liberties of the people. But it was the only bank in the country. And people knew very little about banks. It was the symbol of oppressive wealth. And people began to cry out for its blood. It was the home of the Money Devil. It was a wicked monopolist out to devour the wealth of all the people.

Today we have about 30,000 banking offices in this country. But we are still talking about the money monopoly and the Money Devil and our disappearing liberties.

The present-day disguise of the Money Devil is branch banking. Your papers are full of it. Every day there are new stories of new mergers, new branches being flung out in all directions, vast groups of banking chains. Bankers make speeches against them, editors write editorials about them, statesmen denounce them.

One asks after a while what all the shootin' is for? What is this business of branch banking? Who is back of it? Who is against it and why? Is it a good thing? And, inevitably, what are we going to do about it?

To see branch banking in its most advanced form in this country one must go to California. Back in 1906, San Francisco awoke one morning to find herself pretty well tossed about by a more or less famous earthquake. When it was all over the central business section was a heap of ashes as a result of the fire and every bank vault in the town was so hot that not even the burglars would go near them. But business had to carry on. So it moved, *en masse*, into the various residential sections of the city.

In a few days when the bank vaults

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cooled off the bankers found themselves far away from the new temporary business districts. So they opened branches there. Before many weeks almost every bank in town had a branch bank—some of them had two or three.

When the earthquake hit the city there was one young banker who had a small bank down in the Italian section. He rushed to his bank, took every dollar and security from its vaults, got an escort of two soldiers and carried it all to his home, where he buried the bank assets in his yard.

Before the fire had been extinguished, however, soldiers, rescue workers and citizens saw a kind of improvised bazaar down on the Embarcadero in charge of this vigorous young banker and over it a sign reading "Bank of Italy—Open for Business." It was indeed "open," since it was without roof or walls. This man was A. P. Giannini and this outdoor, waterfront shop was the first branch of the Bank of Italy.

Today Giannini's Bank of Italy has 299 branches in California. It has 37 in Los Angeles and 38 in San Francisco. It has branches in 165 of the cities and towns of the state.

Three Gifts from Scotland

Of course branch banking did not originate in California. The first Bank of the United States, established when Washington was President, had eight branches. The second Bank of the United States, which Andrew Jackson wrecked, had 18 branches. Many of the states set up banks with branches. And the system of branch banking on a modest scale persisted until the Civil War.

The system, like most of our financial devices, was imported from Europe. And who else should have invented it but the Scotch, who have a way with money? Indeed, those canny folk have given us our three most popular financial institutions—branch banking, investment trusts and golf.

There are branch banks in Scotland which were opened when George Third was king, though the Scotch bankers played with the idea as far back as the days of William and Mary. England today is wholly committed to the system. It has 24 main banks with some 9,500 branches. In France, four banks control half the banking business. Our neighbor, Canada, doubtless because of her Scottish forbears, is entirely dependent on her branch banks. Canada has ten large banking systems with 4,004 branches scattered throughout the Dominion. The largest are the Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Royal Bank with total resources of two billion dollars and 2,000 branches.

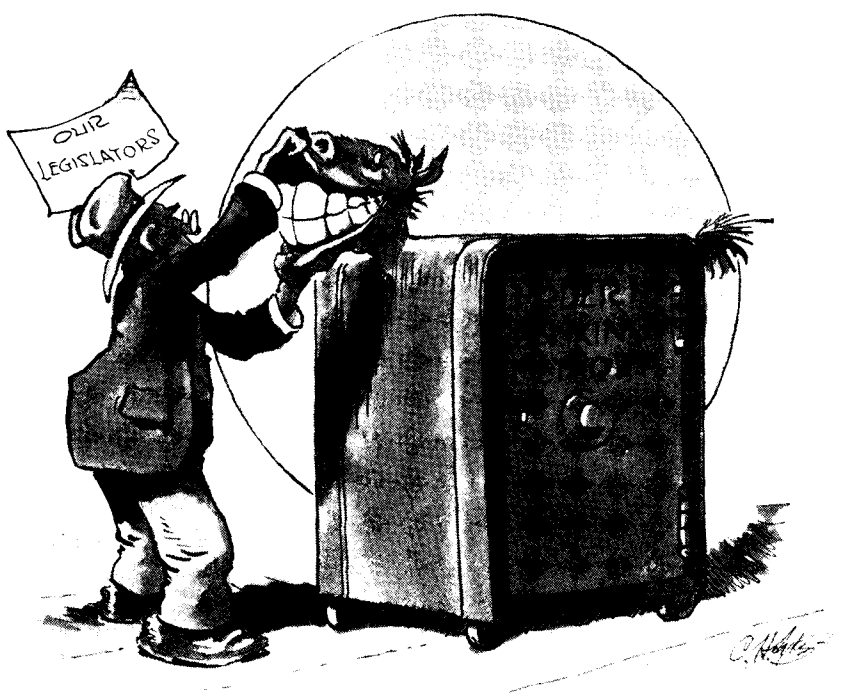
It is not hard to see, therefore, that in spite of the sensational character of the movement in this country now, we are very far from the state of development found in other countries. In spite of the fears entertained by many persons for our banking independence, we are a long way from money monopoly. We have 26,213 banks—national and state—in the country as a whole. But there are only 3,440 branches. Among our 7,691 national banks, only 194 maintain branches and the branches number 992.

Even in California, where the system has moved fastest, there is plenty of competition left. The Bank of Italy advertises that it "covers California." And it does. But even this colossus is far from monopoly. In Los Angeles, for instance, there are 31 banks and seven of them maintain branches. The Bank of Italy has 37. But if you do not wish to do business with the Bank of Italy, you may go to the California Bank, which has 33 branches in the city. The Citizens National Trust and Savings Bank has 27 branches; the Los Angeles-First National Trust and Savings Bank has 28 and the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles has 24 branches.

Of course in very small towns where there is but one bank there is a banking monopoly. But this is so whether the single bank is an independent bank or a branch. In California there are 276 towns with but a single bank. In about 120 of these towns the bank is a branch of some large city bank. That branch has a monopoly of banking business in that town. But the same is true of the other 156 towns where the single bank is independent. There is a monopoly because there is hardly anything to monopolize.

This is the branch bank movement as far as it has gone. But it is on the march. And we move fast in this country.

The old-fashioned banker with the high hat and the frock coat and the side whiskers may have been slow-gaited. But not these boys who run our modern banks. In fact they move so very fast that branch banking, almost before it has gotten under way, is now being overshadowed by a fresh phenomenon which is moving more swiftly and is producing something like terror among many of our old-line financiers. This is the chain bank movement.



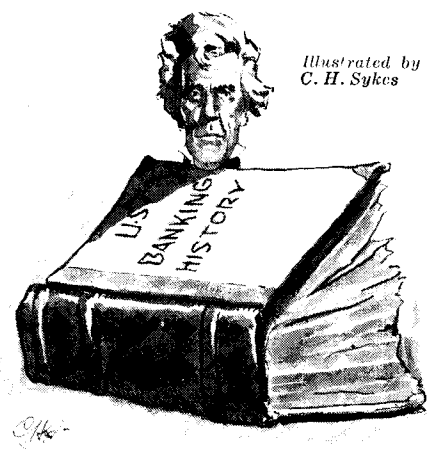
The first attack upon group banking will be made in the state legislatures

Branch banking is a system in which the branches are all merely offices of the parent institution—extensions of it—but under its direction, with the same officers, management and corporate existence.

Chain banking is a system in which all the banks in the chain are separate corporate entities, each with its own name, officers and directors, operated quite independently of all the others in the chain, but owned by the same central holding company or individual.

Thus the First National Bank of La Crosse, Wisconsin, is a unit bank. So is the First National of Deadwood, South Dakota, and the Security National of Faribault, Minnesota. Each bank has its own charter, its own directors, its own name. But the stock of all of these banks belongs to one holding company—the Northwestern Bancorporation, which owns a number of other banks besides.

Chain banking is an attempt to apply to the ownership and operation of banks pretty much the same principle of holding company control which has been applied to the utility and power industry. And it is sweeping over the country with such amazing rapidity that it has already outstripped the branch bank movement.



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

Andrew Jackson made a dramatic attack upon the second Bank of the United States

Lengthening Chains

There are now some 273 banking chains of this type. And their chains comprehend some 1,858 banks with total resources of over thirteen billion dollars. It has penetrated practically every state in the Union. But it is most active in eleven states—California, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Texas and Washington. In each of these states there are from 10 to 34 such chains. The greatest number is found in Minnesota, where there are 34. These 34 chains control some 435 banks.

The interests which control these chains are of three kinds. Most of the chains are as yet owned by individuals.

There are 167 individual financiers each owning a chain. They control 1,071 banks. There are other chains owned by holding companies. Thus far some 28 holding companies control about 380 banks. Still other chains are controlled by large banks. There are 78 of this type owning 402 banks. Of these chains almost one third are in five Western states holding almost half the banks affected by chain management. An example of such a chain is that one controlled by the Northwestern Bancorporation. It owns eight banks—two of them in Minneapolis, the others in Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota, Wisconsin and Minnesota. One of these banks in turn controls the stock of five others.

Together with investment trusts and golf, we owe branch banking to the Scotch

Many of the big banks operating branches are in turn parts of great chains owned by holding companies. The most important instance of this is the Transamerica Corporation. This is gradually coming to be the great banking giant of the Western world. The structure of this amazing institution is worth looking at.

First we have the Bank of Italy. This great bank represents the amalgamation of numerous banks all over California which have been bought outright and then erected into branches of the Bank of Italy. As already pointed out, it has 299 branches.

Next, this bank in turn owns the Bancitaly Company of America, a powerful investment company which owns blocks of stock in scores of industrial, railroad, utility and banking corporations all over the country.

Then there is the Bank of America National Association in New York. It has 28 branches in New York City. These branches are not little neighborhood affairs with a teller or two and a safe. Some of them were once great banks before they were absorbed by the Bank of America—the Franklin Trust Co., the old Atlantic National Bank, the Battery Park Bank, the Bowery and East River National Bank, the Commercial Exchange Bank, the Nassau National and Traders Bank in Brooklyn, the international banking house of Blair and Co., the Murray Hill Trust Co. Before this is printed possibly another big bank or two may be annexed. Then out in California there is the Bank of America of California. Last year two great banks of Los Angeles were merged to form this bank. And these two had in turn swallowed some six or seven others.

Then there are corporations for carrying on special kinds of business—the Bancitaly Agricultural Corporation, the Bancitaly Mortgage Co., the Pacific National Fire Insurance Co., and the California Joint Stock Land Bank.

The Bancitaly in turn controls the stock of the Capital Company, a real estate concern, and the America and Security Insurance Corporation, which acts as agent for insurance companies. Then there are the foreign branches and other subsidiaries.

And Still They Merge

Here then is a group of financial institutions, each operating in some important field of finance, three of them among the greatest branch banking institutions of America. But they in turn are all controlled by a single holding company—the Transamerica Corporation.

While the branch and chain movements are cutting down the number of bank owners, the merger movement is cutting down (*Continued on page 56*)

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"Daddy Green, you make me sick," she exclaimed. "As for you others, what right have you to interfere in my affairs?"

The Lion and the Lamb

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

VI

The Story Thus Far:

RETURNING penniless from Australia to London and denied help by Lord Newberry, his father, in desperation David Newberry joins a gang of thieves, and with two others is discovered in the act of stealing Lady Frankley's famous diamond, the "Virgin's Tear." His comrades, locking a door to insure escape, leave him to certain capture. The jewel disappears.

The last David remembered of it before the police got him was holding it in his hand as he gazed in surprise at a young girl in blue pajamas who has somehow slipped into the room.

On his release from prison David finds his father dead and himself Lord Newberry, but his only ambition is to avenge his betrayal by the gang. In a defiant visit to their headquarters in the Lion and the Lamb he swears to their leader, Tottie Green, that he will wipe them out. In turn they threaten to kill him if he does not hand over the "Virgin's Tear."

Then David starts his campaign. He buys a gymnasium and hires Sam West to train twoscore men in a peculiar system of self-defense he himself has developed. He means to whip the gunmen without weapons.

He pays another defiant visit to the gang, and Belle, Tottie's girl, saves him from death. Back in his house he finds the young lady of the blue pajamas. She announces that her name is Sophy, that she is a relative of his, and that she has come to find out what manner of man he is.

They try to guess what could have become of the jewel, and she promises to search for it in Lady Frankley's house.

Viciously the gang start their counter warfare. They attempt to burn the gymnasium and David captures one, Dick Ebben, whom he forces to become a spy. But before the spy can act he and Sam West are brutally murdered.

THERE were seven men seated round the table in the hideous upstairs parlor of the Lion and the Lamb. There was also Tottie Green, ensconced in his inevitable plush chair by the window, with the remains of a trayful of greasy food on a table by his side. Belle, a newspaper in her hand, was reading by the over-brilliant light from an incandescent lamp in a retired corner. Upon her couch, which seemed to have been transformed into some sort of a bed, lay Cannon Ball Lem groaning and swearing alternately. Tottie Green lit his cigar, and turned to the little company.

"Fishy Tim wins," he announced. "Jim Bordon's a good second, but Fishy Tim wins. Hand him over the fiver, Belle."

The girl stepped away from the lamp, still holding the newspaper in her hand. She unlocked a small safe in the wall, withdrew a five-pound note from a cash box inside, locked the latter up again, and handed the note to a grinning youth whose dirty fingers gripped it eagerly.

"Drinks round," his neighbor at the table suggested.

Fishy Tim leered. He was cross-eyed, and he lacked a few front teeth, but he had a healthier complexion than the others, and his clothes, though less flashy, were passable.

"Shut up, you silly mutt, anyway!" he enjoined. "Drinks here are free, ain't they? Wait till we get outside. I tell you, guv'nor," he went on, sprawling across the table toward Tottie Green, "this is soft dough for us. They take the money so fast outside that they've got to have a cash box there as well as in the shop. Then, according to the law, eleven o'clock to the second they've got to pack up and move inside. There's just one cop comes and gives the signal, and perhaps another at the corner of the street—nothing else doing! They ain't too keen on the neighborhood. We sweep 'em up from both ends. That'll stop anyone trying to sneak off with his cash box."

"The idea is good," Tottie Green acknowledged thickly. "There ought to be money there. Eighteen stalls, eighteen shops behind. Four of them jewelers, too. Cheap stuff, but even cheap jewelry costs money. Not too much of the rough work either. We don't want that just now."

HIS voice trailed away hoarsely. "Shorter and shorter of breath I get," he muttered. "When's that damned Nadol coming again?"

"Tomorrow morning," Belle replied. "He's dressed Lem's wounds already."

"And not a drink would he let me have," came a feeble but sullen growl from the bed. "Wait till I can get up, wait till I can get my hands on that bally toff as done this to me."

"You should have got away quicker," Belle observed, looking up from her resumed study of the paper. "You knew that West had telephoned. I expect you stayed to take tuppence-halfpenny out of the cash box."

"Cash box be damned!" Lem exclaimed viciously. "If I hadn't let Reuben bustle off first I'd have been halfway home, and Reuben would have had this instead of me."

Reuben, from his place at the table, carefully dressed as usual but a little ostentatious in his display of jewelry,

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

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grinned openly. Cannon Ball Lem leaned over from his pillow and shook his fist.

"You swine!" he muttered. "You wait till next time."

"I shan't work with you next time, you blunderer," was the glib rejoinder. "It must have taken you five minutes to climb up to the window sill. If you'd gone first you'd have shut me out, wouldn't you, like we did Dave?"

"Don't remind me of that," Tottie Green growled. "That's what cost us the Blue Diamond. It's made an enemy for us, too, and I don't like enemies. If he'd gone straight to the police, where should we have been? Another drink, Belle!"

He choked and gurgled, coughed and spluttered. Half the contents of the glass she offered him went on to the carpet. He wiped the tears from his eyes with his coat sleeve.

"He'll end up—I tell you that, lads—he'll end up by going to the police, and take his chance of what's coming to him from us. He gives me the creeps with his quiet, sneering ways. We done him wrong, and he's after us."

"Let him come," Fishy Tim scoffed. "He'll get his neck twisted before long."

"Will he?" Tottie Green muttered. "What about Fred? He started out to do the neck twisting. How do you suppose he got picked up at the bottom of the area, dead as mutton, with a broken back? You don't suppose he slipped, do you?"

There was a momentary uneasiness amongst the little company. Belle looked up once more from her paper.

"WHAT'S the use of trying to give them the funks, Daddy?" she asked irritably. "You wouldn't call poor Freddy anything but a worm. If he missed the first time with a knife, he was done for."

"It wasn't often," Tottie Green grunted, "that Freddy missed the first time."

"Anyway," Fishy Tim pointed out, "we ain't got Dave to deal with Saturday night. There isn't anyone in this room, I reckon, who's going to blow the gas about—not another Dick Ebben asking for trouble—and we ain't going to tell the others where we're off to until we start. There'll be twenty-two of us on Saturday night, and anyone who tries to stop us won't be in church on Sunday morning."

Cannon Ball Lem, with a groan, shuffled a little higher in the bed.

"You Lambs," he spat out, "you're getting to be tea swillers. That's what's the matter with you. You're all scared of one man. You decided to get him out of the way. What are you doing about it? Just because Freddy mucked the job, you all got the funks. Look at me. Ain't I done my bit? Ain't I run my risks? If I'm copped, I'm for the swinging-room all right. You others, you ain't got the pluck of mice. Who's going to take Freddy's place? That's what I want to know. You can plan your Saturday-night raid with a lot of frightened Jews and white-livered shop hands, but when it comes to a man's work, you ain't even spoke of it. I done my bit; so did Reuben. Dave will mean doing us in more than ever now. I can tell you that. Are you going to sit still until he marches down with the cops?"

Tottie Green nodded ponderously.

"Lem ain't so far wrong," he acknowledged. "He gave Ebben what was coming to him for trying to squeal, and Reuben, he done his job too with Sammy West. They finished their work like men. Dave's done us dirt. He pinched the Blue Diamond, and not a bean has he parted with. We got to get rid of Dave. Who'll fix him? Come now, you lads. Let's hear one of you pipe up."

"I did my bit," Reuben declared, "when I stuck a knife into Sam."

"And sneaked off through the window in front of me," Lem growled from the bed.

"Never mind about that," Reuben muttered. "What I say is that I never set out to be a fighting man, and I've done my bit."

Belle threw down her paper.

"Supposing I take on this little affair?" she drawled.

There was a brief, uneasy silence.

"It ain't no woman's job," Tottie Green objected. "Besides, you don't know how to handle a gun, much less a knife."

She laughed reflectively, as though at her thoughts.

"I wasn't proposing to use either," she confided. "A woman can find other ways."

"Well, you ain't going to," Tottie Green declared, mopping his forehead with a large and filthy handkerchief. "Do you hear that, you? Do you think I don't know what your game is? You've had enough of the gang, and us. You'd like to poke your nose into the West End, and get off with one of these toffs."

"I'll see she doesn't," Lem muttered from the bed.

She swung round upon them, her hands upon her hips, her attitude a strange admixture of the Billingsgate fisherwoman about to storm, and the Spanish danseuse preparing to allure.

"DADDY GREEN, you make me sick," she exclaimed. "As for you others, what right has any one of you to interfere in my affairs? If I choose to take a fancy to David, I shall take it, and there's not one of you here will stop me. Now, listen to me, Daddy Green. You're the head of this crowd, and what you say to them has to go. You want to get rid of David Newberry, and I don't blame you. He's dangerous. What's the use of risking the whole show by trying to knife him? You'll get a squeal, if you don't mind, and it will cost two of you your necks anyway. What is it you want from him? You want to be let alone, that's all. You want the Virgin's Tear if he's got it, and you want him to forget the dirty way Lem and Reuben behaved on the night of the Frankley burglary. Very well, I'll see to it for you."

"Good girl!" Tottie Green approved.

"If I take it on," the girl continued, "you risk nothing."

Lem crawled over on his side. For the first time he turned his full face to the gathering.

"What you want to do is to be his—"

She took a single step toward him. She kept her hands by her side, but there was murder in her eyes. The words died away on his lips in a sharp breath. The others watched feverishly.

"No one calls me such names as you had in your mind and gets away with it, Lem," she warned him. "And remember this—if you weren't all fools you'd have realized it before now—the woman who gives nothing gets most out of a man. I'm not going to tell a scum like you whether I shall give, or whether I shan't give, but if I give, it will be of my own free will, and a crowd like you would never stop me."

Tottie Green leaned forward in his chair, and rubbed his knees. All the time he was chuckling.

"There's a girl for you!" he chortled. "Do you hear that, lads? I wish she were my own daughter. She should have every penny of my money."

"DO I take this on, or don't I?" she asked, swinging round to him.

"Get me another drink," he begged, "a good stiff 'un, Belle. I'll drink your health, girl. You've got spirit. Go at the business your own way, and stick a knife into him if he don't please you."

The girl filled his glass from the whisky bottle, and added a little water. She gave it into his thick, shaking fingers.

"Do I get this job or don't I?" she repeated.

"You get it, my girl," he answered. "These whimperers can go to hell. You get it, and I drink luck to you. Reuben, fill up round the table. Order more, if more's wanted. Belle's going out after Dave Newberry. Here's luck to her! Drink it, every one of you. Do you hear?" he went on, his voice rising with terrifying abruptness. "I'll knock your damned skulls in if you don't. . . ."

They obeyed, because they always had obeyed Tottie Green, but there was murder in the hearts of two of the men who raised their glasses to their lips.

"I doubt whether the path would ever be safe for me with you my guide, you atrocious little flirt," he said. "I won't have my head turned"

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The front doorbell at Number 17a John Street rang out a somewhat imperious summons. Dowson, roused from a nap in his sitting-room, made his way upstairs and across the square hall with ponderous dignity, followed, according to now-established custom, by two very brawny and undomestic-looking footmen. The former touched a spring and peered out through a little grill. He waved the men away.

"Not wanted," he announced. "It's her little ladyship again. Some day there will be a fuss when her ma gets to know about this."

The two men retreated to the lower regions. Dowson, after a further look round to be sure that no one was following her, opened the door and admitted Sophy. She greeted him with the familiar nod of an *habituée*.

"You make a regular fortress of this place, Dowson," she remarked. "Anyone in?"

"His lordship is in the library, miss," the man replied. "Will you come this way?"

David swung round in his chair as Sophy was ushered in. She threw her arm around his neck, and patted his cheek.

"You dear, impossible man!" she exclaimed. "Why do you write your own letters? Why not have a secretary? I'm looking for a job."

"You're engaged," he answered quickly. "I suppose you can spell, and that sort of thing."

"Reasonably," she assured him. "What have you been doing all day?"

"I've been down at the gymnasium most of the time. A very decent lot of young fellows we've got there now."

She shivered.

"I wonder you like to go near the place!"

His face hardened.

"I DON'T usually give up a thing I start with," he said. "The gymnasium's going on, even if I lose a few more managers. As a matter of fact, I don't think I'm likely to, though. I've had bars put on all the windows, and the place is under police protection. Now, tell me, child, have you been to Frankley?"

She nodded.

"I've just come back," she confided.

"Any luck?" he asked eagerly.

She shook her head.

"Not a scrap."

His face fell.

"You were able to get upstairs?"

"I was there for quite half an hour," she told him. "The room is a sort of library, you know, so I made the excuse that I wanted to look at some books. I searched everywhere I could think of—searched and searched and searched. No good!"

He was thoughtful for a moment.

"Tell me," he begged, "what is there exactly between the dressing-table of Lady Frankley's room, and the door against which I was brought up?"

She looked at him in surprise.

"Don't you remember?" she asked.

"Not one single thing," he confessed. "That's the curious part of it all. I remember the diamond as I leaned over the dressing-table. I remember the opening of a door, and the appearance of a fairy in blue pajamas. I remember springing toward what I thought was safety, and from then until I came to in the hospital everything is a blank."

She took up a pencil, and sketched rapidly.

"Here's the dressing-table in Lady Frankley's room," she explained. "In line with the dressing-table is a door which that night was open. It leads into a passage which you cross, going down three steps, and mounting three more. Then there's another door which was also open. That leads into a large room which they've made into a sort of library—bookshelves all round, a few easy-chairs, but not much furniture. You pass through that, and come to another door—the one which your two friends locked against you."

"I see," he murmured. "A short passage, one large room—what about windows?"

"There are three, belonging to the library, exactly parallel with the dressing-table in Lady Frankley's room. Then there is another in the passage. They are all in line, and you must have passed them on your left-hand side. I believe, as a matter of fact, that the farther one was open."

He buried his face in his hands for several moments.

"I wish to God I could remember," he muttered. "It seems too ridiculous. I suppose you tried every likely hiding place?"

"There didn't seem to be many," she admitted. "I looked into a few vases and things, and everywhere that looked possible."

"What is there below the window?" he asked.

"Just flower beds. No place that looked at all likely."

He sat for a few minutes earnestly studying the sketch which she had made.

"It's a queer business," he reflected. "Here, at this dressing-table, you saw the diamond in my hand. I ran down those three stairs, up the next three, along the side of the room to that door, and not a step farther. From within a yard or two of it I was taken to hospital. Now it is quite certain that the diamond is lost, or Lady Frankley would never have dared to have taken the money for it from the insurance company. I am absolutely certain that the gang haven't got it, and there seems to be no doubt that when I was searched at the hospital, I hadn't got it."

"YOU were searched before you were taken down to the ambulance even," she told him. "Lady Frankley insisted upon it. You were searched as you lay upon the carpet by that door where you fought."

"More and more mysterious," David murmured.

He continued to stare at the sketch hopelessly.

"I wonder," he meditated, "whether it would be possible for me to get down and see those rooms?"

"Would it do any good?" she queried. "If you can't remember, you can't, and that's an end of it."

"Not quite," he protested. "I've got rather a stupid idea perhaps, but there it is. Mind, those rooms and everything in them are simply a blank in my mind. I can't visualize them. Now, if I were to see them again I should remember them, of course, and I might remember what I did with the diamond."

"What a glorious idea!" she exclaimed. "You mean, it might all come back to you like a flash."

"That's it," he assented. "Of course it's only an idea, but it might be worth while trying. The thing is, how to get there. I'm not very keen on any more amateur burgling."

She suddenly sprang to her feet, and indulged in a *pas seul*.

"An inspiration!" she cried. "David, I've got a perfectly wonderful inspiration. I'm invited there to a dance on Tuesday, and to bring a man. You shall be my man. We'll go together, and we'll search together."

"But, my dear child, I am much too old to escort you to a dance."

"Rubbish! You don't look a day over twenty-seven or twenty-eight."

"But think," he protested, "how could I possibly present myself there as a guest when I have spent six months in prison for burgling the house? They might recognize me, and, in any case, they know the story."

"We'll risk that," she insisted.

She flung her little *béret* onto the table, and smoothed her hair.

"David," she murmured, "it's six o'clock, and I know where the best cocktails in London are. Shall I?"

She leaned toward the bell, and he nodded. She pressed the knob with a little sigh of content, and David gave the necessary orders to Dowson.

"David," she confided, "I adore you."

WITH his cocktail glass in his hand, David took up a position of vantage in the center of the hearthrug.

"Sophy," he began, "it is borne in upon me that I must talk to you like an elderly relative."

"Shut up," she scoffed, looking at him with twinkling eyes. "You aren't a relative, and you aren't elderly."

"That makes your surreptitious visits to my domicile the more reprehensible," he declared.

"My visits aren't surreptitious any longer," she protested. "I told the whole lot, the other day at the Ritz, that I had been to see you—Mother, Lady Agatha and Sir Matthew. Something of a bombshell, I can tell you. Fortunately, that darling Marquis was there, cheered me to the echo, and took me off to lunch afterward."

"Were your people angry?"

"I don't think so," she answered reflectively. "Of course, every one of the family pretends to think that you're terrible, especially since this inquest, but all the same they want to keep in with you. Their hope is that you'll be so ashamed of yourself soon that you will sneak off out of the country to the colonies and they will all live at Newberry in peace and dignity."

"And what about you?" he asked. "Do you want me to go?"

"I want you never to wander far from my side," she declared earnestly. "You're becoming a habit with me, David. I don't think I could ever do without you and our little talks. My relatives stifle me."

"They are a trifle oppressive," he agreed.

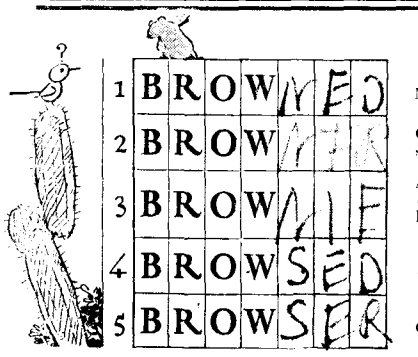
"I was in an evil humor when I came tonight," she continued, stretching out her hand for his. "I think it was the disappointment of searching for the diamond at Frankley, and finding nothing. Now I am so excited that I don't know how I can live until Tuesday."

"I'm not sure about that scheme of yours," he reflected.

"My dear David, why not? Lady Frankley asked (*Continued on page 42*)

WORD HUNT

In the English language there are just five words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters B·R·O·W. You supply the missing letters.



1	BROWNED	Made brown or dusky.
2	BROWNER	Of a more dusky, or brown, shade.
3	BROWNIE	A good-natured goblin supposed often to work around the house by night.
4	BROWSED	Grazed. Fed on, as a pasture.
5	BROWSER	One that browses.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Bromate
2. Bromide
3. Bromine
4. Bromism
5. Bromize

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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SUNRISE

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen

They were insistent. They sketched a glorious career in rosy colors

Illustrated by Millburn Rosser

"I'VE thought it over for months," she said. "In spite of the fact that we have every reason to be happy—in spite of the fact that we were once very deeply in love with each other—it's no go. I have decided definitely to divorce you."

He gazed at a single spot on the Chinese rug which covered the center of the living-room floor, and for several minutes there was silence.

"Does my decision surprise you?"

He struggled to remain calm: to conceal from her the pain she had caused.

"Yes, it surprises me."

"And have you nothing to say?"

"Only that I am ready to agree with whatever you believe will make you happy."

"Surely," she said somewhat sharply, "you are not still in love with me."

His face flushed, and he hesitated a moment before answering:

"This is scarcely the time to discuss that, Helen." He lighted a cigar with calculated deliberateness, so that he might control the trembling of his hands. "When do you expect to bring this action?"

She looked about the living-room, and then at the big, handsome man in the easy chair.

"I have no desire to injure you, John—and I haven't fallen in love with another man. Your term as mayor of this city runs for one more year, and I realize that it would be unfortunate if the divorce occurred during your term of office. I shall wait until after you have returned to private life."

He was silent for a moment. "You have thought this over carefully?"

"For months. Regardless of our happiness at first, your career has killed our home life. I am merely the wife of the mayor of a big city. Our relations have become almost impersonal. I am not old—and perhaps not unattractive. . . ."

"You are beautiful," he remarked gravely.

"I am fond of life. I am tired of being a nonentity; of being taken for granted. I want my freedom—"

"You may have it immediately, Helen."

"I prefer to wait."

His lips creased in a wistful smile. "For the one year of grace, my dear, I thank you." Then he rose abruptly and walked from the room. Somehow, he couldn't look at her and keep his thoughts from straying into the golden past, into the days when they were very young and very much in love with each other. . . .

Until this moment he had not suspected his failure as a husband. Success had come to him as an attorney and then as a politician. He had thrown himself fiercely into his work as mayor, and he had done well. Only recently they had suggested that he was an excellent prospect for United States senator. The idea had appealed. But now . . .

THEY came to him again a month later and told him that the senatorship was a certainty, if he cared to accept the party nomination.

"I don't want it," he lied.

"Not want the senatorship? Good Lord, man! you'll walk in. Our machine behind you . . ."

"I'm sorry," he said truthfully, "but private life interests me more."

It was a queer thing: this last year with Helen. He seemed to see in her a freshness and charm to which he had been blind for the several years immediately past. He remained away from public gatherings and they sat alone in the living-room evening after evening discussing books and music and theaters . . . and he realized more keenly with the passing of each day that he had been a fool. He did not tell her about the senatorship. Without her, it would be an empty honor. Besides, he knew that he could not, in fairness to the party, accept the nomination with the knowledge that his campaign would be wrecked by her divorce suit.

Her manner was friendly, but the barrier that she had erected was always between them. And then, just a month before the primaries, the state executive committee of the party came to his home and insisted that he reconsider his decision.

"There's no telling where this might end," they said. "The Cabinet, maybe. Perhaps some day the Presidency."

"No." His manner invited no argument. "I haven't been very happy in politics."

They were insistent. They sketched a glorious career in rosy colors.

"I simply cannot run, boys," he said. "Foolish as the reason may sound, my wife is opposed to it."

That night after dinner Helen and he were alone in the big living-room. He was conscious of her eyes upon him and once they compelled him to look in her direction. But he shifted his glance quickly: she was too delicately exquisite as she sat in the easy chair, a slender flame against the dark upholstery.

Out of the silence, her voice came to him infinitely kind and gentle:

"The executive committee chairman spoke to me this afternoon, John."

"He had no right. I hope you don't think I gave him permission."

"I understand that." She bent her head and toyed nervously with a filmy handkerchief. "I want you to know that I appreciate your attitude. But you must accept the senatorship."

He smiled bravely. "I'm tired of public life."

"That isn't true. You're rejecting this opportunity because you think it's the square thing—to me. But you must accept."

"And our divorce?"

"Will not be instituted—I fancied you understood that."

His face went white as he rose and stood over her. His voice was more harsh than he intended. "Don't ask me to be a cad, Helen. God knows this whole thing has been difficult enough . . . but you've earned your freedom, and I'm going to see that you get it. Your unselfishness doesn't surprise me, but I refuse to accept any further sacrifice."

She rose, too, and gazed into his eyes.

"Why?"

"What difference does it make?" And then, when she continued to stare interrogatively, his pent-up feelings burst the dam. "I'll tell you why—it's because I love you, and because until I knew I was to lose you, I never quite realized how much. I've made a mess of things. I'm through—and I wish you wouldn't torture me."

He whirled and started from the room, but at the door her vibrant voice stopped him.

"John! Just a moment."

"Yes . . . ?"

"Would it make any difference if I explained to you that the committee called upon you at my suggestion?"

"You shouldn't have done that!"

"BUT I should. . . ." Suddenly her reserve slipped away, and she became on the instant a woman frankly and fiercely in love. "How can you be so stupid, John? I wanted you to accept because it afforded me an excuse to remain with you—to keep the new happiness which has come to us. It was my way of telling you that I want to remain your wife. Does that alter your decision?"

She saw him crossing the room with swift, eager steps. And even though she didn't hear his answer it made no difference. The feel of his arms about her told her all she needed to know.

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The Age of Youth

By Arthur Somers Roche

"Miss Raynor, I'm sick with regret." "So am I," she said. His pallor gave way to a flush. "Don't I know? Only—yours shouldn't be regret—anger, if you like—"

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING failed to make a living in New York City, Donna Raynor—beautiful, young and talented—resorts to a desperate expedient. She writes to Randolph Granby, a wealthy bachelor whom she has never met, describes her plight, and calmly asks him if he will finance her while she tries to get a rich husband.

Granby meets the girl. Impressed by her personality he gives her more than twenty-four thousand dollars; and presently, ensconced in an apartment leased from Libby Prentiss, a society girl who is going to Europe, Donna launches her campaign.

Adventure meets her at once. Looking for Libby, Frank Gardner, one of America's most sought-after bachelors, comes to her apartment. He is intoxicated. He proposes. Donna orders him out. Shortly thereafter, due to Mme. Galere, her singing teacher, the girl finds herself "accepted"—in New York society—with Gardner, sober, madly in love with her.

Then the scandalmongers begin. A newspaper prints an ugly item regarding her. Her name does not appear, but Donna realizes she is in danger. Her closest friends remain loyal. Gardner, however, is suspicious. While under the influence of liquor, he sees Donna dancing with Granby at the Embassy. Wild with jealousy he makes an insulting remark about Donna, in the hearing of others; and later, he and Granby engage in a savage fist-fight in front of Donna's apartment house.

Granby loses—is badly beaten, seriously injured, and Donna forces him to go to her apartment, where, under the care of a nurse, he spends the night. The following morning he leaves, and Gardner telephones to Donna, to apologize. Donna, enraged, drops him, in no uncertain terms.

What's going to happen? Donna is frantic; but, following a talk with the friendly Mrs. Curlew, who is prominent in New York society and who promises to stand loyally by her, she is somewhat reassured. Then comes another shock. A representative of Chit-Chat, a scandalous publication, calls on her. "Our management wishes you to take some stock," he says brazenly. "If you will permit me, I'll tell you why you should take it."

IX

HE HAD the thick-skinned, insolent assurance of an Armenian peddler of laces, and had pushed by her before she was fully aware of his intention. Angry, and vaguely alarmed, she was compelled to follow him. Nor did he pause inside the hall. With brisk impudence he walked into her living-room, tossed his hat upon a chair, and sat down upon another. He ignored the fact that Donna remained standing, and from an inner pocket drew forth some papers. He looked up with a smile meant to be engaging but that was merely a smirk.

"Of course you know all about Chit-Chat, Miss Raynor," he said. "That is, all about its wide circulation among people that matter, and its great influence among such people. But what you don't know are the business opportunities of Chit-Chat."

"I have no interest in them," said Donna angrily.

His smirk widened. Greasy-complexioned, wax-mustached, protruding-eyed, he was loathsomely representative of his loathsome publication.

"Oh, my dear Miss Raynor, I'm sure you have," he said. "A young lady who—er—lives alone and is—er—not engaged in any business must surely be interested in opportunities for safe and profitable investment."

"Well, I'm not," said Donna. She felt that her reply was childishly irritated.

"Your lawyers or trustees handle all such matters for you?" he asked.

"What possible concern is that of yours?" she asked.

He crossed his knees and lighted a cigarette, forgetting to ask permission.

"Chit-Chat, my dear Miss Raynor, is concerned with all persons who are in society, who pretend to be in society, who are trying to get into society, or who hope to get into society. Chit-Chat exists in response to a vital need. You, Miss Raynor, must be aware that there are persons who do not belong in the circles which they attempt to adorn. But those rightful censors of society, who in another generation would have barred the entrance of these intruders, no longer exist."

He tapped upon one knee with the papers which he had withdrawn from his pocket, like an orator driving home a point. Indeed, he delivered his speech exactly as one might who had learned it by rote.

"SOCIETY is no longer a small group. The growth of wealth, its distribution all over the country, means that newcomers are continually trying to push past the barriers. The leaders of society can no longer act as sentries at those barriers. They could not hope to keep themselves informed as to the desirability or the right of the newcomers to join their circle. Because, Miss Raynor, some of the newcomers have an undeniable right to enter. They have sufficient wealth, sufficient good manners, sufficient charm to make them welcome.

"But there are others, Miss Raynor, who lack one or another of these needful assets. There are others who possess all these qualities, but who, through misfortune or through some fatal flaw in character, should not be allowed to enter. But, as I have said, who among the leaders of society has time enough to scrutinize carefully all the credentials of the newcomers?"

"I'm sure I don't know, nor am I interested," said Donna. "I have an engagement, and—"

"You have no engagement more important than listening to me," he said.

"I hope it won't be necessary for me to telephone downstairs and have someone put you out," said Donna. She felt that she was being vulgar, but how avoid this? Another woman might be able to squelch the man, send him, awed, about his business, but she didn't know how.

"Is that so, Miss Raynor?" He dropped his insolent suavity and was merely insolent. "Now, don't be in a hurry to do that little thing," he went on. "Because, Miss Raynor, you're one of the newcomers that Chit-Chat is interested in."

He tapped again upon his knee.

"I have here, Miss Raynor, two documents. One is a sort of prospectus of Chit-Chat Publishing Company. It tells, briefly, about the need for such a publication. It tells about the class of people who read Chit-Chat. It tells about the luxury manufacturers who buy advertising space in our magazine, and explains why they think advertising in a distinctly class publication, whose readers have unlimited wealth, is preferable to advertising on billboards, for example. It shows how seven per cent, with complete safety, may be realized on an investment in our stock."

"I SHOULD think," said Donna dryly, "that the owners would prefer to keep such a wonderful investment to themselves."

"The owners understand that it is always well for a magazine to have its stock distributed widely. Such a magazine as ours, I mean. It makes for good will. Not that we'd sell stock to persons not connected with the *haut monde*. But we would like every one of our readers to feel that Chit-Chat belongs to him or to her. We'd like them to await its arrival every week with a feeling of possession."

"I'm not interested," said Donna. "And I have an engagement—"

He ignored the interruption.

"My other document," he said, "is for you to read. It was written only this morning and set up this afternoon. The

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proof, therefore, has not been corrected, and you will find minor errors in it. You'll forgive them, I trust. I might add, too, that the article is by no means complete. There are other interesting —I might even say spicy—details which will be added. Here."

Into her reluctant hand he thrust a long, printed sheet of paper. It was her impulse to hand it back, to tear it up. But either of these actions, she felt, was inadequate to meet the situation. Even as yet she did not understand the implications of his manner, of his words. She knew, of course, that when he referred to newcomers, he included her. But what of it? Why, because she was what she was, should she buy stock in Chit-Chat?

BUT it needed no recollection of the item in the morning paper to make her realize that this printed proof must be about herself. Common sense informed her of that. She was being blackmailed. This was too obvious. And she knew that the correct, the only thing to do when being blackmailed is to defy the blackmailer.

She knew that to temporize with a man as low as this person was to show weakness, indecision, fear. But she *was* weak; she *was* undecided; she *was* afraid. She had never been confronted with anything like this before. The warning in the newspaper had not prepared her for this sort of thing.

So she let her eyes rest upon the printed words in her hand.

"An entertainment not intended to be included in the cover charge was given to the guests of a fashionable night club the other night," she read. "The heroine —if the word may be applied to a lady whose rôle was not heroic—was Miss Donna Raynor, a young woman who has come out of the West or the South or some remote spot, to blaze briefly in the outer fringe of the inner circle. The villain was young Frank Gardner, whose hectic years are apparently not done with yet. The hero was New York's perennial bachelor, Rannie Granby.

"Apparently Miss Raynor has 'it.' Apparently, too, she is extremely quiet in her ways. Few people knew that Rannie Granby was her beau. Fewer still suspected that Frank Gardner was acquainted with the charming young woman whose antecedents are somewhat dimmer than her beauty.

"Rannie Granby has just returned from Europe after an absence of several months. Frank Gardner has also just reappeared in Manhattan after an absence of several months. One finds it hard to comprehend how intimate relationship should exist between the villain or hero and the lovely heroine. But Chit-Chat finds it hard to understand many things that go on in the world which the two gentlemen adorn and the young lady—er—illuminates.

"And there are occasions in which it is the part of kindliness not to speculate. Let it suffice that apparently the lady knows Mr. Granby and Mr. Gardner thinks he knows the lady. For, in the presence and hearing of scores of social luminaries, Mr. Gardner accused Mr. Granby of 'keeping' Miss Raynor.

"Chit-Chat prides itself on the purity of its attitude, its contents and its English. So it does not profess to understand exactly what Mr. Gardner meant by the word 'keeping.' We wonder, however, if Mr. Granby understood, or if Miss Raynor comprehended.

"Coffee and pistols for two have not been indicated up to the moment of going to press."

"This—this is outrageous," cried Donna.

"Isn't it?" queried her visitor brightly. "Shocking thing for Gardner to say. I wonder Granby didn't resent it."

He suddenly snatched the galley proof from Donna's fingers, and folded it carefully before putting it back in his pocket.

"Now, Miss Raynor, perhaps you see the advantages of being a stockholder in Chit-Chat? Shall I put you down for five thousand dollars?"

He paused a moment; then, as Donna made no reply, he spoke again:

"Naturally, Chit-Chat takes great care to refrain from the publication of anything that would hurt the feelings of any of its stockholders."

"That's blackmail," said Donna.

Her visitor shrugged.

"Words are meaningless, Miss Raynor. You call it that, we call it good business. Neither of us really cares what the other calls it. So long as we understand each other—"

"Now, will you please go?" cried Donna.

Her visitor arose.

"Naturally," he continued evenly, "Chit-Chat expects its investors to think over their stock subscriptions. Chit-Chat doesn't expect to sell its stock offhand, as one might peddle vegetables or—er—young women. This article does not go to press for several days. I shall do myself the honor of calling again before that time, Miss Raynor. And I shall bring with me what additions to the article have been made."

DONNA, still standing, made no answer. The man laughed carelessly, bowed mockingly, and was gone. She stood for minutes after he had left. Thank God his filthy publication didn't know of the events that had occurred after leaving the night club. This was her first reaction.

But—and this followed upon her feeling of gratitude—his magazine knew too much. If she'd only been a man! If she'd only possessed the physical strength to strike him.

But there was nothing to be gained by contemplating impossibilities. If she'd been a man she'd never have been in this position. She opened the windows, letting the crisp autumn breeze blow chillingly into the room, as though to cleanse it from defilement. Then she resumed her interrupted way to the apartment of Mme. Galere.

Her coach greeted her as one greets one in the shadow of a great bereavement, as one embarrassedly greets a dear friend who has lost his fortune, or his health, or his only child.

It was, "Sit here, my darling. The draft, my child? Tea, dear? Is the light too strong, Donna?"

Until Donna, rebellious at coddling, burst out impatiently:

"Madame Galere, nothing has happened to me—yet."

The teacher eyed her reproachfully, exactly as one eyes the sick child who resents the medicine we are giving him for his own good.

"Darling girl! And nothing *shall* happen to my darling Donna—"

AND then, upon the capacious breast of the singing teacher, the woman whom most of the world thought was scheming, ambitious, selfish, mercenary and without kindliness, Donna sobbed out her fears. She told of Gardner's words of last night, of the almost mortal struggle waged outside her apartment, of the Chit-Chat representative and his thinly disguised attempt at blackmail. Out of all the recital Mme. Galere could drag one note of cheer.

This was the attitude of Fannie Curlew.

"But even that, my dear," she admitted, after tea and powder and lipstick had somewhat restored Donna, "even that won't amount to much if that dreadful magazine—"

"Will they dare to print it?" asked Donna. "Aren't there—libel laws?"

Mme. Galere laughed harshly.

"Practically none in this country," she said. "In England they arrange things differently. People are allowed a decent privacy. The public prints are not entitled to find interest in a man or a woman's personal affairs. But there seems to be no limit to the privileges of the press here. Of course, Ran Granby has friends, and Frank Gardner has power. I hardly think Chit-Chat will dare to use their names. But, frankly, my child, I don't know."

"You wouldn't have me pay them, would you?" asked Donna.

(*Continued on page 51*)

"You have no engagement more important than listening to me," he said

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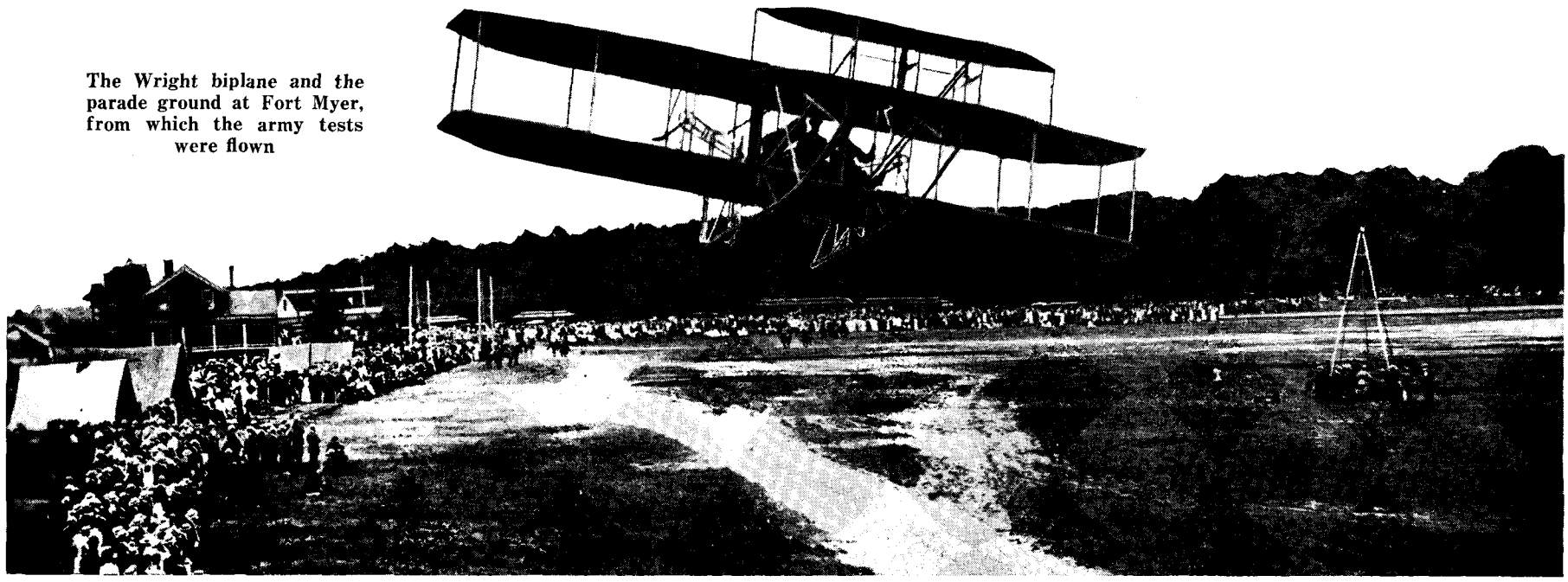


The Wright biplane and the parade ground at Fort Myer, from which the army tests were flown

Cross-Country

By Brigadier General Benjamin D. Foulois

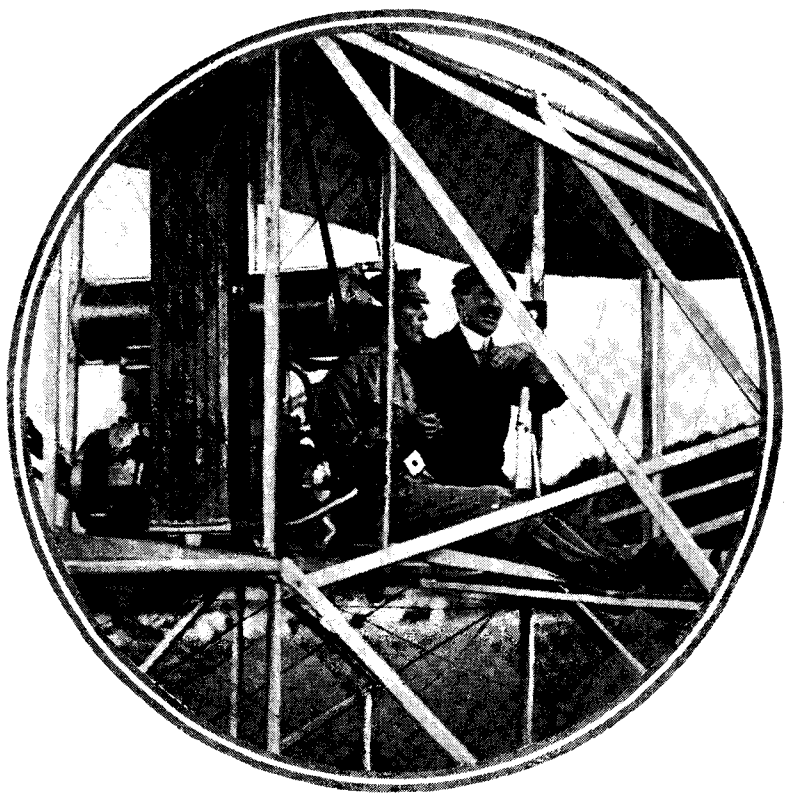
Assistant Chief of the Air Corps, U. S. A.

General Foulois' personal history is the history of the development of military aëronautics. He was in charge of Airplane No. 1, the first owned by the army. He operated the first dirigible balloon owned by the United States, designed the first radio receiving set ever used on an airplane and drew up the World War air plans of the United States

"TODAY seems to be the day," Orville Wright told me with a slight, grave smile.

"I am glad," I said. And heaven knows I was. We were about to attempt the first flight in history of a heavier-than-air machine over open country—a venture that held unknown perils; that was burdened with serious responsibilities to the future of flying. To say nothing of our lives!

But the interminable waiting had mangled my nerves. We knew, there on the Virginia heights across the river from Washington twenty years ago, the impatience that must gall modern transocean flyers waiting on Atlantic beaches for fair weather. I think we suffered a great uncertainty. There is a generation of flying behind the moderns; they have some foreknowledge of engine and plane performance under given conditions. We had none.



"Are you set?" Orville Wright asks Lieutenant Foulois

Twice before in that sultry summer of 1909 I had climbed into the plane at Orville Wright's signal; and twice climbed out as wind conditions grew suddenly uncertain. The acceptance of the Wright airplane by the government hinged upon this flight, and the brothers were not to be goaded into it prematurely.

Of course their studied avoidance of the spectacular and daring brought criticism and ridicule upon Wilbur and Orville. But men who had experimented for years on isolated sand dunes, and were provoked when a description of their first flight was printed by some of the least skeptical newspapers, weren't interested in grand-stand gestures to thrill-seeking crowds.

An Epic or an Accident

And the crowds were enormous, considering the time and the meager travel facilities. Congress had recessed every afternoon during the trials; official activities were suspended throughout the government in fact; diplomatic offices were deserted, and lay Washington had swelled the throngs that by trolley and bicycle, carriage and automobile, on horseback and afoot, daily journeyed across the Potomac bridges in the hope of witnessing an air epic—or an accident.

The War Department had set three tests for the Wright airplane to pass before it would be adopted into the military family—tests so severe that everyone but the Wrights doubted the ability of the machine to meet them. First, it had to make an endurance flight, with the pilot and one passenger, lasting at least an hour; second, it had to make a cross-country flight, with the pilot and one passenger, over a distance of not less than ten miles and, third, during this flight it had to maintain a speed of not less than forty miles an hour.

I remember standing with a brother officer on the edge of the crowd during the endurance flight, made by Orville Wright with Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm as passenger and military observer. The flight lasted twelve minutes over the stipulated hour—a record, of course, and an almost unbelievable performance for that day and age. But—two elderly ladies elbowed through the crowd and took positions directly in front of us. They silently observed the flying plane for a few minutes. Then one turned to the other and said:

"Is that all he is going to do?"

Another brief silence; then the second lady:

"Hmmmm—I guess so!"

Whereupon both turned, disappointment keen in their faces, and disappeared into the crowd.

I have never been able to figure out what they expected to see; but certainly their expectations and attitude were no less intelligent than those of more important critics.

However, those of us who worked beside the Wrights knew the truth. We knew that Orville was still a sick man as a result of injuries he had suffered in a crash on this same drill ground a year before, when the brothers had first attempted to meet the War Department tests. Lieutenant Selfridge, the army's pioneer airman, had been killed in that accident.

We knew the depth and steadfastness of the characters that steeled the Wrights to bide their time now in the face of hostile comment. We knew that the airplane under test was the only one in existence, and that an attempt to carry out the cross-country flight prematurely might not only wipe out the plane and its crew, but would put an indefinite end to the army's interest and would give the fledgling science a setback from which it would be years in recovering. The speed with which aviation has developed in the past twenty years is due to the stanch foundation cemented by the patience and courage and sanity of the Wrights.

Milestones in the Air

Yet another consideration made these tests of importance to the Wrights. Six years had passed since they flew at Kitty Hawk—years filled with struggle and hardship, constant work to iron out this detail and that, and skimping. Their means were slender, their expenses great. A military contract would ease the pressure.

Orville Wright had nominated me as his passenger on the cross-country flight because I was the smallest and lightest officer on duty at the post; and because I had been charged by the army with the duty of laying out the course. The factors that had governed me in that chore may seem amusing nowadays, but then they were vitally important.

For example, I figured that we ought to be within easy access of rescuers in the event of a forced landing or a crash. Therefore the course must parallel a road, in so far as possible. Then the Wrights wanted to fly with and against the wind, in order to obtain the maximum results in determining the speed of the airplane.

Based on these factors I finally selected a ten-mile round trip commencing on the drill ground at Fort Myer, with a turning point at Shuter's Hill just east of Alexandria, Virginia. A temporary telephone was strung between these points for the (*Continued on page 33*)

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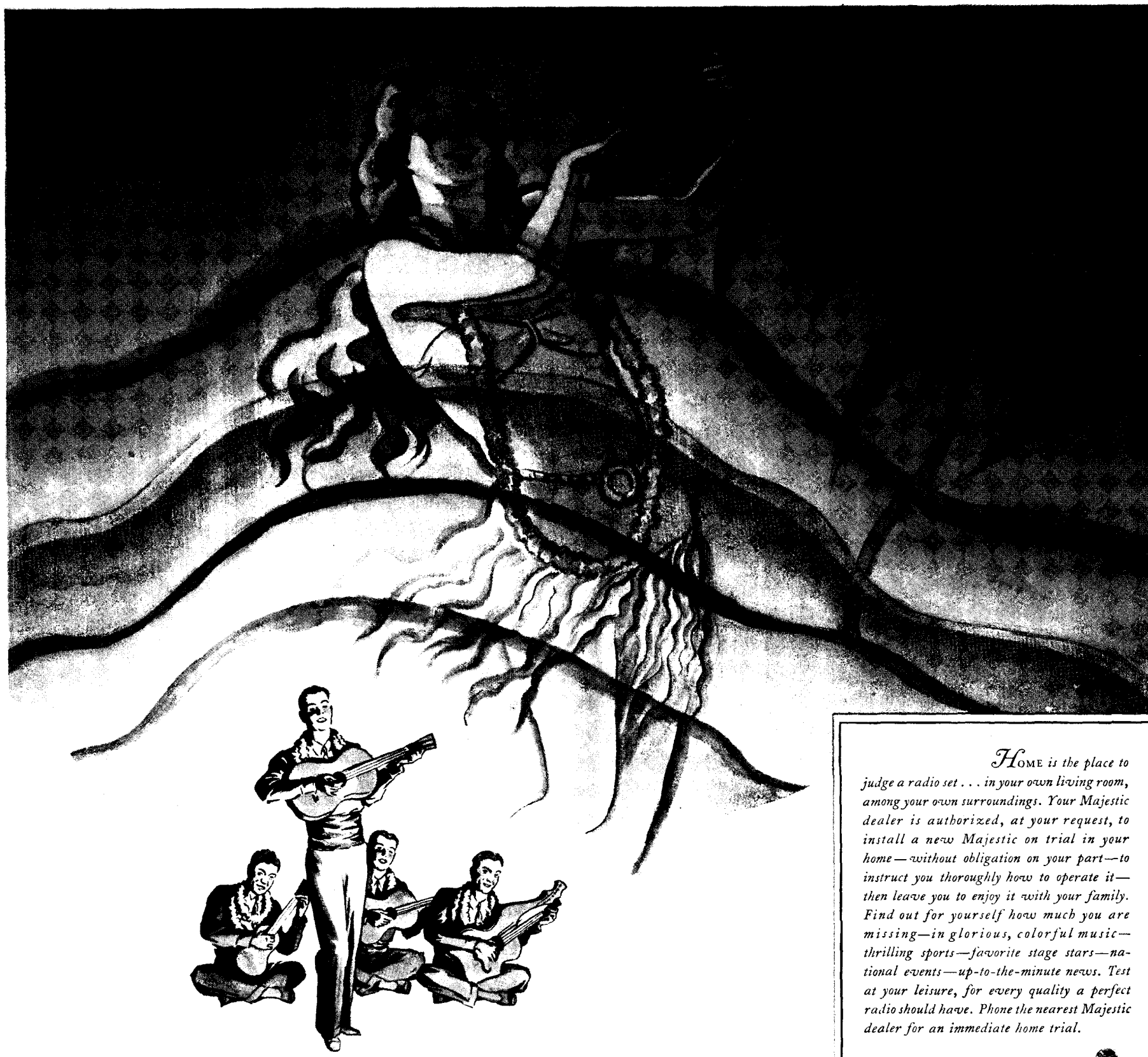

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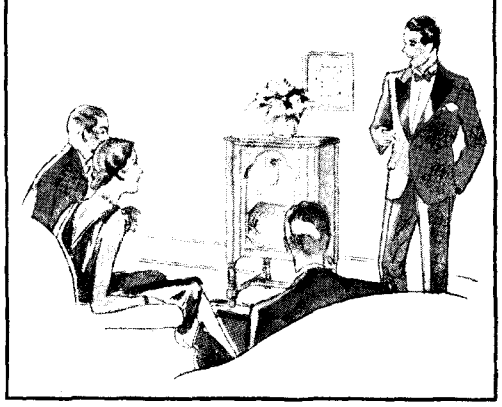

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MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

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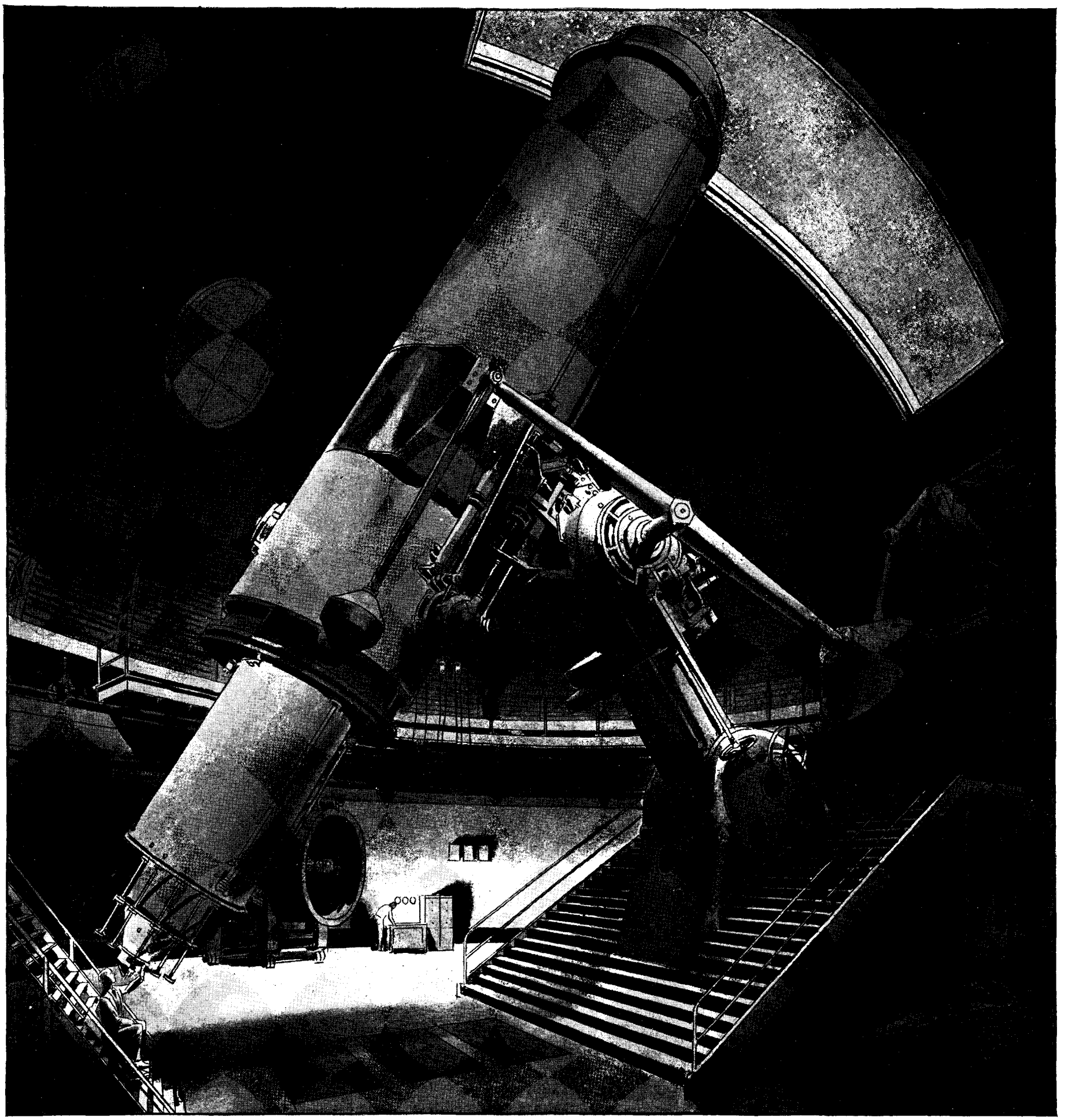
THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

VISION



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The astronomical telescope lengthened man's vision so tremendously that it changed his conception of the universe ...*the astronomical telescope is a machine.*

The microscope gave such a startling view into the microbe's world that it radically altered the entire practice of medicine...*the microscope is a machine.*

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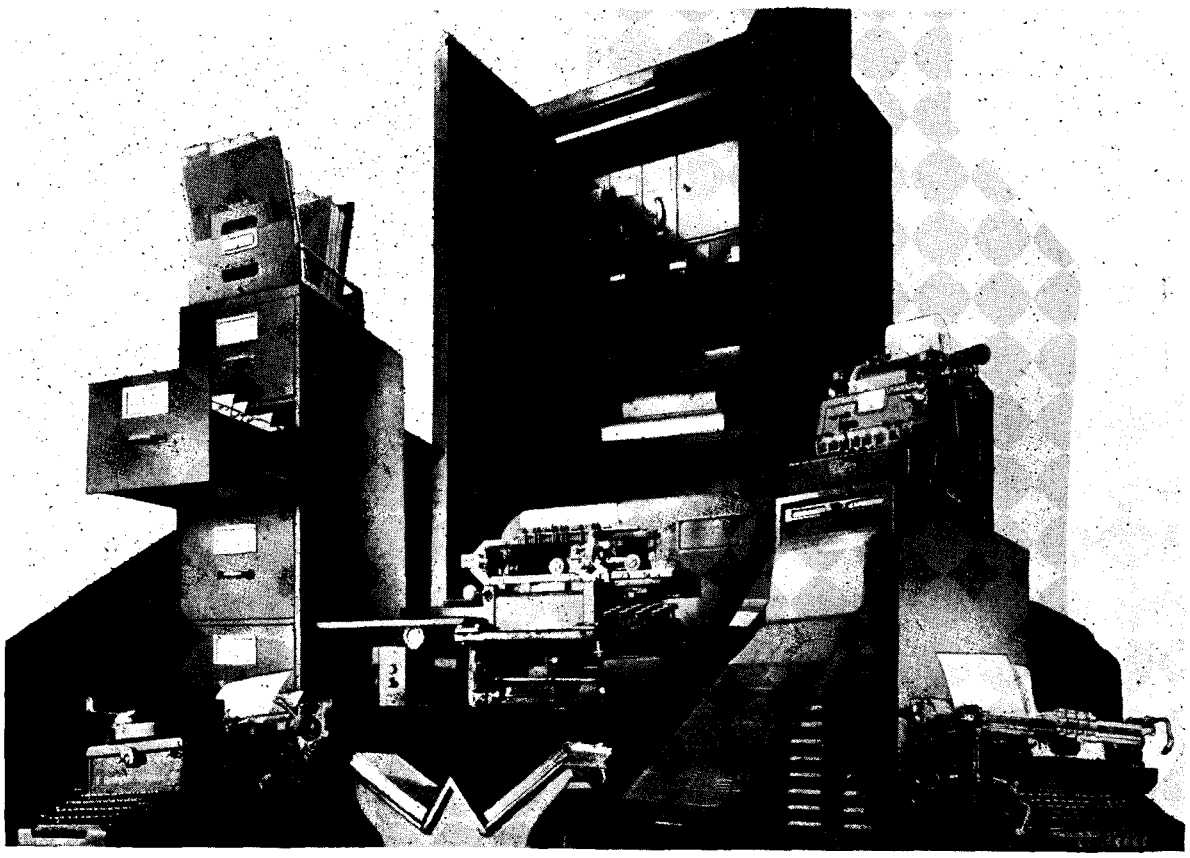

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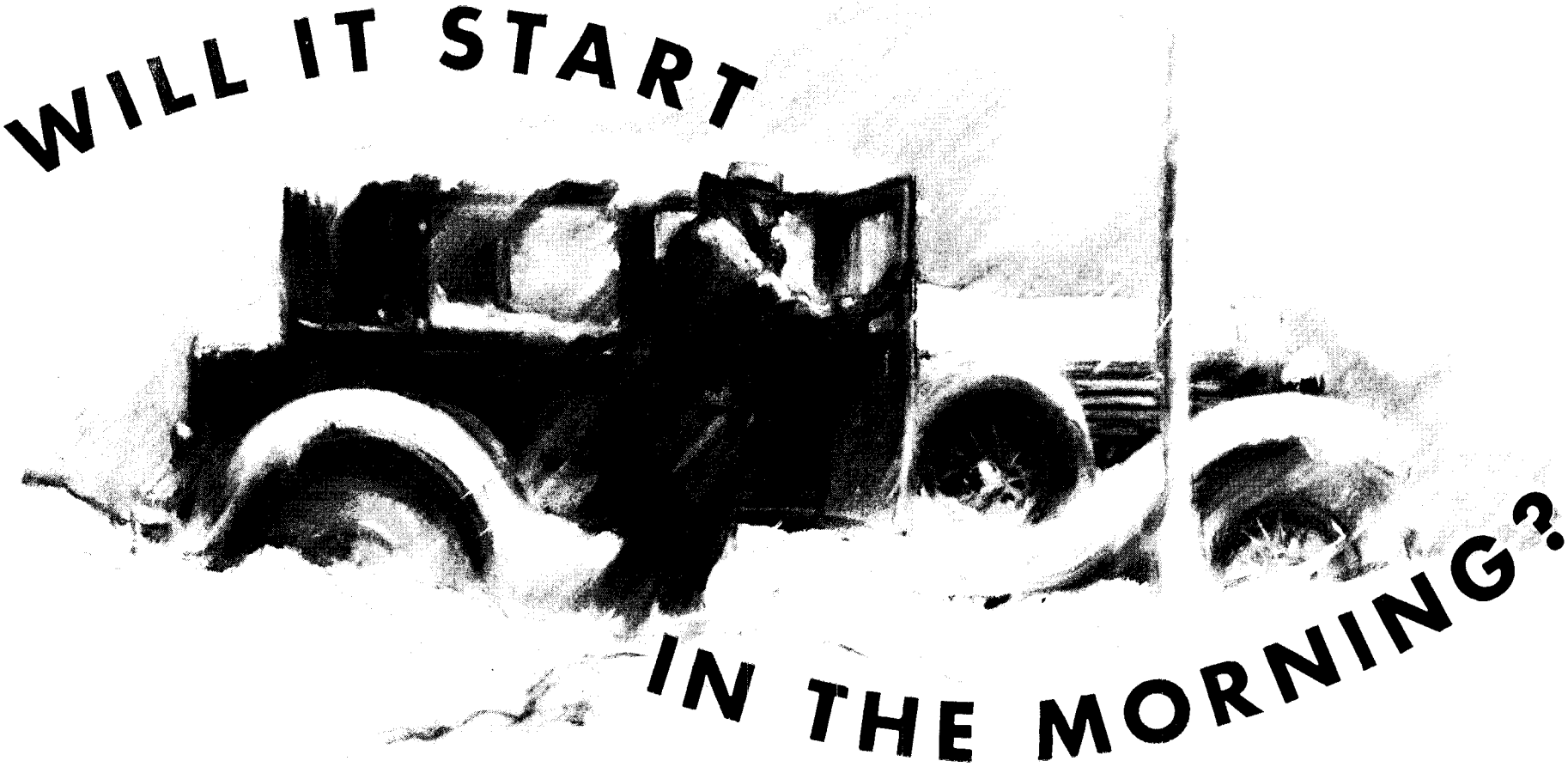
WILL IT START IN THE MORNING?



If it won't it is your own fault

Usually it's the oil you are using—you haven't Waxfree Havoline in the crankcase. If your dealer hasn't it, insist that he get it.

With the New Waxfree Havoline you will never hear the protesting gr-r-r-r and groan that tells you your motor is "frozen" by congealed oil. On the bitterest zero days your engine will respond in pleasing fashion at the first touch of the starter—though your car has stood outdoors for hours—*because this great new oil contains no wax!*

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Wax turns water-thin under heat. Wax turns candle-hard under cold. Now you can get a waxfree paraffin base oil for the best year-round lubrication.
COLD
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This new Waxfree Havoline is a pure unblended paraffin base oil that is *free from wax!* It can be refined only by the revolutionary new *Govers Process*, controlled exclusively by the Indian Refining Company.

Because it contains no wax, it flows at 5° below zero!

It lubricates every bearing evenly and completely at temperatures many degrees below that at which ordinary oils harden in the crankcase.

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There is no other oil in the world like it. It is the oil, as its specifications show, that satisfies every requirement of the perfect winter lubricant.

Change to this great waxfree oil today—and laugh at winter. The New Waxfree Havoline retails at 35c a quart—it is worth far more in engine protection and cold weather convenience.

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The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE

35¢ a QUART *Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada*

SPECIFICATIONS

The New WAXFREE Havoline #30

**Viscosity standard established by the Society of Automotive Engineers*

FLASH POINT	450°F.
FIRE POINT	520°F.
VISCOSITY at 130°F.	*220
VISCOSITY at 210°F.	58
COLD TEST, 5 below zero F.	

Specification figures for Havoline #30 are shown here because it is a popular grade of lubricant for a number of cars. Havoline dealers have the correct grade for every car.

Impartial oil experts can tell you these specifications show that the New Waxfree Havoline surpasses all previous standards of quality in oil.

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Cross-Country

Continued from page 28

purpose of reporting the passage of the plane—or its non-passage. I also put up two small captive balloons as markers; and, lastly, arranged for a fast automobile to be held in readiness at the fort with an army surgeon and first-aid equipment in case the plane proved, with disastrous results to the flyers, that aviation was not yet up to cross-country work.

And now the climax of these weeks of work and waiting was at hand. It was the afternoon of July 30, 1909, and baking-hot. A light and steady wind was blowing directly parallel to the course. The plane was on the starting rail, its twenty-five horsepower motor running smoothly. I stood beside it, watching the brothers finish a whispered conference. A murmur of expectancy rose from the vast crowd and, blending with the drone of the motor and the haze of the sultry afternoon, set me tingling with an odd sense of physical detachment. I suppose the truth, in blunter words, is that I felt a little light in the head, a little taut in the stomach, from nervousness!

Shot into the Air

Abruptly the brothers turned and walked toward the plane. Orville waved to me to climb aboard. I did so, and he scrambled up and sat down beside me. Wilbur came alongside and said:

"Lieutenant, please keep an accurate record on your stop watch from the time you cross the starting line to the time you cross the finishing line."

Orville leaned toward my ear and added:

"And please keep sharp watch of the course for me, Lieutenant."

He flexed his controls, throttled the motor up and down, then leaned to me again as if in an afterthought:

"And, by the way, Lieutenant, if the motor should stop at any time in the flight, just sit tight. I shall try to land, if possible, in the tops of the thickest clump of trees I can reach."

I could only nod and gulp. My right hand gripped a strut. My left, in my lap, held the stop watch with which I, as official representative of the army, was armed. It seemed to me that the Wrights must hear my heart pounding above the motor noise. But when I cast a nervous, guilty glance into Wilbur's face I suddenly realized how little I or anyone else invaded the thoughts of the brothers at this moment—to them, fateful; the climax of the second act of their dramatic careers.

For Wilbur, his eyes strangely intent upon his brother's face, had stepped down and backed away—a figure starkly etched in its loneliness and detachment against the crowd that milled behind him. Orville was returning the look. Excited and preoccupied as I was, I remember that I caught something of the torrent of love and devotion and faith in that exchange of glances. The years had made Wilbur and Orville cling to one another in the sensitive loneliness of pioneers. Then Orville nodded that he was ready.

He reached down and pulled the starting trigger. This released a weight which dropped down a shaftway, yanked the airplane down the motor-rail, and shot it into the air. We sailed up over the treetops toward Alexandria, five miles away. All this happened so suddenly that I scarcely had time to collect my wits and snap the stop watch as we fled over the starting line.

That early biplane was a "pusher" model; that is, the propeller was mounted in the rear and shoved the machine through the air, in contrast to the later "tractor" models in which the propeller is mounted forward and, in screwing through the air, pulls the ship along. There was no cockpit: we sat on the front edge of the lower wing, with our feet braced on a bar, and nothing between us and the earth but air.

One of the first doubts of the many that flashed through my mind—when it began to function again and convey impressions—was how Orville Wright would land the airplane in the treetops if the engine failed. The treetops to me, as I looked down upon them, were a swift and disconcerting welter of green in which I could discover neither invitation nor encouragement.

Off to the right I could discern sections of the road which indicated our general direction, while ahead I could make out the balloon that marked the halfway point. On our left the Potomac glinted through the treetops—those inevitable treetops. I wished Orville had never mentioned them!

Finally—trying to appear nonchalant—I stole a sidewise glance at Orville Wright, and saw that he was looking dead straight ahead. It was a pointed cue. I fixed my eyes to the task of locating the second balloon—the one that would mark our turning point on Shuter's Hill.

I noticed that the ground was shrinking away. Orville had been gradually climbing the plane up a long slope of air ever since we left Fort Myer. When we were, I should judge, three miles out, I spotted a dancing speck in the sky ahead. I nudged Orville and indicated it to him. He nodded in his calm, courteous way—and smiled. Whatever tension or elation he felt was locked behind years of self-restraint.

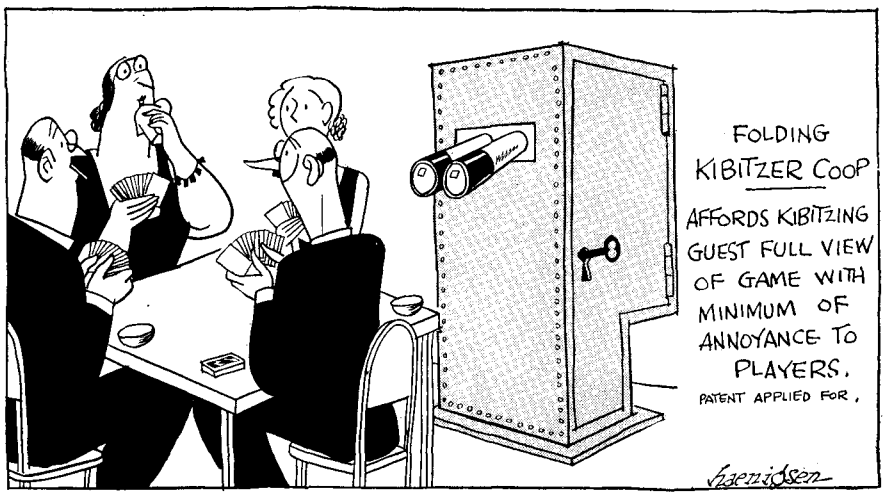
Presently we circled Shuter's Hill at an altitude of 400 feet, and headed back toward Fort Myer. Everything was proceeding so patly, and my confidence in Orville Wright and his flying machine had gained such strength, that I had involuntarily come upon the secret which all those who ever aim to fly must learn—complete relaxation.

In the Face of Disaster

I was hugely enjoying the experience now—looking down upon the countryside to the right and to the left with a consciousness of superiority. Then my pridefulness got a tough jolt. Suddenly we were caught in a downward current of air—one of the phenomena to be spoken of glibly by later flyers and passengers as "air pockets." In what seemed a jiffy we were plunging toward the earth. Disaster was at hand; and breath was a hard lump in my throat.

Orville Wright's calm face never twitched. He quietly worked his stick and rudder until he had the ship under his hand again. By this time we were skimming over the treetops. Within a few minutes we slanted over the woods bordering Arlington Cemetery, and flashed across the finishing line. Then Orville made a sharp bank, a short glide down, and the plane scuffled to rest in the dust that had been churned by the hoofs of thousands of cavalry horses.

Orville looked at me and smiled. My watch showed that we had flown the ten miles at the rate of 42.5 miles per hour—comfortably over the speed stipulated by the army. The Wright airplane had passed its trials. The history of military aviation had begun. And the first cross-country flight in history by the heavier-than-air machine had been made.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KIBITZER COOP
AFFORDS KIBITZING GUEST FULL VIEW OF GAME WITH MINIMUM OF ANNOYANCE TO PLAYERS.
PATENT APPLIED FOR.
Haenigsen

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. 3 H. K-Q-9-6 D. K-Q-J-9-4 C. 10-9-8	
West S. K-J-7-4-2 H. 10-8-5-3 D. 8-7-6 C. 6		*East* S. Q-8-6-5 H. 7-4-2 D. 5-2 C. K-7-5-3
	South S. A-10-9 H. A-J D. A-10-3 C. A-Q-J-4-2	

THE above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Auction Bridge. The bidding was: South one No Trump, West pass, North three Diamonds, East pass, South three No Trumps.

Noting that the hand presented some interesting problems for the Contract Bridge bidder, I gave it to two tables playing Contract and asked them to bid and play it. The Contract bidding (East and West always passing) at one table was: South three No Trumps, North six No Trumps; at the other, South three No Trumps, North four Diamonds, South four No Trumps, North five Hearts, South five No Trumps, North six No Trumps.

In bidding three No Trumps, South went the limit. His hand counts only 21, including the allowance of one point for the two Tens. Only one suit promises many tricks, but with a little assistance from North, the others will be stopped twice.

Both Norths felt that, facing an original three No Trump bid, it was sound bidding to try for a slam; the North who advanced by degrees had made up his mind to go to six No Trumps and hoped his detailed information would enable South to bid seven; but South, having bid with a minimum, did his best to put on the brakes by declining to show an Ace and by just overcalling with No Trump every time. The other North did not believe in "Ace-showing" (in this case King-Queen showing) and made the slam jump in one leap.

When the players of one side have a count of 33 in their two hands, a small slam bid is justified. North, knowing that South had at least 21, and having 11 himself, was within one of the safety mark and could expect to take tricks that his showing of the two red Kings and Queens did not announce.

At both Auction and Contract, West's opening lead was the Four of Spades, which told South that one adversary had five Spades and the other four; consequently a hold-up would be useless. For a Contract South playing for a small slam, a hold-up would have been the height of folly. The one Auction and two Contract Declarers all won the first trick and then turned their respective attentions to dummy's assured tricks in Hearts and Diamonds; but before running the Diamonds, all led Ace and Jack of Hearts from closed hand. Had the Declarer run the Diamonds first, there would be no way of reëntering North after South won with the Ace of Hearts, except by overtaking South's Jack of Hearts, and that probably would cost a Heart trick.

After the two rounds of Hearts, closed hand led three rounds of Diamonds, winning the third in dummy, and then cashed dummy's two established Diamonds and two established Hearts, giving closed hand four discards. As a matter of camouflage South's first discard was the Deuce of Clubs, his second the Nine of Spades, his third the Ten of Spades; and at two tables (one Auction and one Contract) the fourth discard was the Four of Clubs. In every case East kept two guards for his King of Clubs, so that at the two tables at which the Four of Clubs was South's fourth discard, the South hand, winning the eleventh trick with the Queen or Jack of Clubs and leading the Ace to the twelfth trick, lost the thirteenth to East's King, making the small slam.

At one Contract table the Declarer appreciated a point in the play. To make a small slam the Club finesse was necessary. Should West hold the King of Clubs, the contract would be defeated, as a Spade also would make; but there is an even chance that East has the King of Clubs and, if so, there is no reason for not handling the finesse so as to make the grand slam.

Declarer's correct play is to discard his Queen or Jack of Clubs, not his Four, on the tenth trick. Then on the eleventh trick lead the Ten of Clubs from dummy and, East playing small, play the Four from the South hand so that if the finesse wins, the lead will be in dummy for a second Club finesse.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. A-K-Q-6-3-2 H. None D. A-Q-J C. 10-9-3-2	*East* S. J-8 H. 10-8-7-5-3 D. 10-7 C. Q-7-5-4
West S. 10-9-7-5-4 H. 2 D. K-8-6-5-3-2 C. 8	*South* S. None H. A-K-Q-J-9-6-4 D. 9-4 C. A-K-J-6

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school, suspected the new ferment within that inscrutable redhead. The revelation came when the teacher introduced a period for declamation on Friday afternoons, just after lunch.

On the Friday of Samuel's first appearance he was called on late in the hour.

"Speak out, Samuel," said the teacher. "Use the full voice and enunciate clearly." The teacher was rather tired.

Samuel drew a deep breath and plunged in. He could have been heard in any forum in the world, no matter how large:

"I see a mighty and puissant nation—"

The teacher brought his ruler down on the desk. "Samuel, you will see that nation much more accurately if you learn how to pronounce 'puissant.' The class is dismissed."

The class would have teased him if they hadn't envied his method of escaping the ordeal. He was hurt, but his fighting blood was up. Next time he would be sure of all the words. In fact the embarrassment of this public rebuke called for some brilliant offset. It wouldn't do to select an easy passage—he must prove himself at home where the teacher would least expect it.

For a week or more he browsed among John's books without finding just what he needed. Then he came on a red-covered volume with gilt lettering on the back, rather faded. He turned the pages till he chanced on a pleasant bit:

Beauty coileth with the water-snake, and is cradled in the shrew-mouses' nest.

She flitteth out with evening bats, and the soft mole hid her in his tunnel;

The limpet is encamped upon the shore, and beauty not a stranger to his tent;

The silver dace and the golden carp thread the rushes with her;

She saileth into clouds with an eagle, she fluttereth into tulips with a humming bird;

The pasturing kine are in her company, and she prowleth with the leopard in his jungle.

Samuel turned the leaves further, and then put the book away. But that night and the next day the lines were in his memory: "Beauty coileth with the water-snake." Until then he had not thought well of snakes, water or land. "She fluttereth into tulips with a humming bird." Samuel determined to give more attention to tulips next spring. He went to John's shelves and took out the volume again.

THE class was declaiming once more and Samuel had risen, walked to the platform beside the teacher's desk, put his hands behind his back, cleared his throat, fixed his eyes on the ceiling.

"What is the subject of your piece, today, Samuel?"

"It's a Praise of Beauty, sir."

The boys in the room snickered, and the teacher looked annoyed.

"I wish this class would choose subjects within their compre—" He checked himself. "Very well, Samuel. Go ahead."

Samuel cleared his throat afresh, and went ahead. "Beauty coileth with the water-snake." His audience followed every syllable. He couldn't be sure that they liked it—certainly the teacher seemed unconvinced. There was a pause, and he started for his seat.

"One moment, Samuel. This class must learn not to bring in pieces they don't understand. I've spoken of this before. It isn't enough to repeat words—you're not parrots."

"Do you mean I don't understand those lines?"

"I doubt if you did, Samuel."

It was Samuel's great moment. He tried to speak casually, as though he hadn't set the trap himself. "The words in that passage, sir, are all quite common, with the exception of four—shrew-mouse, limpet, dace and carp. The shrew-mouse is a small animal which eats insects. It burrows in the ground. In ancient times its bite was supposed to be fatal, but now it is known to be harmless. The limpet is a cone-shaped shell-fish which is found adhering to rocks. The dace is a fresh-water fish found in Europe. The carp is a fresh-water fish which eats grass."

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 9

HE HAD delivered these definitions in a firm voice and with increasing speed. When he stopped, the room waited for the teacher's verdict.

"Where did you learn this, Samuel?"

"In the dictionary, sir." It occurred to Sam that if the definitions were correct, it didn't matter where he had learned them.

"But do you understand what these lines say? You know the words, but what do they mean all together?"

"It's a Praise of Beauty, sir."

He could say no more. Even if he had found a language for it, he couldn't have spoken in that place and before that audience of the strange pleasure the lines had kindled in him, or of the music they made him hear.

As he went home, his old enemy Richard called out:

"What's her name, Sammy?"

Samuel was conscious of the vulgarity of the world.

Yet the chance remark sank deeper into his consciousness than he knew. The first impulses of romance were stirring in the boy, those vague waves of yearning, those overtones, half-hidden suggestions, which lose themselves for a while in a general world—landscape or sky or sea. Samuel would have been content with his dream, though it attached itself to nothing in particular, if Richard hadn't challenged him. The remark made him aware of a dim loneliness. He wished there might be a name to hide from Richard.

If you had told him he was looking for a girl to lose his heart to, he would have been angry at the insult; he still believed himself superior to girls. But he buried himself in books with a new interest, and whether or not he knew it, he had become sensitive to the human drama, to man and woman, to possible wooings, matings, comradeships—to possible disappointments and tragedies also. . . .

Then Samuel became interested in the subject of love. Love, he knew, came unheralded, caught one unawares, and struck you down with an irresistible bolt. What he observed among his classmates made this faith desirable. These girls were pleasant enough, for the most part, and some of his fellows were love-sick about them. Looking at it from the outside, Sam could see that his fellows were mad. Nothing there to fall in love with. The real thing was reserved for him.

He did notice a certain charm in Priscilla. She sat next to Richard, his friend the bully, but he was sure she didn't enjoy the location. She had what you might call a plain face but a nice one; she was extremely neat; she behaved with a natural dignity. Her marks were always high, but the class disagreed as to her ability. Some skeptics thought that industry did more for her than brains. Samuel had some conversation with her, on purpose to find out. She was awfully serious.

"What are you going to do after we graduate?" he said.

"I'm going to be a teacher." Somehow the news depressed him.

"Fine! What are you going to teach?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet. Either cooking or art. I want to do something useful."

"Art isn't useful," said Samuel.

"Oh, but it is! People can't live without art."

Sam tried to recall what form of art had sustained existence for him so far. He didn't want to hurt her feelings.

"Well, it's awfully clever of you, anyway. What is it you do, painting or sculpture?"

"Oh, I don't do either—I said I want to teach it. The history, you know, and what things we ought to like."

"Which things ought we to?" said Sam.

"Oh, I don't mean special things—I mean taste in general. That's what most of us haven't."

"I guess that's true of me. See here, Priscilla, couldn't we take a walk after school?"

"After school I always go straight home."

"Well, I guess that's what I meant. Shall we walk home together?"

"I don't think I can."

HE TOOK it for granted that she must have some other engagement, but he saw her, after school, walking home alone, and in no marked haste. That night he thought of her, and when he woke the next morning she came to mind at once. It pleased him that he was constant. A great lover should be.

With the end of the week came the Friday declamations. Mary Stewart got up to recite. Hitherto she had occupied little of Samuel's thought. She was a tall girl, mature beyond her years. There were whispers that the high color in her cheeks was not exclusively the work of nature, that she was not averse, like Priscilla, to taking walks after school—even that she had once accepted a kiss from Richard. Samuel had had no use for her. But today he noticed something in her voice, a haunting appeal, a charm which made his heart ache a little—and her black eyes had depths in them. He remembered the gossip, but began to doubt it. She really was beautiful!

"What are you reciting today, Mary?" Samuel wondered how the teacher could assume a tone so indifferent.

"Farewell to Nancy, sir."

"Oh—Robert Burns. Very well."

Mary began, with a throb in her voice:

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever—"

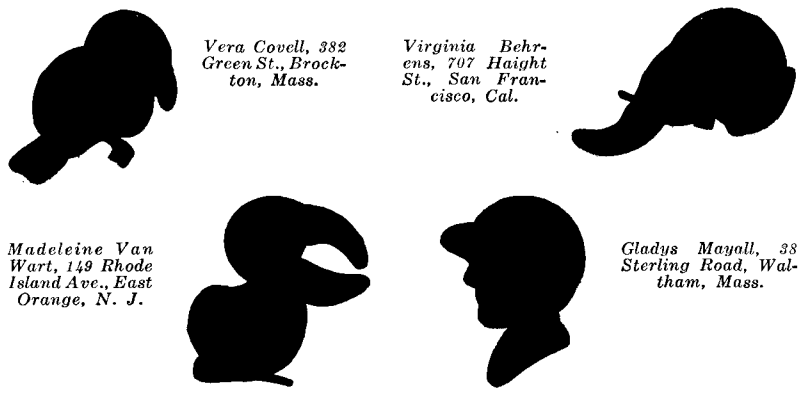
Samuel had heard poetry for the first time, really heard it, with all of him attuned. His jaw dropped—every syllable stunned him:

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!"

(*Continued on page 38*)

Old Black Joviality

PORTRAITS, caricatures and grotesques—they're all equally easy to conjure up out of these five tricky shadows. No doubt you've watched magicians make pictures with shadows thrown by their hands. But hands are awkward material compared to Colliergraph curves. Take a look at the ingenuity displayed below and begin at once.



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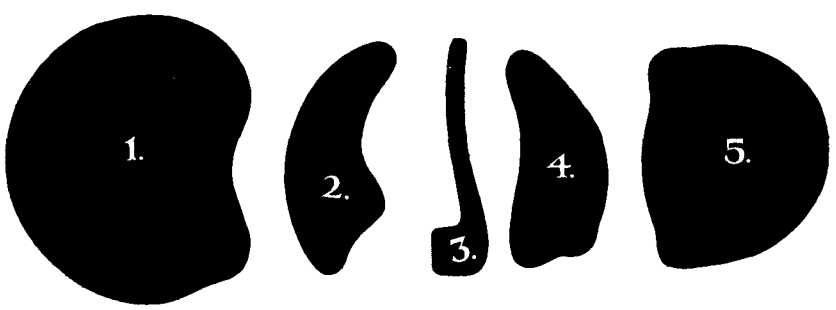

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Uncle Sam

Continued from page 36

At last he knew the truth about life! Mary Stewart knew it!

"If you young people have to choose sentimental poetry for this exercise," said the teacher, "I do wish you'd cultivate a less maudlin expression. The sob in your voice, Mary, made those fine lines ridiculous—it showed that you didn't know what it was all about."

Samuel glanced nervously at Mary, to see if this lack of understanding had crushed her. It hadn't. She was whispering to the girl next her, and suppressing a laugh. He admired her courage.

By chance she passed near him on the way out.

"That was a beautiful poem, Mary—you did it marvelously!"

"Oh, no, I was rotten, but the poem's all right. Didn't I catch it, though!"

"He's wrong—I thought your expression was the finest I'd ever heard!"

His sincerity was unmistakable. Mary gave him a sharp look. "Do you think so? I'm glad you liked it."

That was all, but he felt there was a bond between them. Over the week-end he thought of nothing else. He knew she hadn't let Richard kiss her. He knew she had a fine ideal of life, an exacting taste in experiences, a warm heart saved up for a moment not yet arrived. . . .

Monday morning he was early at the school door, and without a pang exchanged greetings with Priscilla. Mary was almost late, but she took a moment to smile at him. She had on a pretty dress. He wondered if she was going to a party.

"My, but that's swell, Mary!"

The others had all gone in. As she went through the door, she turned and threw him a kiss. He felt that they were betrothed. She was his fate.

WHAT happened in the classroom that day he couldn't have told you. He didn't dare look at her—he had enough to do to keep his secret from a mean world. He didn't go near her at recess—he walked off by himself. But before they returned to the afternoon session she came to him.

"If you like," she said, "we might take a walk. I'll meet you around the corner." He nodded. He couldn't trust himself to speak.

When the schoolroom was empty that afternoon he went to find her. His heart was beating fast—he had the sense of extreme adventure, a joy made pleasanter by a vague fear. Not that he thought her dangerous, but to spend an hour with beauty, to be singled out and invited, is portentous the first time it happens to a man. Really he was impressed more with the novelty than with the girl. But when he saw her waiting for him, he thought only of her. Her eyes were bright with happy mischief.

"I thought you were never coming, Sam! I'm not used to waiting."

"The others were so long in leaving, Mary—I had to let them get out of the way."

She thrust her arm through his.

"You dear simple thing!"

They walked to the edge of town, and into the country. What they said to each other then Sam could not remember, but he never forgot the mood in which he had gone down the quiet street, thrilled with the girl so close to him. As she chatted and laughed, she would turn and look into his eyes. He remembered smiling back at her.

The country road turned around a hill, and from the bend they could see rolling fields and a small river. A few yards up the hill there was an old apple tree.

"If you're tired, we might sit there a minute."

"I'm not a bit tired." She evidently was not attracted by the opportunity to study landscape, but she followed him to the tree. He spread his coat to protect her pretty dress.

"I like the country," he said. "Some day I'm going to live out of town."

"Won't it be awfully dull?" said Mary. "Trees and fields go only so far. I like people."

She laughed as she spoke, and Samuel admired her wit. She and Antoinette, he thought, would be friends. . . . Her white hand was resting on the ground near him—a very shapely white hand. . . . She looked down to see what he was admiring.

"I like your big brown hand, Sam—it's so manly." She laid the white hand gently on the brown one. Samuel was profoundly moved. He permitted her to keep on holding his hand.

"School's nearly over, isn't it?" he said.

"Heavens, why talk about school! I hate the place."

"You do? It's not so bad. But I meant I wondered what you'd be doing afterward."

"Me? I'm going to see the world. I'll get out of here. I want to go where you don't have to slip around the corner whenever you are to have a good time."

The remark threw a slight cloud over their present satisfactions—she had waited for him round the corner.

"In some ways," he said, "I like this town a lot, same as I like school. You take those fields there—aren't they beautiful?"

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Don't you like beauty?"

Mary laughed. "In people. I wish I were beautiful—and I wish I knew a handsome man who loved me."

Samuel thought it over, if by any chance he might qualify. "You *are* beautiful," he said. "I noticed it when you were saying that piece."

"Aren't you slow! There we've been in the same room for four years!"

Samuel thought again. "I guess I'm slow." She took her hand away from his.

"No, you're not slow. You're going to be wonderful when you wake up. Tall, rangy men like you are the most interesting, I think. You used to be awfully bashful—are you still?"

"I've outgrown that," said Samuel. He wondered why she laughed again.

"You don't realize the effect you make on people," said she. "You scare them off at first, or discourage them, because you seem too quiet. But inside you feel deeply, don't you?"

"I guess so. About beautiful things."

"You know, I was afraid you didn't care about girls."

"Oh, but I do. That is, some of them."

"Let's walk on, can't we?"

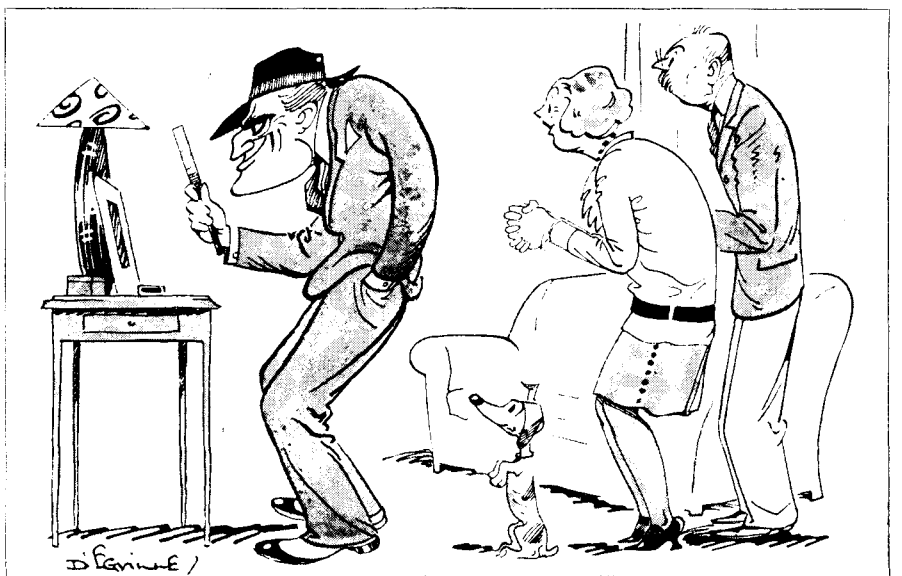
HE DIDN'T see why they couldn't talk well enough there, but he walked on, since she wished it. They came to a path up the hill, which led through a cluster of trees, a secluded grove. Mary was familiar with the spot.

"I like this better," she said. "It's more romantic."

This time she sat down without waiting for his coat. He insisted that she get up and let him spread it.

"I like soft grass," she said, "and this is an old dress."

He didn't see how it could be—it looked to him still like a party gown. Mary threw herself recklessly back on the ground and gazed up through the trees.



Great Detective: "Ha! Ha!"
"Yes—yes—what is it?"
"Nothing—just Ha-Ha!"

"That's what I love! The sky through the branches!"

He stretched his neck and tried to appreciate the sky. It was pleasanter to admire the beautiful girl lying beside him. She was a little informal, perhaps bold, to recline so, but perhaps it was only her innocence, her native spontaneity. She probably didn't realize how clearly she outlined herself under the fine fabric of her dress. Samuel was in a magnanimous mood.

She smiled up at him. "Why don't you lean back here, Sam, and look at the sky through the trees?"

To please her he leaned back, and being a conscientious youth he looked at the sky. He could discover nothing unusual in the firmament. She moved her hand over and took hold of his.

"Sam, is this the first time you've been in love?"

The question startled him. He was in love, of course, but he was surprised that she knew it.

"Yes, Mary—the first time."

She pressed his hand gently, what he took for a message of sympathy. Since she could be in no need of sympathy, it did not occur to him to return the pressure.

"I knew there must be a friend like you, Mary—I didn't expect to find her so soon."

"Haven't you plenty of friends?"

"In a sense, but not like you."

"That's a little better," said Mary. "Go on!"

"I wasn't going to say anything more."

She withdrew her hand, then laughed and put it back.

"Sam, you're irresistible! That matter-of-fact manner of yours, with so much left unsaid! I'm not the last one that will lose her heart."

He tried to make out what it was he had left unsaid.

"I didn't mean to be matter-of-fact, Mary. I knew I'd be stupid if I ever did meet the right girl, the one I could admire and respect."

She lay beside him immovable. He sat up and brushed the grass off his back.

"Sam—did you ever kiss a girl?"

"Never!"

He was glad he could say it. A woman so beautiful would appreciate the austerity of his record. He suggested to her that they would be late if they didn't resume their walk.

She was silent as they retraced their steps, but he understood, having thoughts of his own to brood on. At her door they parted with discreet salutations.

"See you again Monday, Mary."

"I suppose so."

At dinner that night Samuel was less talkative than usual, but no one commented. John had just accepted a job in a hardware house, and was outlining his hopes of a career. They supposed that Sam was drinking in this good news.

But Saturday evening John turned on him suddenly:

"Say, I hear you took a walk yesterday. Who was the girl?"

"I don't see what business it is of yours. But I'll tell you. I took a walk with Mary Stewart."

Orlando gave a long whistle, and even Frederick looked up knowingly.

"The kid is coming on!"

"What do you mean by that, Orlando?"

"Well, if you can't guess—"

"I can't."

Orlando shrugged his shoulders, and went on with his meal. Antoinette watched her brothers sharply, but said nothing. Samuel was too accustomed to domestic teasing to be much disturbed.

Monday morning he waited for Mary. She greeted him pleasantly enough, but continued on her way, as though they had nothing in common. She might have been Priscilla. As he thought it over, he admired her prudence. She was avoiding unnecessary gossip. When they were alone again, their friendship would be warm as ever. Watching the back of her head during school hours, he dreamed of their love, years and years off, when he should have a home to give her, and could declare himself.

BUT MARY carried prudence so far that she took care not to be alone with him again. He had no word with her, not that week nor the next. The sense of bereavement made him melancholy. Alone one day he repeated the walk they had taken together, and for sentiment's sake stretched himself on the grass where she had looked up at the sky. Perhaps he had been blind to some beauty there. . . . He heard footsteps and a voice. His thoughts were too tender for interruption—he rose and went farther up the hill. But he had curiosity enough to glance through the trees at the intruders. They were vulgar people, doing their courting in public, staggering up the path with their arms around each other's necks. He recognized his brother Orlando and Mary Stewart.

(*To be continued next week*)

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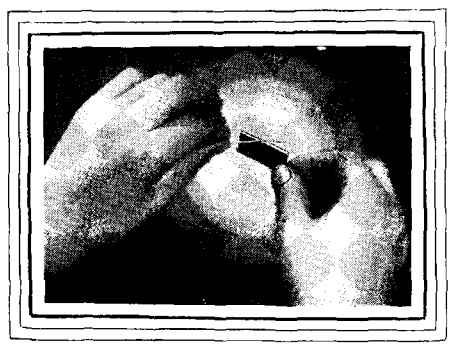

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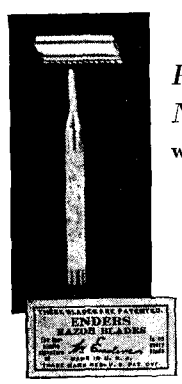

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Enders RAZOR

Walk along Broadway

Continued from page 12

cigarettes steadily and when he talked he tapped near-by objects with his finger.

With regard to Miss Wilcox, the clerk, he had set her down in his mind as a horse-faced lady. This was because her eager countenance was long and narrow and vaguely suggestive of a horse. Often he spoke with her, discoursing on Art, making clear what it is the young intellectuals are seeking to accomplish, and complaining in harsh language of the cheap and tawdry note that dominates American literature, the insidious and vulgar forms of bogus art that destroy a nation's taste.

"LOOK at that mountain of books," Mr. Doody said, indicating a pile with vivid green jackets. "That is what I mean—plain trash, pandering to the lowest and worst in humanity."

"Quite true," murmured the horse-faced lady, picking up a green volume, which happened to be called Wicked Ladies, and was written by Victoria Zemble, who is not a young intellectual in any way. Victoria is a busy person who knocks out books much as the noted Babe Ruth knocks out home runs, and although Babe doesn't invariably bat out a home run, Victoria does. Her novels are as the leaves on the trees. Two of her more recent four-baggers are Purple Ladies and Nice Ladies, and, along with Wicked Ladies, they sell like greased lightning. Why shouldn't they? Naturally you know when you buy a green book called Wicked Ladies you are not going to get something about a pale nun in a convent window.

Miss Zemble is a household word, and, as he would, Doody hated her with a poisonous, permanent hatred, and despised her ivy-green books, which were everywhere. All the young intellectuals loathed Victoria, who had never enjoyed the benefits of a college education, who had scarcely any culture, and was unfamiliar with Dostoievsky, but who certainly seemed to know a great deal about ladies and the quaint things ladies do.

"And of my work," continued Doody with quiet bitterness, pointing to the shelf, "you have just one copy."

The horse-faced lady murmured an indistinct word of sympathy and Mr. Doody departed, muttering in low tones, cursing the national indecency that made heroines of such as Victoria Zemble and poured money into her lap. He had never seen Victoria, but had heard of her from Mark Rathbun, the poet—a painted young hussy, a brazen flapper of the modern no-skirts-at-all type; a low-born creature devoid of taste and on a level with the hoydens of the night clubs. Mark Rathbun used several bad words in telling of Miss Zemble.

Mr. Doody's confidence in himself was shaken. The publisher of Flight Futile informed him with brutal frankness that the thing was not selling, despite its lofty character. The American people were cold, having no desire to learn what was the matter with them. Brack's Shop, with its horse-faced damsel and balloons for babes, continued to fascinate him, for as he sauntered by he never failed to turn and look.

"Funny," he mused, meaning it was not funny, "nobody wants it. You would think that in all these passing thousands, one person might like a book."

For several days he strolled unhappily, peering through Brack's front door. No one asked for Flight Futile. No one bought it. No one seemed even aware of its existence. Replying to his questions, the horse-faced lady shook her head and looked depressed. She had suggested the book to casual persons, but they simply passed on to other things. Even while Doody was in the shop a tall, handsome youth entered, looked about and asked:

"Have you Wicked Ladies?"

Doody walked morosely out of doors and ate a disconsolate bowl of crackers and milk in a side-street restaurant, where, amid the crumbling of crackers, he made a bold decision.

"If no one else will buy my book," he murmured, "I shall buy it myself."

He finished his frugal meal in haste and returned to Brack's. With a determined stride he entered the familiar doors and beheld the horse-faced one in the literal act of taking two dollars from a large, beetling woman with three small children and handing her in return a copy of Wicked Ladies.

"I am buying a book this time," Doody informed the clerk.

"Indeed."

"I am buying Flight Futile," he continued, producing the money, half of which, at least, belonged to Mrs. Rooney.

Wearing an expression of faint astonishment the book lady stepped across to Doody's master work, brushed it off and gave it to its maker. He placed it under his arm, paid the cash and left the store without a word.

"Seeing I cannot sell a good book," he said, "I shall give it away to some worthy person."

This notion led him at once to careful scrutiny of pedestrians, the hurrying, preoccupied swarms of prosperous and near-prosperous whose constant presence makes Upper Broadway a street of the well-to-do. There came in sight one who was obviously qualified, a dignified man, gray of hair, carrying a cane. There was about him the indefinite air of the cultured person. He wore spats.

"Pardon me," said Doody, stopping the spats, "but may I present you with a book?"

The gentleman paused and looked at Doody with a stare of cold, Broadway distrust. New Yorkers have learned not to accept gifts. New York children do not take candy from strangers. New York adults do not take anything from anybody.

"What sort of racket is this?" the man asked.

"No racket," said Doody. "I merely offer you this book—"

"On your way," replied the spats, "before I speak to the policeman."

DOODY murmured apology and moved off, his face slightly flushed, his Flight Futile clutched in his hand. A taxicab idled at the curb, and at its wheel a coatless and hatless chauffeur lighted a cigarette and cast an eye about for trade. Doody approached and the fellow jumped and reached smilingly for the handle of his door.

"No," said Doody. "I am not riding today. But you look like a brisk chauffeur and how would you like to have a book?"

"A what?" asked the taxi driver, clearly taken aback.

"A book. A very good book."

"Well, for Pete's sake!" responded the man, slamming his metal door shut.

"Don't you want it?"

"What would I be wanting a book for? I have no time to read books, nor to be gabbing with—"

"Very well," said Doody and, without further debate, he shuffled down Broadway toward the subway station. It was slowly being borne to him that a man might not be able to give a book away in New York, free of charge.

He stopped at the subway news-stand and tried the news-stand man, who seemed to have weighty matters on his mind.

"What would I do with a book?" the man demanded.

"Don't you read?"

"If you had this job, you wouldn't read neither," said the purveyor of news, and Mr. Doody sighed and moved onward. He was whipped, a flattened young man, victim of public ignorance. He gave up the struggle and started for his rooms, his mental tail between his legs, and once more he passed Brack's Shop, passed it without so much as a glance.

A block from his lodging he saw coming toward him a short, fat woman, leading a small child by the hand. He remembered having seen her in Brack's, purchasing a book entitled "Eighty Ways to Cook Veal." Here was one who might accept his gift, who, despite her tubby appearance, might understand and appreciate the better things in art. Mother and child came onward, and Doody fired his last feeble gun.

"Madam," he said in a low voice, "could I give you a book free of charge?"

The woman halted and looked puzzled.

"You give away a book?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"Oh, my," she said. "You should not do that. You should not give away a book. It is bad. Books are meant to sell for money."

"Some books," Doody said grimly.

THE fat one examined Flight Futile and fluttered its pages.

"You wrote it?"

"I did. And it's a fine book."

"Oh," said the woman. "Still, you should not give away books. We shall take it to Mr. Brack and he shall sell it for you."

Doody emitted a hollow laugh.

"It's been in Brack's for weeks."

"Yes," returned the woman, "but now I shall inscribe on the front page, and you will see your book sell immediately."

Mr. Doody followed his plump victim into the shop in wondering conjecture. The horse-faced damsel was not in view, but Mr. Brack sat at his private desk amid his whiskers and indigestion. He arose and bowed. The mother released her child and spoke.

"Please, a pen, Mr. Brack."

She opened Doody's Flight Futile, found a blank page inside the cover, flattened the tome upon the show case and wrote:

> This is a good book, and lucky will be the one who buys it, for, as Heaven is my judge, a good book is rare in these times, and a precious jewel.

"There," she said, putting down the pen.

"Fine," added Mr. Brack, who had helped her hold the cover flat while she wrote. "A true sentiment, too. And no customer of mine can have this book, for I am going to buy it myself and take it home as soon as you have signed it."

The fat lady obliged and wrote in large, curly letters:

"Victoria Zemble."

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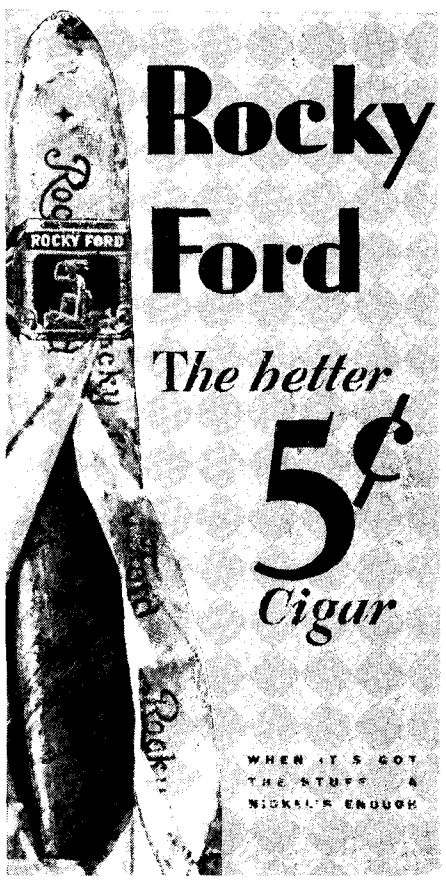

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The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 24

me to bring whomever I liked, whether he danced or not. I shall mumble over your name, and I'll lay a hundred to one that there isn't a soul who'll recognize you. By the bye, do you dance at all?"

"I can get round all right," he assured her. "I very nearly took a job as dancing pro in Sydney."

"What fun!" she exclaimed. "Let's have a night out, and a rehearsal—the Embassy or somewhere. Shall we?"

"Don't be absurd!" he rejoined. "Your people would never let you come."

"That's the fun of it. I can come without being let."

He strolled across to the sideboard for the cocktail shaker, and replenished their glasses.

"David dear, don't ever marry anyone, will you, unless you marry me," she begged. "There's nothing so attractive in the world as a bachelor's rooms and a bachelor's cocktails."

"There's just a chance," he reminded her, lighting a cigarette, "that you may marry, yourself."

"I hope I'll marry you some day when you've learned to appreciate me," she replied. "I hate youths, even nice ones. I spent two hours with Guy Darlington the other afternoon, and he never once moved me."

"I might adopt you," David meditated.

"Now you're being improper," she rebuked him. "I believe," she went on, "that arrangements of that sort do exist even in the highest circles, but they aren't spoken of so blatantly."

"I would simply wish to point out," he explained, "that I am thirty-six, and that you are—what is it—nineteen or twenty?"

"Twenty-one next week, and don't you forget it," she told him. "On the seventeenth, if you please, and I want a whole new set of golf clubs. I'll go with you to choose them if you like, and you can give me dinner in the evening."

"Your family are sure to claim you," he sighed.

She looked up at him and laughed.

"Mother won't remember my birthday," she assured him. "Don't make difficulties, please."

He was suddenly grave.

"I'm afraid," he confessed, "for a short time, except for that dance at Frankley, I can't be counted upon for evening arrangements."

SHE caught hold of his wrist, and dragged him onto the arm of her chair.

"You've just reminded me, David," she confided, "that I really came here rather as an ambassadress. Lord Glendower and I had a very serious talk about you the other day. He suspects what I know to be the truth, although of course I didn't tell him so, that you're running this gymnasium with the idea of raising a band of private gangsters. He's awfully keen that you should chuck the whole idea, and let the police set things to rights."

"There is no man I respect and like more," David declared, "but, as you know, I'm only training this band for one single enterprise. As soon as I bring that off I shall wash my hands of the whole business."

"Let the police deal with them," she begged. "Why should you put up an even fight against them? They aren't worth it. They're scum. Let Scotland Yard do the dirty work for you, David, and come and play with me. You haven't half seen London yet, and I'm such a good guide. I'll be your chaperone, too. I'll keep all the forward young women away and guide you along the safe paths."

He looked down at her with that rare smile which she had once described.

"I doubt whether the path would ever be safe for me when you were my guide, you atrocious little flirt," he said. "I won't have my head turned, do you hear?"

"You shall if I can turn it," she threatened. "You know I adore you, David. You're a man, and such a dear one. I'm hoping you'll propose to me on my birthday. Don't look at me like that a second longer, or I shall—I know I shall—"

Her soft, curving lips finished the sentence. He took the fatal step forward into her outstretched arms. She clung to him for a moment. The roof seemed to fall in. There was a mist in the room. . . . David felt the blood pounding through his veins as he drew away in shocked self-contempt. She had turned from him. Her head was leaning against the back of his chair. Her face was covered with her hands.

"Sophy," he faltered, "I'm terribly sorry. I was a brute. And you came here to see me! You trusted me!"

She remained silent; only her shoulders shook.

"I'll never do it again," he pleaded, "never. I don't know what came over me. Don't be afraid, Sophy. You shall be my dear little sister."

SHE suddenly swung round, and he received a second shock. There were certainly tears in her eyes, but they were tears of laughter.

"You dear, stupid, sweet old backwoodsman!" she exclaimed, twining her arms, gently this time, around his neck. "Please don't be such an idiot. I asked you to kiss me. I wanted you to kiss me. I meant you to kiss me. The only thing was," she went on, laughing up at him, "you were just a trifle primitive."

"I was a beast," he confessed.

"Never mind, I loved it," she murmured, "and if you say I'm not to come here any more I'll come every day."

He drew a long sigh of relief.

"Then you're not angry with me?"

"I shall be if you don't kiss me again, and fetch me another cocktail."

He held her cheeks between the palms of his hands, and touched her lips gently.

"One drop more angostura, please," she begged, as he turned away to the sideboard.

DOWSON made respectful entrance. There was nothing about his appearance to indicate the seriousness of his errand.

"Detective Inspector Milsom to see you, my lord," he announced.

David moved quickly to his writing desk, and drew something from the right-hand drawer.

"Are you sure that it is Detective Milsom?" he asked.

"Quite sure, my lord," Dowson affirmed. "I should not have dreamed of allowing him to pass Saunders and Hayley if I had not been certain. I sat next but one to him at the inquest, and heard him give his evidence."

David slipped the automatic back into its place, and closed the drawer.

"Ask the inspector in," he directed.

"Sophy dear, I'm sorry, but you must run away."

She indulged in a little grimace. The short sandy-haired man, with the snub nose and freckles, stepped respectfully across the threshold, carrying his hat in his hand.

"Please introduce me," Sophy begged, as she prepared to take her unwilling leave.

David mumbled their names. She shook hands with the newcomer.

"Mr. Milsom," she said, "this is so thrilling. I have often seen you mentioned in the papers. I do hope you've come to look after Lord Newberry. He's so terribly rash, and so pig-headed. Will you try to keep him out of trouble, please?"

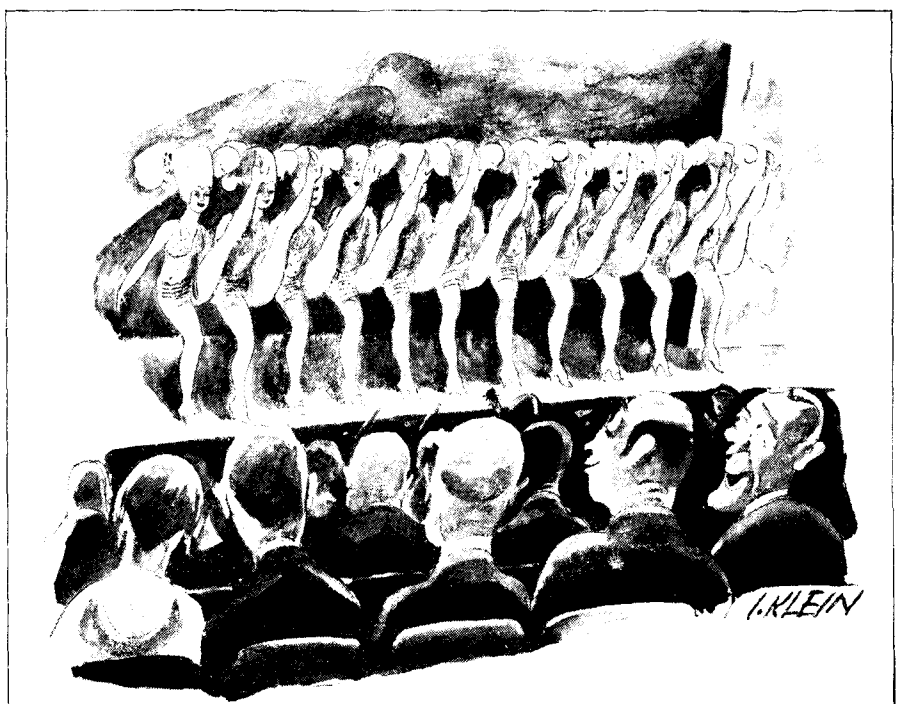
Detective Milsom, who had married early in life, and who thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful as the girl's appealing smile, almost lost his nerve. He pulled himself together.

"I can assure you, miss, that I shall do my best," he told her earnestly. "We don't approve of amateurs interfering in police jobs."

"Lord Newberry is so obstinate," she sighed.

"We shall try to make him see reason," Detective Milsom promised.

(*To be continued next week*)



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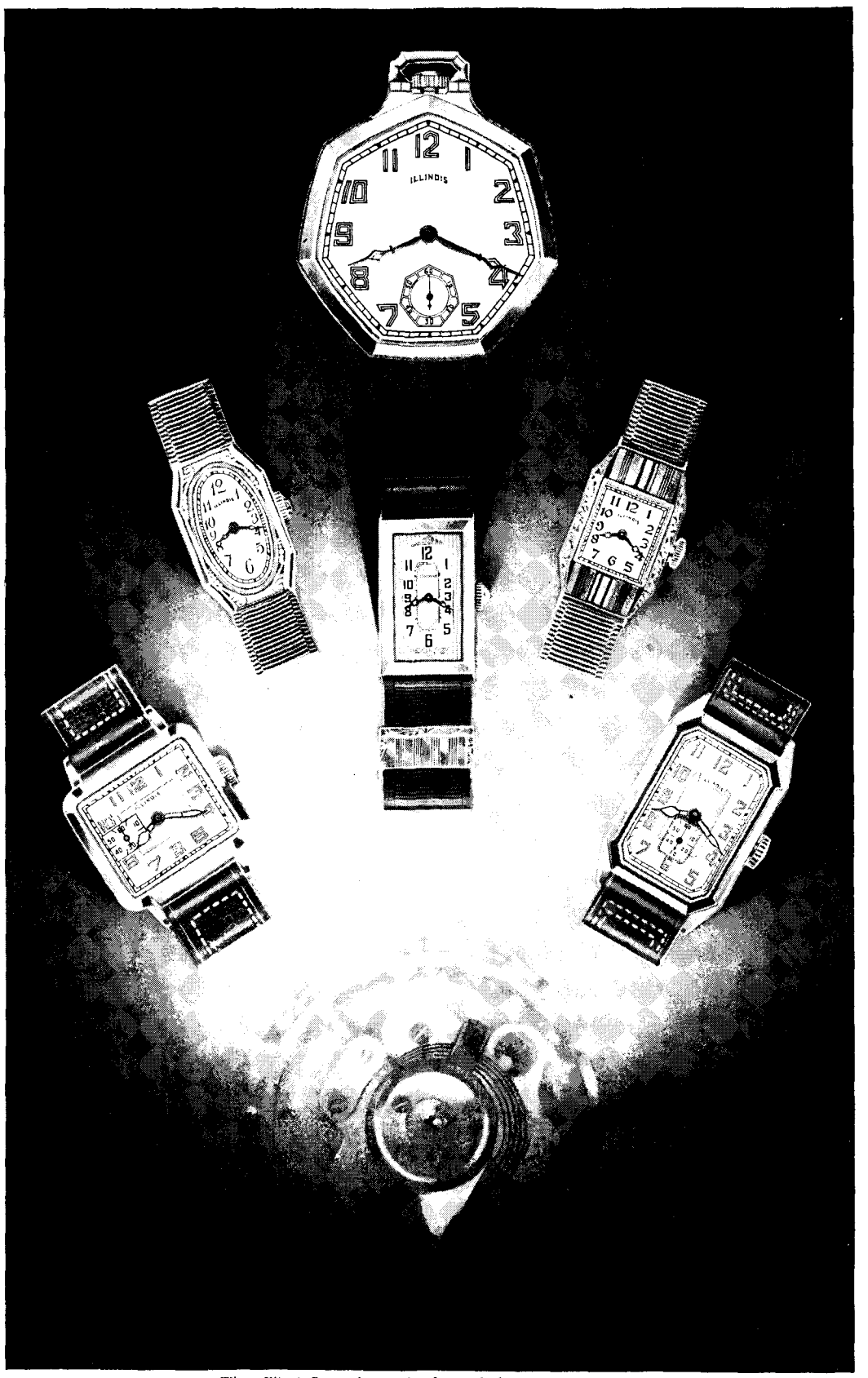

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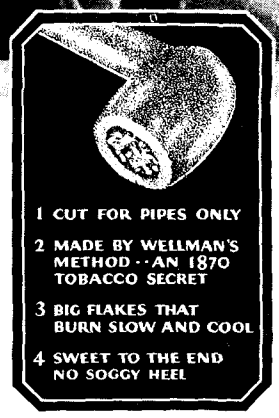
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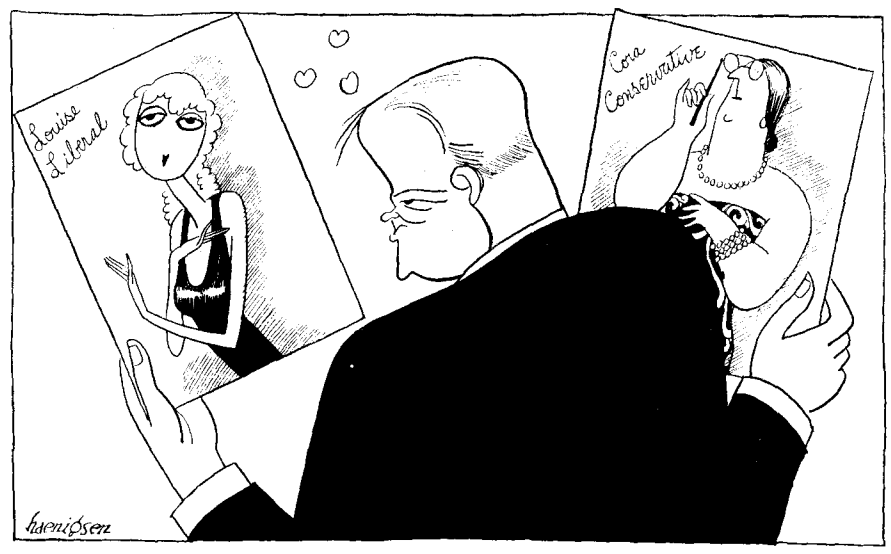

Where the Heart is

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

PRESIDENT HOOVER during his few months in the Presidency has won the favor of a good many liberals who in the 1928 campaign were alienated by the reactionary character of his supporters. It is now the fashion in liberal circles to say that he is a liberal at heart. This quality in him may be enough to hold his party together, divided as it is today between liberals and conservatives.

Especially in foreign relations does his liberal tendency show itself. In domestic affairs perhaps he has to bear in mind that the Republican party is dominated by the conservative element.

In foreign relations he is freer. The American public pays little attention to foreign affairs and has almost no understanding of them. Whatever a President does internationally is almost sure to be accepted, there being almost no opposition in Congress and very little criticism in the press.

Mr. Hoover makes his own foreign policy. But it is worth while to glance at his State Department. One does not think instantly of the Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, as a liberal. But it is worth remembering that he was once suspected of having progressive inclinations. And I learn with pleasure that imperialistically inclined persons who like to regard the Philippines as a permanent proconsulate visit the islands and return saying that they are grievously disappointed in the policy Mr. Stimson pursued there as governor-general. It is a point in his favor.

Mr. Stimson apparently agrees thoroughly with Mr. Hoover on foreign policy. He is not a brilliant or striking person. He is slow and deliberate, but once he has made up his mind he is remarkably sure what his mind is. There seems to be good will in his attitude toward foreign countries that has been lacking in the State Department ever since the anti-foreign element in the Senate began to dictate our foreign policy.

The Foreign Nightmare

Then there is Mr. Cotton, the under-secretary of state, much more of a factor than under-secretaries usually are; he was Mr. Hoover's personal selection for the post. But it is to be noted that Mr. Cotton had the support for that office of liberals all over the country.

He is an attractive personality with an alert, unconventional mind. One has only to note the overturning of the silly precedent set a few years ago for refusing a visa to Count Karolyi, and the granting of a passport to a young woman who refused to swear that she would put on breeches and go into the trenches for the defense of this country, to know that the days of Hughes and Kellogg with their constant anti-foreign nightmares are past.

Ambassador Morrow in Mexico displeases American bankers by his attitude on the debt of Mexico to American banking interests. It is true that Mr. Morrow is a very liberal-minded man who does what he does from the intelligent conviction that in the long run it is to the best interests of the United States as well as to the best interests of Mexico. But he could not do it without the thorough approval of the State Department and of the President.

State and Navy Split Company

There goes, for at least the rest of the Hoover administration, the old tradition that the State Department is the great debt-collecting institution of the Western Hemisphere, using bullying notes and guns and ships where necessary. It is to be recalled that Mr. Hoover as Secretary of Commerce never did approve the policy of the administrations of which he was a member toward Mexico and that he scarcely concealed his dislike of President Coolidge's constraint of Nicaragua.

Our foreign policy is made, or used to be made, in a building known as the State, War and Navy Building. There was a curious fitness in this, for the armed forces, especially the navy, used to exercise much influence upon our foreign policy.

The navy has moved out of the building. And it has gone pretty well out of the picture. It is unhappy, as is shown by the reluctance of Admiral Hilary Jones to go abroad as naval adviser to Mr. Stimson and the other delegates to the London disarmament conference.

Mr. Hoover is ardently for the reduction of the navy. Thus the militaristic element in our government is to go back to the position it occupied in the scheme of things before the Great War.

Mr. Hoover entertains the pacifist Socialist prime minister of Great Britain. And there is such a meeting of minds between the two as has never taken place before between the heads of two different and more or less rival governments.

Why, the thing would be a first-class scandal if Mr. Hoover were not a very respectable Republican, supported by the conservative elements of the country. That fact stops many imperialistic mouths. And so people say, looking at all of this, that Mr. Hoover is at heart a liberal, which may turn out to be a rare piece of good fortune for the Republican party in 1932.

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At the Palace da Nostra

Continued from page 18

Where was it deposited before it was taken into the palace?"

"At the shop."

"The shop? You mean *your* shop?"

"My brother's shop."

"Quite! I meant your brother's shop. But is your brother in the secret?"

"He has to be. Alone, how could I carry heavy furniture so far?"

"Ah!" Harley closed his eyes momentarily. "The shop is in the Calle—Calle—I cannot recall the name, but it is parallel to Rio da Nostra."

"Calle Espaniella."

"Calle Espaniella, *of course*. And a sort of slipway runs down from it to the canal—in which, I believe, the family motor boat and gondolas are kept. The slipway faces the side of the Old Palace?"

"I don't know what you mean—slipway. But it face the Old Palace, yes."

"THAT was what I meant. And it was from here that you brought all the furniture across?"

"Across? You use funny words. *You mean underneath.*"

"Well—it's the same thing. You always went through that damp passage which opens out from the salon?"

"Yes—from the alcove—below the figure of the Virgin. There is no other. You can imagine the labor to bring that heavy dressing-table up all those narrow stairs?"

"I can imagine and sympathize. And you and your brother did it? But the entrance at the other end is surely too narrow for the dressing-table? I mean the lacquer dressing-table with three mirrors."

"Of course. I know what you mean—there is only one dressing-table. But why do you say it is too narrow? The door into the gondoliers' room where they keep their petrol and varnishes and such things, this is narrow, yes. It is difficult. But the door to the staircase is wide enough."

"Yes—I suppose it is. I was thinking, as a matter of fact, about the door to the gondoliers' room. Follow me *carefully, now. Tonight*, when you and your mistress went to the palace, you left the door unfastened—the door opening out of the gondoliers' room."

"Of course."

"You were helping Madame to change, in the bedroom, when you heard someone come into the salon. . . ."

"Signor Strozzi! At least, we think so. We expect him!"

"I know you expected Signor Paulo Strozzi—"

"Angelo. . . ."

"Of course, Angelo. I was thinking of the miniature painter. And he, no doubt, always fastened the secret door on the other side of the canal when he came through?"

"Sometimes he forgot."

"Careless, very. Tonight, Madame rushed out—"

"Not yet! First, she call to him: 'Angelo!'"

"Ah, yes! She called; and then you heard the awful cries? Whatever did you do?"

Emelie hid her face in her hands but answered, brokenly:

"My little lady, she cling to me, trembling. First we hear the dreadful, dying groan—the sound of a fall—gurgling—then we hear the mad shrieks of a woman. Then—it is still."

"Surely you are wrong," Harley interrupted. "The voice of a man, when he is hysterical with fear—or pain—resembles that of a woman."

"It was a woman; it was a woman . . . it was a woman. My little lady I leave in the chair. And then, slowly, slowly, I open the door and I look out. . . ."

She began to tremble violently.

"You found a man lying only a few feet away—"

"And blood—blood!"

"But you have courage and devotion. At last you forced yourself to stoop and examine the face of the man who lay there. He was a stranger! You had never seen him before! . . . Madame's courage was restored. She had believed that her lover was dead. You realized that the rooms would be searched. Quickly you set to work. You cut the face of Madame's portrait from the canvas. . . ."

"No, no! It was my lady who did it!"

"Ah, possibly. Her collapse was due to her belief that Strozzi had been murdered. On learning the truth she recovered her natural coolness. She suggested dragging the body out into the passage which leads to the New Palace. You unlocked the door. . . ."

"No, no! *A thousand times no!* Why do you say this? It was our only hope—that no one would break in!"

Almost he had lost his hold. So far, as I had all too slowly realized, he had been "leading" her—in legal jargon; testing his surmises. So successful had he been that her dull mind had accepted his knowledge of all the facts. Now, he had made a mistake, his first big mistake.

But he recovered, and:

"I say it to give you a second chance," he replied grimly. "But *each time* I have tested you I have found you to be telling the truth. Very well. You hastily got together as many things as you could carry which you regarded as incriminating. You searched the dead man to learn his name . . ."

"No, no! My lady search him!"

"Of course! I might have known it would be she who did it! She found his wallet. His cards were in it. But she kept his wallet. Why? Because it was bloodstained and so might carry her *fingerprints*?"

"No. It *is* bloodstained. But we keep it because it is a diary. . . ."

Harley turned to me, smiling resignedly.

"Elementary reasoning, Knox," he said. "Yet I had never thought of this!" Then, to the woman: "Give it to me."

For a moment she hesitated, but:

"Don't lie now!" he added sternly. "It's too late. It would ruin you both. And I *know* you didn't drop it in the canal. . . ."

DAWN was glinting through closed shutters.

I returned the bloodstained wallet to Harley. Outside, life on the canals was hushed. The hotel was sleeping.

"Just brief notes," said my friend, "to refresh his memory when he saw me. Unfortunately, I was out when he called, and *he* was away when I returned his call. You observed the memo, 'See P. H. tomorrow'?"

"Yes," I answered. "I observed it. Poor Agar!"

Winston Agar's wallet, which in addition to cards and personal papers, contained nearly a hundred pounds in notes, was of that kind fitted with a washable memo tablet. I cannot do better than transcribe what was written on this tablet:

"May 3. Calle Espaniella—alley saw two women go into . . . not there

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. . . where gone? Double suicide?

"May 4. Sort of workshop—gluepots—petrol—oars. No exit. Belongs da Nostras, other side canal. Inquire. Saw man—ditto.

"May 5. Two women—same—working class. One man—same—young, wearing cape. Artist? No others. See P. H. tomorrow. Staying Danieli. Mem. Suggest secret passage *under canal* to Old Palace—supposed empty. . . . P and wife abroad."

"It's very odd," Harley mused—"this tablet. Because, to neither of those women does the idea seem to have presented itself of *cleaning it*. However, I am glad. The facts are clear enough."

HE FILLED his pipe carefully, and lighted it during his following remarks. His voice betrayed the enthusiasm of the specialist.

"Winston Agar, who, in addition to those gifts which had made him a wealthy man, possessed also that restless curiosity about life which is part and parcel of a good playwright, was strolling along the Calle Espaniella on May the third. He observed two women go into that slipway which I noted tonight and into the workshop which opens out of it on the left. You recall the workshop? He was curious enough to follow. The workshop was empty.

"He returned on the next day—May the fourth. This was a fortunate visit. Someone was there from whom he learned that the place belonged to the da Nostras. He took a good look around. He determined to make further inquiries. Later—we have no means of fixing the time—he saw a man disappear into this mysterious workshop as the two women had disappeared.

"On May the fifth, escaping from his guests on the Waterfly, he was definitely watching this strange trio. He saw the same two women go in and disappear. He saw a young man, who wore a cape, follow. He waited, perhaps for hours. But no one else came. He had heard that I was at this hotel. He determined to consult me about a mystery which intrigued his playwright's mind. He proposed to submit to me a theory that there was a secret passage under the canal to the palace. He knew that the Old Palace was reputedly empty. He knew that the prince and the princess were abroad, or were supposed to be. . . .

"So far his notes carry us. We now come to pure surmise. On the morning of May the sixth—yesterday morning—he called upon me. The moving finger had written that we were never to meet again, in life. We cannot doubt that he determined to test his theory about the passage under the canal. But let us try to reconstruct what he saw before he made the attempt. We must suppose that this mystery now obsessed him. He was prepared to slip away, secretly, from his guests to investigate it. From some spot selected by him, he watched. And he saw the Princess da Nostra disguised as a woman of the working-classes and her confidante, Emelie, disappear through this hidden entrance to the Old Palace.

"Let us grant a passage of time. He waited. No one else came. He followed—finding the secret door open! He went down the steps described by Emelie and along the damp passage—she did not correct me when I described it—to those other, ascending, steps which lead to a door hidden in the alcove of the salon. (I knew it was there but I failed to produce definite evidence of its presence because it was locked.) He entered the room which we have seen.

"First—in learning this I nearly lost the confidence of my witness!—he crossed to the door immediately opposite the alcove, quietly unlocked it and looked along that dark passage which leads to the New Palace. He reclosed this door, *but did not relock it*. Hence the later entrance of Pesaro. Next, and quite naturally, his attention was arrested by the picture of the lady in lace. He stood before it.

"Visualize the scene, Knox. Agar wore a cape. So did the stranger whom he had seen enter on May the fourth and May the fifth! *From behind*, Agar resembled a young man. . . ."

"Good God!" I cried, for revelation had come—"someone covered him in the Calle Espaniella, and mistook him in the deep shadows for—"

"Angelo Strozzi—"

"Entered behind him, silently, and still misled by his appearance at the back, in that dimly lighted room . . ."

"Hesitated, Knox! Don't rush ahead of events: hesitated, until the princess, beyond that closed bedroom door cried, 'Angelo!' *Then*, the silent follower struck! Agar tottered two steps forward, past the easel, and fell. In falling he turned his head . . . the assassin saw an unfamiliar face!

"Imagination shrinks from such a moment. Passion clewed up to the point of murder; murder committed—and an innocent man, a complete stranger, dying at one's feet! Probably a new madness would follow—the madness of remorse. Remember those shrieks? . . ."

Harley was interrupted by a loud knock.

"Come in!" he cried.

The night porter appeared.

"An official telegram, sir."

Harley tore open the envelope, and:

"When there is a case of murder in a secret place of assignation," he said, "there are two obvious suspects: the Other Man and the Other Woman. This either clears or implicates the Other Man."

Dismissing the porter, he glanced at the message and then handed it to me. It read as follows:

"D. N. AT MEURICE STOP PERSONALLY INTERVIEWED STOP GOOD LUCK MAX."

"From Gaston Max of the Sûreté Générale," said Harley. "The Prince da Nostra is safely in Paris. Suspect Number One is cleared."

"But, Harley," I broke in, "a woman of the type of the princess cannot be tabulated in this way! The Other Man, in such a case, may be, not her husband, but the lover she has discarded for Strozzi!"

Never, in my memory of Paul Harley, had I seen him so taken aback. At last:

"Knox," he said, "you may be right! I have overlooked Suspect Number Three!"

HE TURNED toward the door. Voices had become audible. Another loud knock sounded.

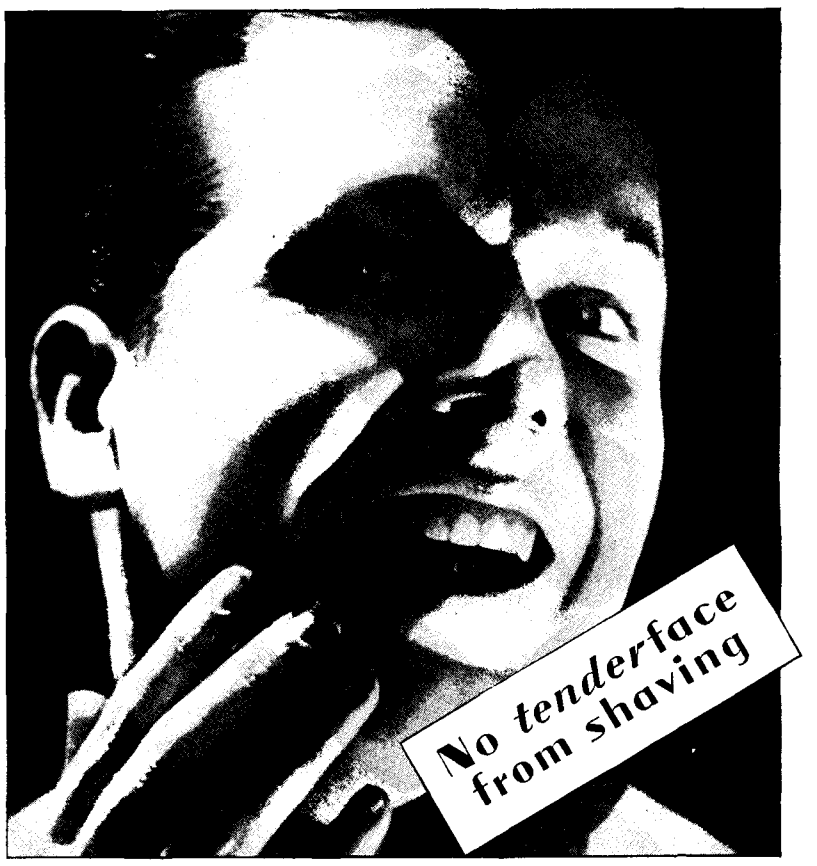
"Come in!" Harley called, and then, to me: "The case ends, Knox," he said. "The ferocious but tenacious Mauron, following a hint I gave him, is here with our missing witness."

Captain Mauron entered. His mustache registered triumph. He was accompanied by—or, rather, he pushed ahead of him—a slightly built, dark-haired man of medium height, clean-shaven and handsome—in an indefinably effeminate way. His pale face was a mask of misery—of despair. He wore a loose French cape.

"Ah," said Harley, in the genial way of one who is expecting welcome visitors, "please take the armchair, Captain Mauron, and you, Signor Strozzi, will find the couch quite comfortable. This is Mr. Knox, Signor Strozzi—"

(*Continued on page 48*)

MEN . . . *it's here!*



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Get the giant red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Compare it with the cream you have been using. Note the difference.

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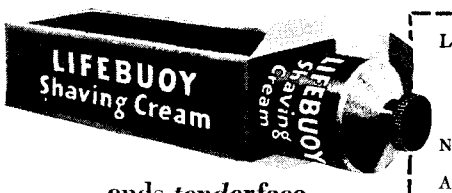

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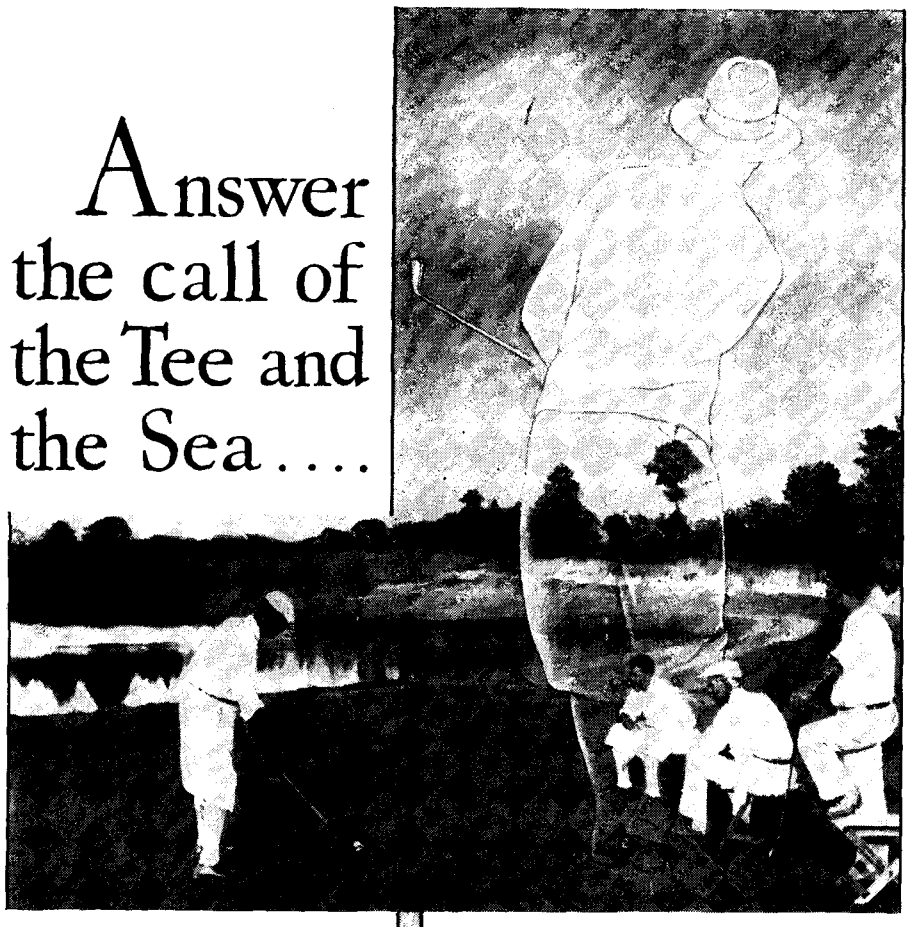
Answer the call of the Tee and the Sea....



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the GULF COAST

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

(*Continued from page 47*)

"And Signor Strozzi is my prisoner," the captain added dramatically.

"Your prisoner!" Harley's manner was that of one truly astounded; but I knew him for a master of forensic art. "Upon what charge did you arrest him?"

"Upon two charges," the captain replied—"both of murder! First, upon the charge of having fatally stabbed Mr. Winston Agar at the Palace da Nostra—"

"I tell you—I tell you," groaned the unhappy prisoner, "I never *heard* of this man!"

"Second," the captain resumed, "upon the charge of having caused the death by drowning of one Lola Carlenghi, later the same night—"

"What!" Harley cried—and now I thought his surprise was authentic. "Lola Carlenghi? Who is this?"

Strozzi dropped his head onto his fists and did not attempt to reply.

"She was the prisoner's model," Mauron replied. ". . . Her body was recovered from the Grand Canal about midnight. She had been dead, the doctors say, not more than two hours. She was covered with scratches and bruises. Witnesses can prove that there was a terrible quarrel in the prisoner's studio last night. Lola ran out screaming and the prisoner ran after her. . . ."

"The Other Woman!" Harley murmured.

STROZZI raised his haggard face, and, *interrupting the voluble captain:*

"Let me tell my story," he said dully. "What this man says is all nonsense—lies—

"Lola and I had been friends for more than three years. I would have married her but she did not wish it. Lately I had formed another friendship, and Lola suspected this and was furiously jealous.

"Last night, after dining with Lola, I was going to this other friend who expected me. I made some excuse, and Lola left the studio quite silently. As I was preparing to keep my appointment, I noticed that a fine Venetian dagger was missing from the wall. It has a blade keen as a razor; and I was frightened—for I knew that Lola must have taken it. I knew also that once before she had followed me to a place in the Calle Espaniella (and it was there I had intended to go last night). There had been a dreadful scene the next day—although I denied it was myself she had seen.

"I GAVE up my original plan and went to look for her. Not finding her, I rushed back to my studio, distracted. She was there—insane! *Insane.* . . . She attacked me like a wildcat, crying: 'I killed him! I killed him! But I have seen her picture!'

"We struggled. She had the strength of ten men. At last she broke away from me and ran shrieking out of the house.

"I ran after her, but could find no trace—no trace. Like a lost soul I wandered, asking all I met, 'Have you seen Lola?' For hours I wandered. And when at last, heartsick, I returned, the police were waiting for me. . . ."

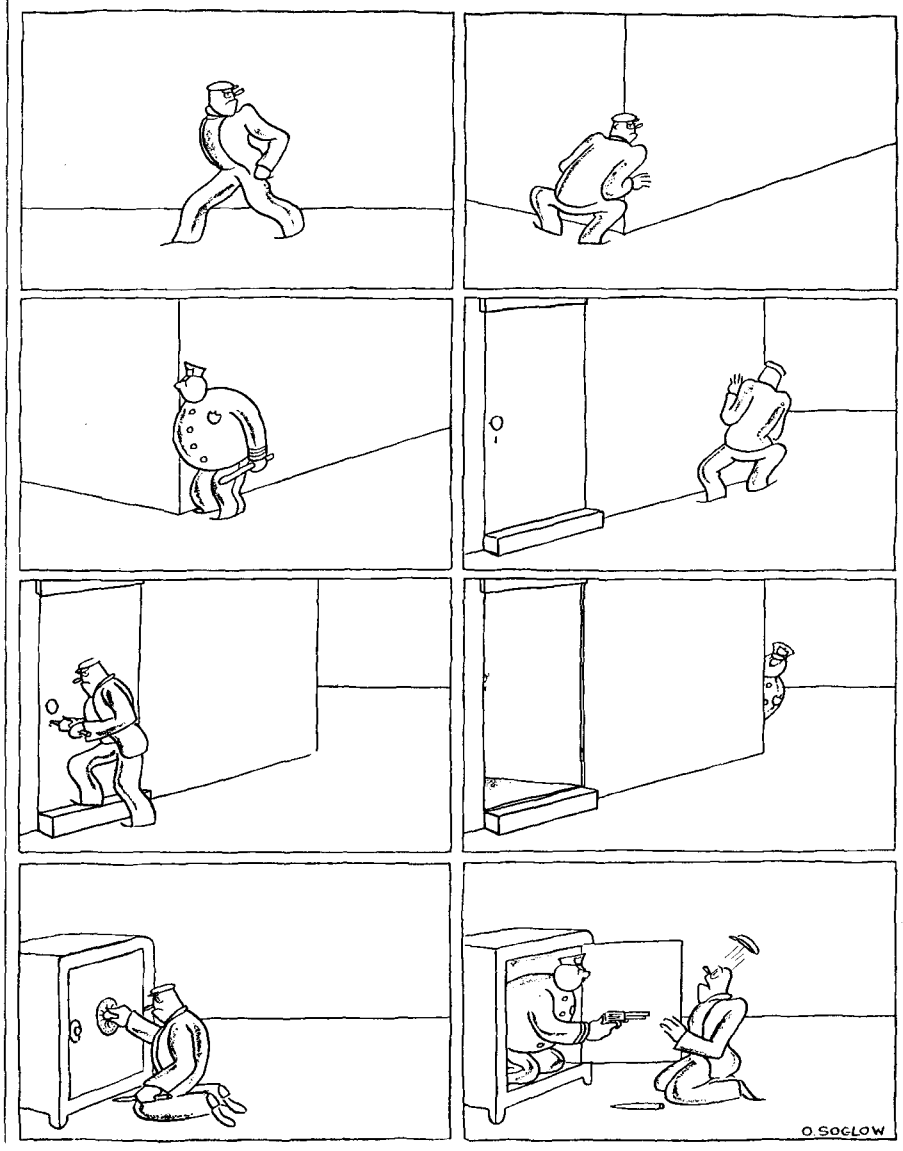
He shrugged wearily.

"Of this person Agar, I never heard," he added.

He dropped his head in his hands again.

"A fine story!" the captain exclaimed scornfully—"a fine story!"

"Yet, strange though it seems," said Harley, "a true one. This will be a celebrated case, Captain Mauron, involving great names—and great credit . . . to you. But we must set Signor Strozzi at liberty. A man who in one evening brings about a murder and a suicide, and ruins the reputation of a princess, has a load heavy enough for any poor sinner to bear. . . ."



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Lend Me Your Ears

Continued from page 11

shoot the simplest scene. There are two basic methods of reproduction - wax and film—each studio having its own peculiar technical ritual.

The scene, which will require, say, six minutes, has been rehearsed for several hours, and the monitor has okayed the dialogue, music and all sound effects. Everything is ready for the actual taking.

"Ready!" announces the director.

"Red lights!" calls his assistant. Instantly red lights show at all entrance ways to the sound-proof stage, the double doors are shut and wedged tight—like refrigerators—automobiles and trucks are stopped within a block of the stage; the sawmill and other noisy departments shut down.

The Show Begins

"Quiet bell!" calls the assistant, and all carpenters, stage hands, prop-boys, electricians and other workers on the stage cease operations, while extras or people not in the picture "freeze" in their places.

"A. C." is the next call, meaning alternating current.

"Interlock!" which means to hook up the cameras and the motors running the wax disks.

"Got it!" comes word from the cameramen through the open doors of their booths.

"Plug in!" calls the floor man sitting by a telephone in communication with the laboratories.

"Plugged in!" comes the answer from the cameramen.

"Close 'em up!" calls the assistant, and then as he passes back of the "igloos" he calls out: "Locked in four!" "Locked in six!" and so on until the booths are all hermetically sealed and no talk or camera sounds can possibly get out.

"Roll 'em over!" orders the assistant, meaning to start the motors of the cameras, which are no longer hand-cranked.

A short wait until the cameras get up speed, then the floor-man receives a quiet telephone message from the monitor that everything is O. K., and he in turn gives a pantomimic signal to the director. The assistant then comes and claps his hands gently underneath the microphone and steps away. The show starts.

For six minutes now the cast goes through with its well-rehearsed action and dialogue, while the studio maintains absolute silence, not even the director speaking.

"O. K.," calls the director at the end.

The window of the monitor opens. This present czar of the films pokes his head out and shouts: "O. K. nothin'!" the music smothered Zasu Pitts crying, or "Miss Dove's final lines in the telephone dialogue died. Make it again!"

Listen to Charlie Chaplin:

"Rob, do you realize the tremendous mechanical background to the slightest bit of film action and dialogue? Huge sound-stage, cameramen, juicers, directors and assistants, crew, sound experts; then off somewhere else dynamo wires, switches, great machines, laboratories and, yes, maybe a gang of men repairing a line on the power station way up in the Owens Valley—and all to permit a little girl to stand before the camera and microphone and say 'I love you!'"

Let's nose in more inquisitively on the job of the new czar of picture making, the all-powerful and tremendously respected monitor, quietly sitting in the glassed conning-tower surrounded by a battery of delicate instruments, where, like an Olympian god, he looks down upon his puppets making flickering whoopee or dramatically emoting all over the works. In telephonic and pantomimic wig-wagging communication with his underlings, he sits before his instrument-board noting the script—which he knows even better than the actors—watching their action and listening to their dialogue that comes to him exactly as it is being recorded in the laboratory.

Nor is his job simply that of a judge or umpire. His real value lies in his power to regulate the volume and quality of sound. By changing the "mixture"—too technical for this article—he can soften harshness, amplify weakness and completely alter quality. It is the monitor, in fact, who has taken the lisp out of Alice Day's voice, softened the harsh, unpleasant accent of one of our greatest foreign stars, and has even accomplished the miracle of making Raymond Griffith audible.

Everybody felt sorry for Ray when the talkies arrived, for he was notoriously voiceless, expressing himself only by whispers. He was, however, too valuable a comedian to lose without a lot of experimentation, and at last a clever monitor discovered that by raising the "frequencies" of his whispers fifteen "voice levels" he could be heard plainly.

Fine so far as Ray was concerned. But the trouble came when he had to talk in a dialogue, for the frequencies had to be normal while his partner was speaking, and then suddenly jump for his half of the conversation. It is easy to imagine the skill required suddenly to turn the dials during a fast conversation so that the voice levels are exactly right for both characters. The least blunder on the part of the mixer, and Ray will not be heard at all, and the other fellow will roar like a Gargantuan bull. Is it any wonder that actors and actresses look up to the monitor literally and figuratively? He can make or break them.

"Frog Lights"

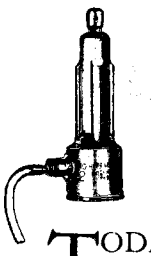
It is in meeting and defeating extraneous noises that perhaps the greatest ingenuity has been shown by these new sound experts. As the night is fairly free from the competition of workaday discordances, most of the shooting—especially exteriors—is done at that time.

One serious problem, however, faced First National, Universal and the Mack Sennett studios over in the San Fernando Valley. Frogs! It is at night that frogs are at their choral best. Without reading farther, how would you solve the problem? It was really very simple. "Frog lights!" If frogs croak only at night, give 'em daylight. So now with the first sound from a wet spot, the juicers rush out their frog-lights and the chorus ceases instantly.

Nor is this the only way they fool the so-called lower animals. If they wish a rooster to crow, they practice a reverse technic. They put the feathered actor in a darkened box, keep him there an hour, and when they release him into a bright light, he thinks it is sun-up and crows his foolish head off.

For a while insects buzzing around the delicate microphones on certain locations sounded like sawmills. At first screens were invoked but if an enthusiastic horsefly got inside the screen it was worse than ever. The wife of a

(Continued on page 50)



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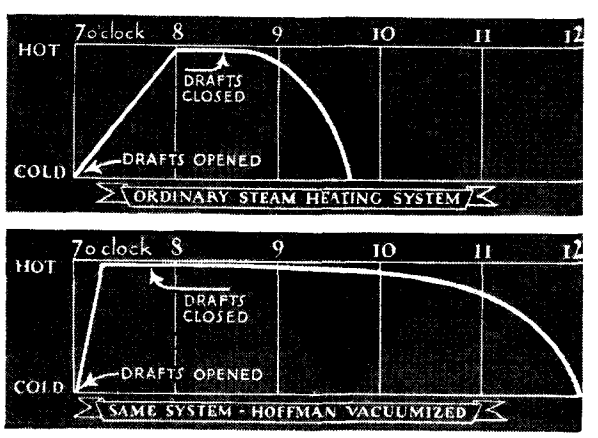
You don't even have to put your fire out. Any good heating contractor can do the job. A few hours' work. He does three things. (1) He tightens up the connections, to keep air out. (2) He replaces your radiator air valves with Hoffman Number 2 Vacuum Valves, to let air out, then *lock* it out. (3) He places a Hoffman double-lock vent valve on the cellar main.

That is all. You will then have a modern one-pipe vacuum system,—which many heating engineers call the last word in heating. In a vacuum, water boils at lower temperatures. In a vacuum there is no air to destroy this low-temperature steam. That is why the Hoffman vacuum-ized system delivers so much more comfort while burning less fuel (oil, gas or coal). In many homes this saving is as much as $5 per radiator every year.

The full efficiency of the vacuum system is the result of keeping *air* out of it. That is why the best heating contractors always install Hoffman Number 2 Vacuum Valves on radiators. This extraordinary valve not only lets out all the air quickly, but then *locks it out.* It is the only valve that operates by means of a *vacuum diaphragm* in combination with a vacuum check. That is why it operates unfailingly for many years.

Your heating contractor will be glad to estimate on a Hoffman vacuum-izing job. Let him give you the exact price. Our free booklet, "Air, the Heat Thief", tells and *proves* this whole story. Address Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. R-8, Waterbury, Connecticut.

Note the duration of radiator "hot-periods" after drafts are closed, in an ordinary steam heating system, as compared with the same system after being Hoffman vacuum-ized. Is it any wonder thousands no longer tolerate old-fashioned steam heating systems, when such a simple change wipes out all its defects; makes it, over night, a modern vacuum system.



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◆ ◆ ◆

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is scientifically tested for the highest possible content of health-giving vitamins. It is several times richer than creamery butter. No bad taste! Easy to take!

(Continued from page 49)

cameraman solved that little problem. She brought along a garden syringe and squirted everybody and everything with a popular—that is, popular with people; unpopular with flies—insecticide, which ended the pests forever.

Distant sounds are not so easy to defeat. Airplanes have been a terrific source of discouraging worry. Metro-Goldwyn, Pathé and Roach are practically surrounded by airports, and the annoyance became so expensive that the studios finally fixed it up with Culver City to pass an ordinance compelling planes to fly at a certain height, and that if a captive balloon appeared above a studio, they must keep at least 2,000 feet away.

Fabricating Sounds

A while ago the Colleen Moore unit at First National lost two days' work and thousands of dollars because a discharged actor flew back and forth over their location.

Another curious angle to the "audies" is that there are certain common sounds which it is as yet impossible to record, and others that are better when synthetically made.

For recording a boxer's blow, striking a leather pad with a hunk of lead, sounds more natural than the impact of the glove. Turning a heavy Chinese weed-woven crate over twice will give a much better effect of a human body falling than will the body itself. As for the sound of a gunshot, the bursting of an inflated paper bag is as yet the closest they can come to it. A full charge of gunpowder will shatter the delicate recording mechanism to bits, and with a charge reduced by nine-tenths, the sound is not in the least explosive.

In a scene of The College Coquette, Jobyna Ralston is supposed to fall down an elevator shaft, and the trick of recording her fast-receding scream was done this way: Jobyna was placed upon a high parallel twenty-five feet from the floor. The mike, suspended from the ceiling by a fifty-foot cord, was then pulled back until it was just opposite Jobyna's face. At the moment of her scream, the mike was released, and as it swung away from her like an immense pendulum, her voice of course grew fainter and fainter. The mike was caught as it reached the floor, and the thud of the body was obtained by dropping the Chinese crate.

The script called for a scene of Harold Lloyd and Barbara Kent engaged in romantic dialogue on the observation platform of a fast-moving train. That's easy; just set the cameras and mike on a trailer and go out and shoot it. Yes? No. The noise would drown their voices, and if they slowed up the train the clicking of the wheels on the rails would betray the slowness. Better shoot the scene from a standstill and "cheat" the noise.

Thus the cameras were set up between the tracks facing the observation platform. Harold and Barbara were brought into focus and their dialogue okayed by the monitor, listening in by means of his headpiece, fifty feet away. The car was gently rocked and a wind machine furnished the dust.

As for the principals and cameramen, the action and dialogue were shot in complete mechanical silence. The monitor, however, could hear the voices of Harold and Barbara above the rattle and clicking of the supposedly fast moving wheels. How? By one of the cleverest stunts yet devised. A hundred feet away a man cranked a three-foot drum across which had been stretched two cords about ten inches apart. Against this drum another man held a roller skate so that at every turn the wheels would trip over the strings and produce a click-click—click-click—click-click in exact imitation of a railroad train going at fast speed. A mike close by picked up the noise and fed it into the monitor's ears by the same wire on which he was hearing the dialogue. By moving the mike back and forth, he could regulate the mixture so that the voices would predominate.

The Other End

The projection of these triumphs in theaters is, however, an entirely separate and distinct problem which cannot be gone into here. If you hear bad reproduction, don't blame the studios. Sometimes perfect dialogue and sound effects are ruined in the playhouse.

Just one instance: a picture which was mechanically almost perfect was shown in a big New York theater, but for some unaccountable reason it fluctuated both in sound effects and lighting. The print was examined and found satisfactory, the projection machines were replaced, but still the fluctuation. A studio sound-expert was sent for and he found the trouble instantly. It was caused by induction, from the electric sign that went on and off outside the theater!

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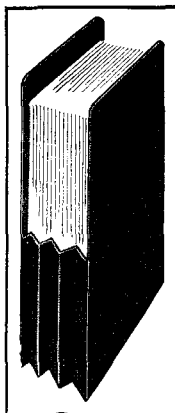

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N908

The Age of Youth

Continued from page 27

Mme. Galere shook her head.

"On principle—no! Not if you had millions. Yet, if you had the millions, I might be tempted to advise you to let principle go hang and settle with them on their basis. It would depend upon how much you wanted to achieve certain things."

"Publication of that story will prevent my achieving them?" asked Donna.

"I'm not sure of that. It depends on Ran Granby—more on Frank Gardner. I mean—suppose Ran Granby's engagement to you were announced."

"People would think he was chivalrous; or they'd think he was righting a wrong," said Donna shrewdly.

Mme. Galere pondered this.

"Possibly," she conceded. "But suppose, instead of Ran Granby, your fiancé were Frank Gardner?"

"Well?" said Donna.

"The whole world would know that he was confessing that he lied when he made that charge. Men—of Gardner's type—don't marry kept women. The world would forget instantly what he had said about you. It would only remember that you were to marry him."

"Do you think I *would* marry him? Marry a man who had behaved as dreadfully, as wickedly, as—as caddishly—"

"I didn't even suggest marrying him," said Mme. Galere. "I suggested becoming engaged to him. You could, couldn't you?"

"Could what?" asked Donna, confused.

"Become engaged to him?"

"Why," answered Donna slowly, "I—I think so."

BACK in her apartment, Donna pondered the eager advice of the singing teacher. Beginning with a vague suggestion, conceived in desperation, Mme. Galere had wound up by pleading, by urging Donna to become engaged to Frank Gardner.

Mme. Galere had that incurable belief in romance that one finds only in the hearts of middle-aged or elderly virgins. But Donna, young, beautiful, and endowed with a charm which it would have been mock-modesty on her part to deny, knew enough about the other sex to understand that they are not as amenable to the blandishments of romance as Mme. Galere thought.

There is a tremendous gap between "I love you" and "Will you marry me?" It was all very well for Donna to think that Ran Granby and Frank Gardner and Don Blaisdell were in love with her. In a sort of a way, Granby had asked her to marry him last night. But that was a chivalrous gesture. Would he, on reflection, still want her for his wife? The very sulkiness with which he had met her mockery seemed the negation of tremendous passion on his part. Moreover, Donna wanted no proposal inspired by chivalry.

Blaisdell—he wouldn't do.

But Gardner? That he had been attracted to Donna was obvious. She had stirred in him something primitive, something which he had tried to conquer by avoidance of her. A second glimpse of her and he had known that he was struggling against the unconquerable. Why, his assault upon Ran Granby was proof that he was mad about her.

But Donna had a shrewdness beyond any past experience with men. Violence of passion does not mean depth of love. Intuitively she was aware of this truth, a truth which passes the comprehension of most women. Men will do the most reckless things for the sake of a woman whom they would not consider marrying. And this not because of resentment against the woman's morals or manners, but simply because what they feel for her is not the matrimonial urge.

So, to become engaged to Frank Gardner was not as easy as the romantic Mme. Galere seemed to think. Of course, the man was a gentleman. He hadn't acted like one; indeed, he had acted like the cheapest sort of bullying cad. But it is utterly unfair to judge a man finally by his actions when he is emotionally aroused. It is by his later reaction, after emotion has stilled, that it is fairer to judge him.

If appealed to on the ground of chivalry. . . . Donna could say to him: "You've made an outrageous charge. No denial of yours, by word, will be effective. People will simply say that you are ashamed. Yet you owe it to me, to yourself, to rehabilitate me. You can do so in only one way. You must become engaged to me."

A YOUTH who had acted as Frank Gardner had behaved might very well be amenable to such an appeal to his chivalry. But then Donna would have accepted something from him. She would have called upon his mercy and received his charity.

She wanted no gifts from him; she wanted restoration of what he had taken. She found herself melodramatically referring, in her thoughts, to her good name. All right, there was a lot of truth in melodrama. All life was melodrama. Melodrama consisted of romantic sentiment and sensational situations, and if these didn't make life, then the newspapers lied.

Her good name. A girl of assured position might lose her good name, and, for a while, get along pleasantly enough without it. But even in her brief incursion into the realms of wealth and fashion Donna had learned that the girl who overstepped the bounds of propriety too far became, sooner or later, déclassée. As for a girl in her position—it couldn't bear too much thinking.

No, she wanted to *take* from Gardner, not to accept. He'd hurt her as cruelly, almost, as a man may hurt a woman. Without any justification whatsoever, save his own wounded conceit that a girl whom he looked at could look at another man—this must be the explanation—he had wounded her bitterly.

She owed him nothing; he owed her greatly. Had he shown any common, ordinary decency to her? Why should she show any decency to him?

Marry him? No! Become engaged to him? Yes! If she possibly could. And then, when all the world knew of his infatuation, when all the world knew that he was madly in love with her, to jilt him brutally, publicly, ostentatiously!

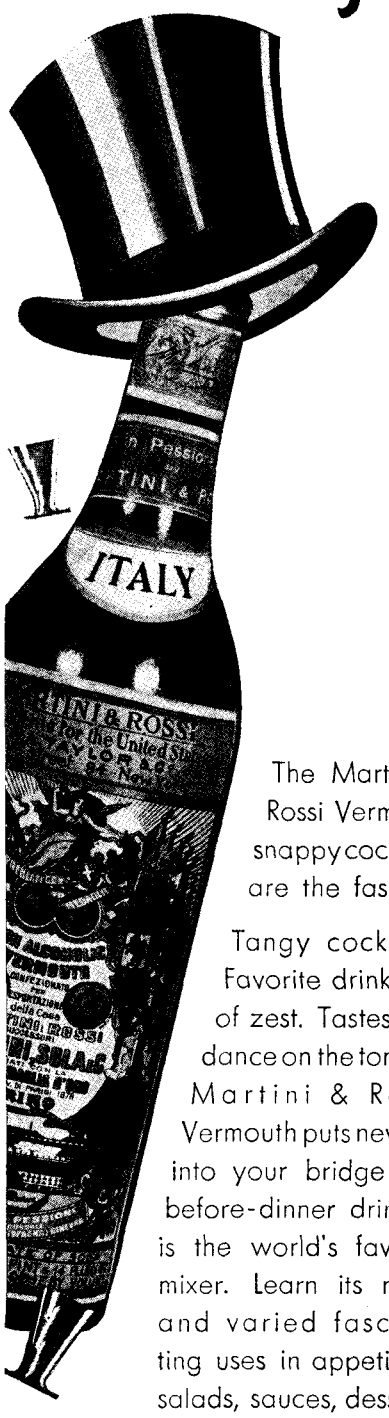
SHE found herself smiling at her own fury. It was not time, yet, to rejoice in an accomplished revenge. First, it would be well to find out if the revenge were even vaguely possible.

She ruffled the pages of the telephone book and found Gardner's number. She lifted the receiver from the hook and then put it swiftly back again. After all, before she spoke to Gardner, she ought to call up Ran Granby. Not that Granby would ever know that she telephoned him first; it was a silly feeling of loyalty, but—she yielded to it.

No, Mr. Granby was not in. But this was Miss Raynor speaking. Oh, well,

(*Continued on page 52*)

SNAPPY beverages



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(*Continued from page 51*)

the voice would inquire. And a moment later another voice was on the telephone.

"This is Dr. Lindstrom, Miss Raynor. Mr. Granby is better than I dared hope. He can't come to the telephone yet. But he wished me to thank you for calling. He will call you up tomorrow or the next day. He—" the doctor's tones were lowered now, "I think it might materially advance his recovery if—if you dropped him a line, Miss Raynor."

She did not resent the suggestion. She promised to heed it, hung up, and somehow, inexplicably, feeling less offended with herself at what she was about to do, asked for Gardner's number.

HE ANSWERED himself, and his voice was incredulous when she gave her name.

"I've been miserable," he frankly said. "Only that indecision which is a fatal defect in my character kept me from suicide. I couldn't decide whether to use a revolver or a rope."

The words were gay; at least, they were meant to be, but the tones were depressed. But the fact that he should attempt to make light of the matter steeled Donna's determination. How could she know that the young man must make the effort for gayety lest he weep?

"Are you going to forgive me?" he asked. "I—I went to see Ran Granby."

"You saw him?"

"Yes. And he—didn't shoot me, as you hoped. He's the finest man that ever lived."

"You discovered it inopportunely," she sardonically commented.

"Don't be mean to me," he begged. He sounded exactly like a small boy caught in some minor transgression. "Please let me come around and see you, and tell you how—sorry I am."

"I said I never wanted to see you again," she reminded him.

"I know you did, and you meant it, too, I guess. But just the same: I'm not so bad as you think. Honestly, I'm not. I—I behaved badly—"

"Badly?" Her voice was sardonic again.

"Anything you like. You pick the words and I'll endorse them," he said. "I know—what I said and what I did were incredible. But if you'd only let me see you, only let me tell you how bitterly unhappy—"

"You're telling me now. I'm listening," she said.

"But I want to *see* you," he said. "I want you to see me, so you'll know I mean what I say—please let me come."

Her voice was coolly careless.

"Very well," she said.

"When? Now? Please," he pleaded.

"If you wish," she said.

Mme. Galere's suggestion was not far-fetched. Few men had made love to Donna, because she had never let men get that far. But a woman recognizes the note of love even if she has never heard it before. This youth was in love. It wasn't mere passion, passion which could drive him to murderous lengths. It was more than that. It was love.

But her recognition of this didn't soften her heart toward him. He had done things for which he must pay. He had endeavored to make her miserable. If only by making him even more miserable could she regain security, then pity for him would not stand in her way.

His address, according to the telephone book, was only eight or ten blocks away. It would take him ten minutes or so to arrive. In that time she would beautify herself. She did.

He had known that she was beautiful, but he had not known that she was as lovely as this. He couldn't have told what she wore, so blinded was he by the dazzling charm of the face and figure. Something gold, something green. . . . Donna could have told him that it was a dinner frock, with a tight bodice and a bouffant skirt, made of taffeta, and that her golden slippers with the green edging were a part of the ensemble.

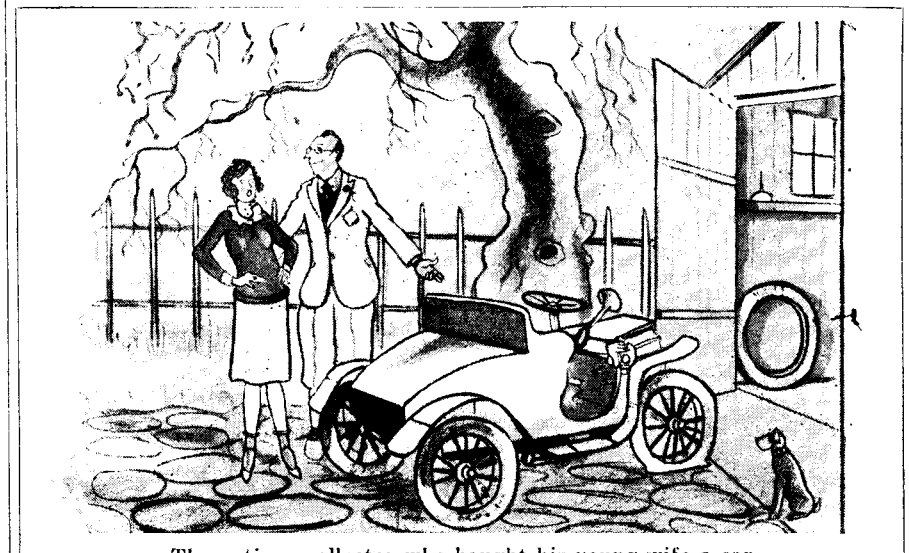
Her face, the smoothly flowing lines of her figure—the effect was of something soft. And every detail—save one—bore out this impression. The sweetly curving lips, the brown hair with the glint of gold, the cheeks, the throat with the hollow at its base, the rounded limbs. But the eyes were hard, unsmiling, unforgiving. But he dared not meet them, so was unaware that all this yielding femininity was derided and denied by the glint of her glance.

"There isn't much I can say," he began, "but I know I ought to be able to say a lot. Only," and he became more fluent, "some things are so unforgivable that you become tongue-tied."

SHE looked at him. On that first occasion when he had blundered into her bedroom she had thought him good-looking, even handsome. On the other two occasions since, she had decided that her first impression was correct enough.

Now, she didn't think so. He seemed to have something better than good looks. There was a ruggedness about him that even his extreme pallor couldn't obliterate. For he was pale. Probably he was ill. Further, one eye was discolored and there was a red bruise on one cheek. Last night's liquor and battle had left their effects.

But, strangely, he had something this evening that he had not seemed to have possessed before: character. She felt a sudden pity for him. What a person he might have become had not too much money spoiled him. Tall, powerfully



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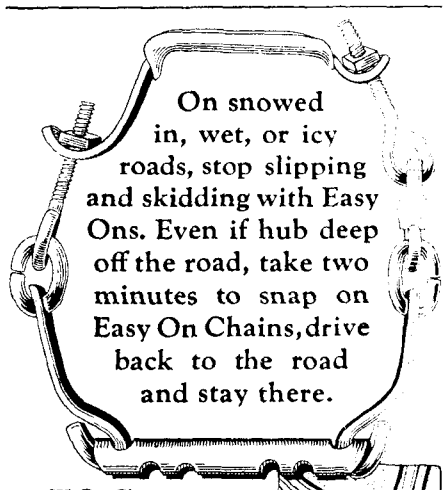

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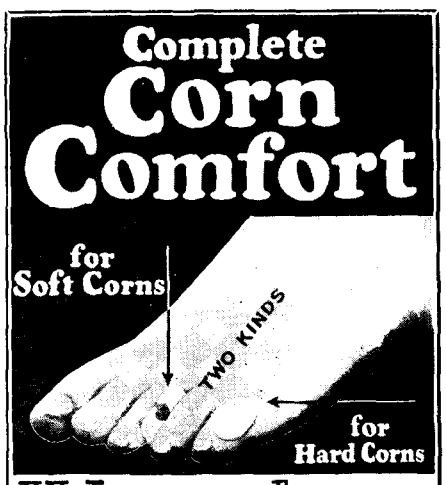

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Specify Callous—Bunion—Hard or Soft Corn.
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built, black-haired, big-featured. . . . She put pity from her. She hated him and must never forget the fact.

She sat down and, uncertainly, he followed her example. He reached for his case, opened it, took out a cigarette, put it away again, then burst again into speech:

"Miss Raynor, I'm sick with regret."

"So am I," she said.

His pallor gave way to a flush.

"Don't I know? Only—yours shouldn't be regret—anger, if you like—"

"I wasn't thinking of myself. I was thinking of Mr. Granby," she said. "After all, to pay for courtesy to a girl with—almost with one's life—"

"He's in no danger," he interrupted. "He—gee, he's great. I—was prepared for anything, and was going to let him get away with anything. But—his man brought me right into his bedroom, and he laughed until he almost cried and—"

"Laughed?" ejaculated Donna.

"Sure," said Gardner. His own slightly bruised lips twisted in a grin. "Wouldn't listen to any apology to himself. Said he'd never been so pleased in his life. Said he'd been afraid he was too old to mix it with a young fellow, and was willing to bet me even money that he could put me away with the gloves. I told him that he'd have done it last night if I hadn't hit him when he was unaware, but he wouldn't have any of that. Said he didn't think he could do it in a rough and tumble, but had lots of confidence in himself with the gloves. You wouldn't have known him."

"Well, I certainly don't understand," gasped Donna.

"He's big. A great fellow," cried Gardner enthusiastically. "Of course, he gave me hell. Told me what a rat I was to say such a thing about a girl. He said plenty and I took it because he was right. But about his scrap with me—told me he hadn't mixed it since the war. Thought he'd grown soft. Asked me, asked *me*, me that aches all over, if he had any punch."

The boy put fingers gingerly to his bruised cheek.

"I told him the truth," he said. "I told him that if the right-hander that did this," and he caressed the bruised cheek, "had landed two inches lower I'd have been put to sleep. Has he a punch? I'll tell the world he has."

Donna stared at him. She arrived now at a conclusion that women rarely reach until the disillusioned forties—that man is incomprehensible. Perhaps the only mental superiority that man as a sex shows over woman is that he knows from the beginning that he cannot understand woman, whereas it takes woman years to know that much about man.

LAST night Ran Granby had fought for his life against youth, and height, and weight, and strength. Not only that, but he had put into his blows a hatred engendered by Gardner's insult to a girl for whom Granby had acquired quick tenderness.

Yet today the two men had forgotten malice in admiration of each other's physical prowess. It was silly, it was childish, and perhaps it was admirable. Donna didn't know.

"So it seems," she said acidly, "that you're both quite proud of last night."

"Please," he said. "You mustn't. Granby has no cause to feel ashamed, but I—you're good to let me see you. I don't deserve it. But if you knew what I've gone through the past twelve hours—"

"I've gone through a little myself," she said. "Did you ever hear of Chit-Chat?"

"A scurrilous little weekly? What about it?"

"Its owners offered me some stock—at a price—today," said Donna. "As an inducement they showed me an account of what you said last night."

"The filthy swine. I'll stop that. I only wish I could stop people's tongues, though. Oh, Miss Raynor, please say you forgive me. Please say that you'll give me a chance."

She saw the opening and stepped into it.

"Chance? Chance? Whatever do you mean?" Her pretty bewilderment would have deceived any man.

"To tell you how much I love you," he cried, "to win you."

(*To be continued next week*)

Framing the Furniture

Continued from page 13

cessive waves of Russians, middle-Europeans, Turks and Tartars. Consequently the rugs produced there show Oriental feeling modified by the flowers and scrolls of Western design.

The above advice takes for granted a wooden floor. But in penthouse apartments the law doesn't allow wood. And in many old houses the floors are so bad that they can't be shown. In this case rubber tiling is a good thing to use. We have had great success with it in a soft brownish black that makes an excellent background for rugs of any type.

The Curtain Problem

If walls, ceiling and floor constitute the frame for a room, curtains are the deciding factor in lighting the picture successfully through all its daylight hours. Here, we have three things to consider—color, form and material.

Curtains, besides having color and texture, must have form, which must be in keeping with the character of the room, and with the lighting conditions. How are they to be made? If elaborate curtains are contemplated, not only the designer but the maker must be expert.

The safest type of curtain for the amateur is the one often used by the modernists; it drops straight from a pole and has no valance. As a rule, heavy materials are employed, perhaps the rep that covers some of the furniture. Such a fabric practically hangs itself, and any careful person can secure a creditable result. The proper fullness is the main consideration.

Not quite so simple as the straight curtain, but not in the realm of the impossible, is the sort that consists of two great widths, French-headed at the top, brought together in the middle and looped at the sides. It is excellent for the tall window when one wishes to lessen and soften the light of the room. Such curtains are better when they lie on the floor.

Truly elaborate curtains demand most careful handling. The stiff, shaped valance, bound or plain, is giving way to the draped valance, calculated to a hairbreadth, and hung in delicate folds. Fringes and ruffles are in favor too; they lend a certain air of softness, of luxury and charm.

Here as before we are confronted with the choice of two modes. At the one extreme we have a period of revival which favors the more ornate and elegant traditions of the past; at the other, the struggles of modernism, which insists on an essential and functional simplicity. Both are good.

New!

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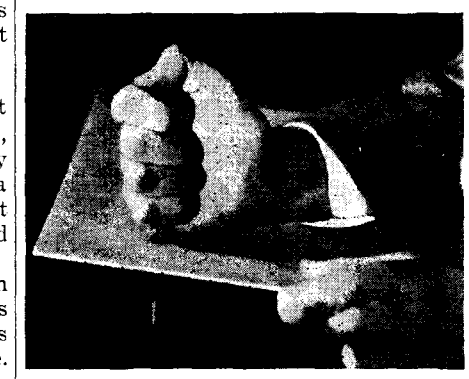


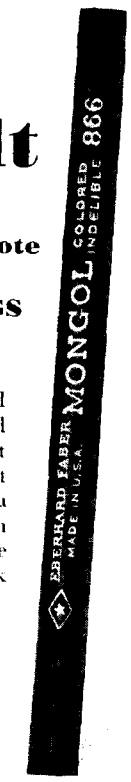
Try it yourself. You'll be amazed. Sharpen a Mongol Colored Indelible Pencil—punch it through stiff cardboard. It will not break!

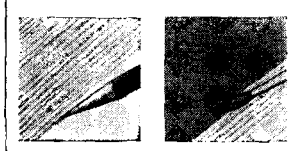
"Fills a long-felt want" wrote

THOMAS HASTINGS
noted architect

"The Mongol Colored Pencil which you have at last found a way to produce, fills, it seems to me, a long-felt want—a pencil in color with a thin lead and one which can be used in almost the same way as the ordinary black lead pencil."

A colored pencil with a thin lead. Takes a needle point. Wears away slowly. And the point will not snap! Extra tough. *Guaranteed not to break in ordinary use!*





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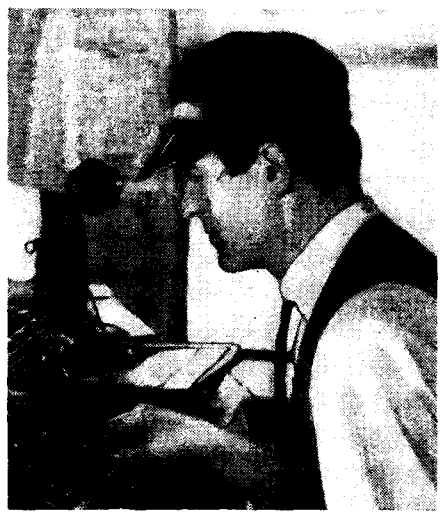
The Army Stands a Life On its Head —and the Result



He Left a Good Job to Learn How to Live

YOU might envy a man who makes his living just by writing things on a typewriter, but there's a lot about his job that isn't so good.

So we were told at any rate by Mr. Solon S. Bloom of 3503 Woodbrook Avenue, Baltimore, Md., whose health began to give way because his work kept him bowed over his desk and gave him no bodily exercise.

"I decided to get away to a military training camp," says Mr. Bloom, "thinking the rough and tumble with the army would do me good for a month. I asked the doctor what to do about my condition."

What the Doctor Said

" 'I've seen men, I've known men,' he said. 'I know what they eat, drink, and how they live. I know all the ways men try to keep themselves regular—and the two that go best together are men and Nujol. Many strong laxatives take the moisture out of the stomach and intestines; both may be harmful and may become habitual. Nujol gets into the system in the best way, soothes and heals the membranes and expels bodily poisons normally, naturally, easily, so that you are regular as clockwork.' "

That was what Mr. Bloom learned when he left his typewriter and went into the army, and you can learn the same thing if you are like most other people.

Remember Nujol is not a medicine, for it contains no drugs of any kind. It is simply bodily lubrication that everybody needs.

You can get a bottle of Nujol at any good drug store, in a sealed package. It costs only a few cents, and it makes you feel like a million dollars. If you will start today and try it for two weeks you will agree with Mr. Bloom's discovery that Nujol is the easy normal way to keep well and make a success out of your life. You will be astonished at the results!

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"Tell me, Llewelyn, what is an Optimist?"

"An Optimist, Llambert, is an insect who looks for the rainbow when they're spraying him with Flit."

(Advertisement)

Hell Gate to Paradise

Continued from page 15

know why I said that," she explained, in a rather small voice. "I just took it for granted that the man with money must be old and thick-necked and foolish like those bloated brokers on that boat tonight."

"Not all brokers are bloated, Goldilocks," said his lordship, gently. "My old man was one, and he was pretty fine. But then, he wasn't so rich . . . not, at least, when he died."

A silence.

"This boat doesn't look like a poor boy's toy, exactly," Bobby mused aloud.

"I don't pose as poor, just to be heroic," said his lordship.

"You haven't told me your name," Bobby pursued.

"Philip Mackaye: Philip with one 'l,' last name M-a-c-k-a-y-e. There's a man named Byng—B-y-n-g— Is that the way you spell it?"

"That's right."

"There's a man named Byng in my class at Princeton. We call him The Earl. Relative of yours?"

"No."

"Where do you live?"

"Newport."

BOBBY didn't know why she had picked Newport. It had just popped out. She wasn't a pretender. She hated chorus girls who put on airs. But if you told a man you were in the chorus, he'd probably get fresh. Even this standoffish one. Let it stand at Newport.

"That will be awkward," Philip-with-one-l was thinking aloud. "I suppose I *could* go barging up to Newport and deliver a young and tender female in a bathing suit and a raincoat. . . . But we're nearly a hundred and forty miles from Newport, I should say, with about sixty miles of open sea to cross. Are you a good sailor?"

Bobby chose to ignore that. So he'd take her to Newport and leave her there in a bathing suit and a slicker? When all the money she had in the world was in her purse on that yacht! Not even any shoes, and in Newport! Nothing but under—oh, golly!

Bobby made a dive for the engine-room hatchway and clambered down the narrow steps in the dark. She could smell scorching silk—or was it just the engine? She groped for the light switch, found a strong hand on it. The light clicked on. Philip was peering down the hatchway at her.

"How about 'em?" he inquired.

Bobby snatched the silken wisps off the pipe, which wasn't so hot, now.

"Not even scorched," she reported, triumphant.

"That's a break. If we had run another five minutes that exhaust manifold would have made waffles of your ball gown."

"Dance set," Bobby corrected him, in mock exasperation. "But why cheer? I can't go home in these!"

"Come on up on deck and let's figure. This is serious."

Bobby came up, the silken trophies folded and in the pockets of the slicker.

"Sit down," Philip indicated the long seat abaft the wheel, gravely. "See here, don't you know anybody along this Long Island shore, between here and Greenpoint, from whom you can borrow an outfit?"

"Sorry, I don't," said Bobby, after appearing to ponder. "Everyone I know's in Europe or somewhere."

"Well, I don't know any girls or women along here, either."

"Don't you live here?" asked Bobby, surprised, indicating the white house with a movement of her head.

"No—these are just friends of mine."

"Well, why can't you wake up someone and get some clothes for me?"

"Really, it would be very awkward. I'm sorry. The ladies are both in Europe, anyway." He was thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Pardon me," said Bobby, hastily. So that was the way the land lay. The girl with the green bathing suit lived in that house!

Bobby had her wits gathered up now.

"Look here," she proposed. "I've got it. You can run me back to New York, can't you? And land me somewhere on the East River. I can get into a taxi in this raincoat and—well, I know where I can get some clothes in Manhattan."

"Good girl!" Philip cheered. "Brains. I can land you at the end of East 86th Street in less than an hour. How would that be?"

"That would be perfect."

"Let's go, skipper!" Philip sprang up and leaped to the wharf to cast off.

WHEN they had been scudding westward toward the low-lying moon for long minutes, a boat—a big white yacht—approached, swinging a searchlight from side to side. It drew nearer, and a man in a blue cap and a blue coat with brass buttons leaned off the bridge, with a megaphone. Bobby caught one glimpse of the name on the bow of the big boat and dove for the hatchway again.

"Hurry, John! I'm just dying for a hot-dog!"

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"Come alongside, Mack, and throw us your bow line," she heard the man with the megaphone say.

"What's up?" she heard Philip reply.

"Lost a girl. Want you to help look for her." A much-worried man, trying to make light of it.

Philip didn't reply. Bobby took one step up the ladder.

"Get my clothes. They're on that boat," she implored, low-voiced. "Don't tell them I'm here."

"All right. Stay below." Philip was curt but discreet. She felt a slight jar; the boat rocked. Silence. Then voices. She moved up another step, and another, straining her ears to hear.

"THERE was three dames when we left the club," she could hear the man on the yacht saying. "Two of them was older and tougher than this blond baby. Just a kid, but from what I seen of her she packed a punch. The other two was the old man's regular sweetie—the one he's been playin' all summer—and the dame that goes with this guy Jim; he's the little one that wears glasses. The blond baby I never seen before. She was paired off with the fat fellow, Cline, but she musta misunderstood the signals. Takawo comes to me about half an hour ago with his hair turnin' white and he says this blond kid's gone overboard. I turned the wheel over to Pierson and checked up. Cline was asleep in his clothes on the bed in number three cabin, drunk as a lord. He said he didn't know where the little hell cat was and didn't care. She'd clawed his face plenty. Takawo says he heard her go overboard, while he was cleanin' up the saloon, but you know he couldn't hear it! But he's got me goofy. If the girl was crazy enough to jump overboard, we're in a hell of a fix. Now—"

"All right, skipper," Philip interrupted. "The girl's safe."

"Whataya mean, safe?"

"I picked her up and took her ashore. Now tell Takawo to bring me her clothes and I'll see that she gets home."

There was a silence; then the thudding of rubber soles.

"Thanks, Takawo," she heard Philip say. "Everything here?"

"Evelything, yes!" hissed the Jap.

Bobby drew a long breath, relaxed on the ladder. Suddenly a new voice broke in, thick-tongued, menacing:

"Here, wha' th' hell's goin' on? Wha' th' hell you doin' with those clothes, hey? Where's tha' li'l—"

"Stand away, there, fellow, or you'll get hurt." It was Philip, emphatic and stage manager. "Shove me off, Takawo."

"Get back, there, you!"

Philip again.

A heavy thud that rocked the little cruiser. Someone had jumped aboard.

Confusion overhead. A shout. A splash. A thrashing of water.

"Somebody," thought Bobby, scrambling up the ladder, "has thrown somebody overboard."

She peered around the hatch housing.

Philip, feet planted apart, was standing in the traditional attitude of the male who has just socked somebody for keeps. In the widening gap of water between the two boats a human porpoise was floundering and splashing. Two blue-coated men and the white-coated Jap were fishing for him with a life preserver, a rope and a pole. The Jap hooked him by the belt and hauled him alongside.

Philip thrust the bundle of garments toward Bobby. His face frightened her.

"Here," he commanded, his voice anything but gentle. "Go put 'em on."

He turned away, cupped his hands, and bawled across to the yacht.

"Captain Foster!"

"What?"

"Tell the old man when he sobers up that I've left the cruiser at the yacht club. The house steward will have the keys. Tell him I've quit and to hell with him. He knows where he can find me in town."

"What's that?"

"You heard me. Tell him what I told you. So long!"

Philip stepped on the starter pedal. The engine whined, coughed, roared away. Philip stooped, engaged the clutches. The boat gathered way, circled, headed into the setting moon.

Bobby installed herself doggedly at the elbow of the glowering helmsman.

"What did you mean when you said you were quitting?"

"What business is it of yours?"

Bobby recoiled. Something in her face brought the man out of his rage.

"I'm sorry," he softened. "I worked for the mucker who owns that yacht and this cruiser. He commutes to and from Wall Street in this and uses the big one for his week-end parties. After I had knocked his boy friend into the Sound I couldn't do anything but resign. I go to Princeton. Also I work in the summer. I was tutoring the old man's son and running the boat for him on the side, just for the fun of it. Don't you worry about it. I'll get another job."

"And now you've lost a good job, all on my account. . . ." Bobby was near tears. She was also very near Philip. Now that she realized it, she was as near as she could get to him.

The boat was losing speed; the engine was shut off. She snuggled into the haven of Philip's arms and looked up at him with stricken eyes. He didn't appear to be downcast. He appeared to be about to kiss somebody. She let her head fall back, opened her lips and closed her eyes. Nothing happened.

He had taken his arms away. She slumped back against the ubiquitous leather-cushioned seat and looked at him. What had happened now?

"This isn't getting you back to Newport," he said, with elaborate nonchalance. He stepped on the starter. The engine throbbed again.

Bobby stood up and gripped her man firmly by both elbows and twisted him around, away from the wheel. He didn't resist much.

"Philip," she implored, and now there *were* tears in her eyes. "I don't live in Newport. I live in West Seventy-first Street, Manhattan. I'm a dancer in musical comedy. I lied to you because when you tell a man you're in the chorus he thinks he can—"

A GIRL couldn't apologize properly for deceiving a man when her lips were not even slightly under her own control. Presently she got them back. A girl couldn't even stand up, after that, without holding onto something big and strong.

"Honey," she heard herself saying, when she had the use of her lips again for a moment. "Don't you mind. I'm rehearsing for a show. I can get you a job in it."

"Me, on the stage?" hooted Philip-with-only-one-l. "Don't be funny! I'll get a job tomorrow. I know where there's a snap of a tutoring ticket."

He bent down and let in the clutches. The cruiser started.

"Next stop, the yacht club! Kiss me, baby! In a few minutes I've got to take this tub through Hell Gate and I can't be kissing you then! But just beyond Hell Gate is a place called Paradise."

Now, there's the trouble. Tell a man you're on the stage, and he wants to get fresh right away.

She rose on her tiptoes, let the golden head drop back, opened the impudent lips and closed her eyes. It was too much to ask of a girl to swim back home through Hell Gate when she was bound for Paradise.

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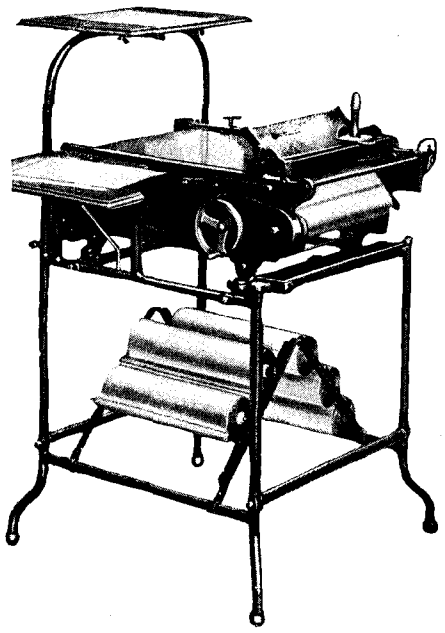

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The Big Bank Round-Up

Continued from page 21

the number of banks. In New York City, for instance, 50 banks have disappeared in the last two years through consolidations—banks with combined capital of $125,000,000 and resources running into hundreds of millions.

The Manufacturers Trust Company represents a series of consolidations by which 14 banks in New York City were absorbed. The present Irving Trust Company has had its name changed four or five times in the last half dozen years to keep pace with its numerous mergers. It has figured in eight consolidations involving twenty-four banks.

And so while the big banks are merging, many of them are reaching out for branches and at the same time the stock of the big banks is falling into the hands of holding companies. So swiftly are these forces changing over our banking system, that it is difficult to forecast what will be the result in another ten years.

One expert observer in this field, however, ventures the prediction that in another ten or twenty years no one will own any bank stock. He thinks that a few big banks in each Federal Reserve District will own all the banks as branches and that these big banks will belong to holding companies and the public will own the stock in the holding companies.

Battle Array

Some 27 of our states are against it. Nine states have forbidden branch banking by law. Nine others have forbidden any further extension of it. And nine others forbid it through executive orders of their banking departments.

In some of those states in which it is permitted it is limited to the locality of the parent bank. The national banks are permitted, under the McFadden Act, passed two years ago, to have branches only in the locality of the parent bank and then only in cities where the state law permits the state banks to have branches.

As to chain banking, that is so new that few states have had an opportunity to deal with it. But we may expect to see a flood of bills in legislatures meeting this year to regulate or check or destroy it. And a battle is brewing in Congress around which all the vigor and bitterness of the controversy will break before long!

Bankers are ranged into two hostile camps. Most of the little bankers and many of the big ones are against chain banking. And when one of these bankers starts to talk about branch banking he takes out his glass eye to give the tears a chance, puts on the tremolo stops, starts the soft music and bursts into the impassioned oratory of a congressman predicting this "grea-a-t republic is about to start down the path taken by ancient Rome."

It is easy to understand the opposition of the small banker. He's a big frog in a little puddle. Besides, he and his directors enjoy certain local advantages by reason of their banking distinction. And of course there is the natural suspicion of the growing power of big business.

Then, standing behind the little banker is the big banker who does business with him and to some extent lives on him. In this highly organized and complicated world of ours it is not possible for banks, any more than others, to get along without very intimate and complex relationships with other banks. Hence we have what is called correspondent banking.

Thus in New York City you will have a great bank like the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company—which has steadily refused to go into or countenance branch banking. This bank has, all over the country, hundreds of small correspondent banks. They send to the Hanover Bank their surplus deposits. They depend on the big bank for many services. The relations between the big bank and its depositors are very close—and branch banking is a blow to correspondent banking.

The supporters of the national bank system are profoundly disturbed. At first they were opposed to branches because the national banks could not have them. For years national banks have been surrendering their national charters and going into the state systems. Forty years ago the national banks had 75 per cent of the deposits of the country. Now they have only 40 per cent. So far, this year, national banks with resources of $3,000,000,000 have abandoned the Federal system for state charters.

Since the McFadden Act of 1927 the national banks have been permitted to have branches, but only in the cities where they operate. In many states the national banks must compete with state banks which can spread their branches over the whole state. And so there are many bankers who insist that unless our national bank laws are liberalized, including greater freedom to operate branches, our Federal banking system is doomed.

And now Mr. J. W. Pole, Comptroller of the Currency, comes out boldly for a new national banking law which will permit national banks to open branches anywhere within the limits of the Federal Reserve districts in which they are located. Around this proposal a battle is sure to be waged in Washington before long.

Of course a good deal of bunk manages to make its way into this controversy. Very naturally the champions of the individual bankers undertake to dramatize the little banker: "He helped to fight our wars, to develop our vast expanse of land, to rear our children, to bury our dead." This can also be said of the horse. But we are using the automobile just the same. I say this not to decry the little banker but to help strip the matter of much of the obvious bunk that always seeps into these questions. After all, the little banker is not always a hero.

An Appalling Record

From 1921 to 1928 some 5,000 banks have closed their doors. In almost one half of our states from 10 to 53 per cent of banks operating in 1920 have failed. This is an appalling record. Eighty per cent of these failures were in cities of less than 3,000. And the record of failures is not at an end, either. From January to August of this year 52 national and 403 state banks went out of business.

And remember, as the Comptroller of the Currency very properly observes, all this was in a period of exceptional prosperity!

Of course branch banks and chain banks can fail, too. We have seen one chain in Canada fail and close its 400 branches at a blow.

While so many small individual banks were falling by the wayside, an equally large number were failing to show adequate earnings. About 3,000 of our 26,000 banks operated last year at a loss, while 10,000 of them earned less than

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Collier's Radio Hour

Every Sunday Evening

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five per cent. The earnings of these banks, less losses, are not enough for salaries, free services, dividends and adequate surplus accounts. In one of our great agricultural states the average of earnings of all banks, according to the Comptroller of the Currency, was less than 1½ per cent.

At the same time other banks are rolling up the most extraordinary profits in the history of banking. If, for instance, you had bought ten shares of National City Bank stock ten years ago they would have cost $4,400. If you had held them and gotten the benefit of all the split-ups and subscribed to all the additional shares voted, you would have invested another $7,950—a total investment of $12,350.

The Big and the Small

But today instead of ten shares you would have 200 shares worth $60,000. Last year you could have bought a share of National City stock for $880. Today, split into five shares, it is worth $1,500, despite the market crash.

I could give innumerable similar examples from other cities. What is the difference between these banks that make so much and those that make so little? The difference lies in the fact that the small banks perform purely commercial banking service, have inadequate deposits and sustain too many losses from undiversified loans. Here is a bank in Georgia for instance, with a capital of $240,000 and deposits of $450,000. Its deposits are only twice as much as its capital and surplus. The National City Bank of New York has capital and surplus of $235,000,000 but deposits of $1,470,891,000, or six times as much. Moreover, these big banks afford innumerable services, the most profitable of which are those performed through their investment subsidiaries.

I think we need not worry about the suffering of bankers and depositors and stockholders from the branch bank and chain bank systems.

The issue must be decided wholly upon the stake of the public in these new systems. After all, the money in all these banks is our money and the credit which they manage is our credit. The question to be determined is whether or not this new kind of bank can handle our funds more safely and profitably than the old kind of bank and whether in doing so the public interest in freedom of credit will be impaired. Over and above these points is the still more important one whether the concentration of so much power in the hands of a few men will give them a disproportionate voice in the management of our public affairs and in the direction of industry.

This last question is by no means a closed one. The quarrel between the bankers is purely a trade quarrel as to who will get the business and pocket the profits. The vital issue is to safeguard our development along the lines which will yield the greatest service to the largest number of people.

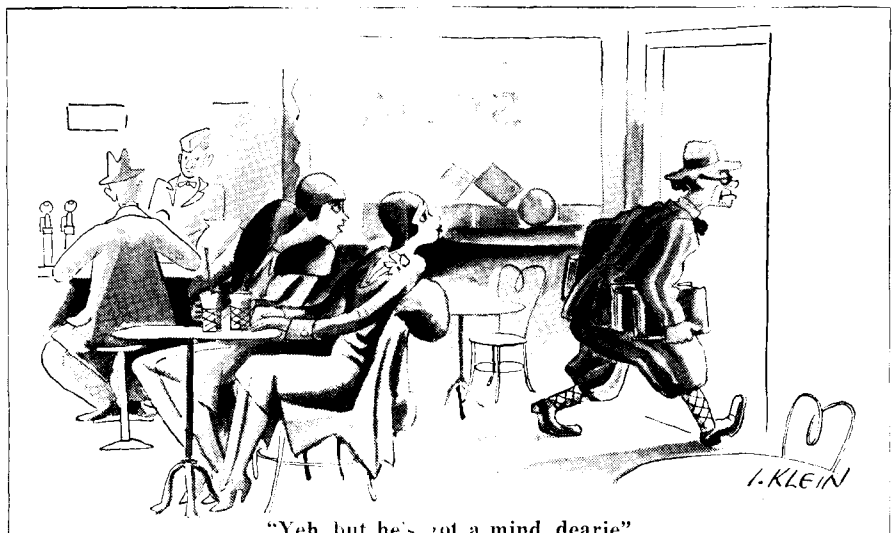
I refrain from discussing this point. My only object has been to present a picture of our new banking world and define the issues which call for decision. But bankers, bank examiners, legislators and business men are enrolling into hostile camps and we are sure to see very soon a war of impressive proportions. I have already indicated what one of these battlefields will be. A movement will be made in Congress to permit national banks to engage in what is called regional branch banking. Under this plan a national bank will be able to maintain branches anywhere within the Federal Reserve District to which it belongs. This will be in effect, and to a limited extent, interstate branch banking. Against this will be ranged not only the natural enemies of branch banking but many powerful state banks which favor branch banking within state lines. There are men who think such a measure alone can save the national banking system. It will be readily seen that this proposal has within it the germ of a bitter fight.

The other most important battle looming is over the system of group or so-called chain banking. Chain banking is a disguised form of branch banking. Either branch banking is a good thing or it is not. If it is, if it does permit of economies of operation and safety of funds and liquidity of credit, then branch banking ought to be conducted in the open, frankly and in full view of the investing and banking community.

The Battle is On

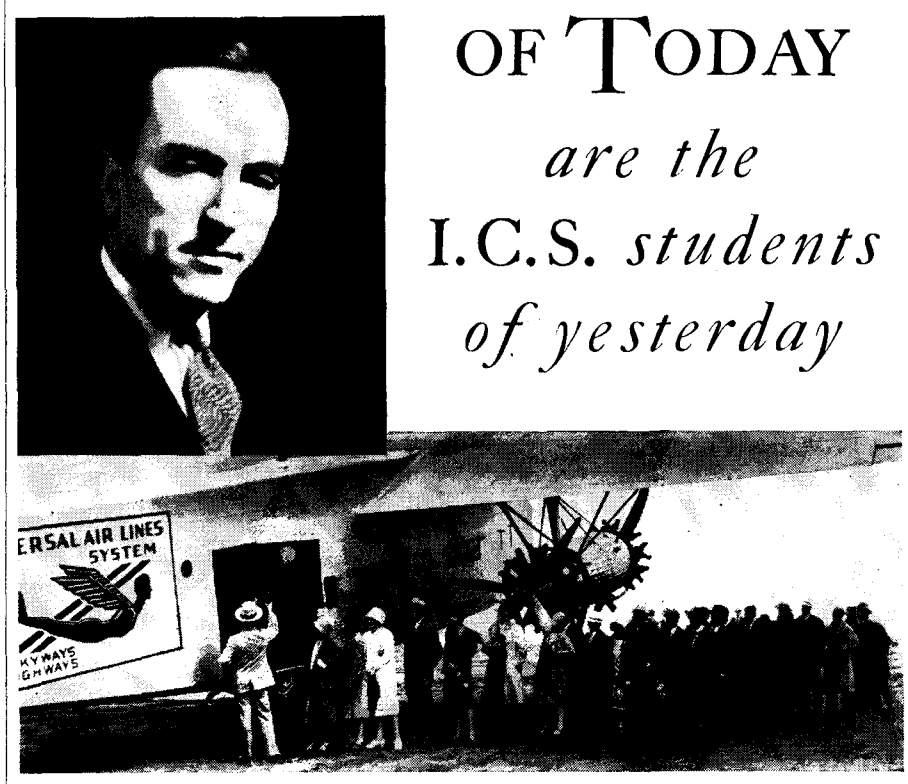
Group banking—which means ownership of numerous banks by holding companies—certainly can command for itself no argument which does not equally apply to branch banking. But against it can be marshaled a host of impressive arguments. Chief among these is the sinister power of the holding company to acquire with a small amount of money the resources of a great string of banks. If the holding company principle can be applied to banks it will not be long before the ownership of banks will be veiled in a mysterious tangle of corporations and the important element of owner responsibility will be lost because the owner will be unknown or at least so remote that public opinion cannot well reach him.

The first attacks on this system of group banking will be made in the state legislatures which are now assembling. But it is quite probable that an effort will be made in Congress to remove national banks from the dominion of the holding company control and group banking practices.



"Yeh, but he's got a mind, dearie"

THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY *are the* I.C.S. *students of yesterday*



COL. EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER, *and a giant Fokker 30-passenger air-liner*

EVERY ONE has heard of "Eddie" Rickenbacker. Most of us think of him as a daredevil driver, a cool, skilful pilot, and a famous air-fighter. But how many realize that he is also an engineer of genius, and an executive of rare ability?

Today Colonel Rickenbacker is Vice-president Director of Sales for Fokker Aircraft Corporation in America; President of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Corporation, and Chairman of the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association.

Eddie Rickenbacker was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1890. He grew up in the street and on the lots. He led his own gang. He was all boy. But when he was 12 his father died and suddenly he had to be a man. He got himself a job in a glass-works, at $4.80 a week.

At 16 Eddie Rickenbacker had worked in many places, including a brewery, a shoe factory and a railway machine shop. Then came the turn of fate that shaped his life. He got a job with a man who repaired cars and bicycles.

The "fleet" of cars on which young Eddie got his first experience comprised a one-cylinder Oldsmobile, a Waverly electric and a Locomobile "steamer." He ran them and tinkered with them. But he wanted to know more about their inside workings than any one in the shop could tell him. That was when he enrolled for the Automobile Course with the International Correspondence Schools.

For two years he did a double shift—all day on the repair work and half the night at his lessons. When he felt he had mastered enough theory, he moved to a new job in a car factory. His dogged persistence and his real knowledge of automobiles won him promotion to the engineering department. At 18 he bore the title of "experimental engineer."

When he was 21 the lure of the racing game caught him, and for the next five years he made his reputation as a driver.

When the United States entered the World War, he was in the first contingent of the A. E. F. to cross. In seven months of flying he made history, bringing down a total of 26 hostile planes.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker came home a national hero, but it did not spoil him. Following the war he was chosen to head a motor company that bore his name. Later he became Vice-president in charge of sales for the Cadillac-LaSalle division of General Motors. And when that organization bought a dominating interest in Fokker Aircraft Corporation, and needed an executive to "take the controls" in developing America's already quickened air-sense, Colonel Rickenbacker was selected.

Because of natural gifts, reinforced by the habit of study developed in his I. C. S. days, this boy whose start was so beset with difficulty has become a man outstanding in any field he enters.

Such a career is a ringing challenge to every ambitious young man in America. No matter what a man's previous education may be, no matter what his aims or his financial standing, the International Correspondence Schools can give him the training he needs to achieve success. Tonight, in thousands of homes, young men will be at work on their I. C. S. lessons under the study lamp. *They are the business leaders of the future.*

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The Mail Goes Through

"NEITHER snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

These words written twenty-five hundred years ago in Greek by Herodotus, put into English by Woodrow Wilson and carved over the portals of the New York Post Office, are a perfect picture of the fidelity and competence and surpassing valor which characterize the work of the mailman in all ages and never better than now.

We put a five-cent stamp upon a letter and the old tradition of the dauntless courier drives young men through their appointed rounds reckless of weather and of danger to themselves.

Ordinarily, skill and courage carry them through and we know only that the mail schedule was unbroken. Only when nature conquers the strength, the cunning and the machines of man do we appreciate the price the couriers pay to do our work.

About a year ago Thomas P. Nelson, a youthful pilot on the Cleveland to New York route, told in Collier's Radio Hour some of the experiences of the regular mail flyers.

Talking into the microphone seemed more of an ordeal to him than his nightly trip across the dangerous fog-smothered Alleghenies.

Despite his skill, and Nelson was counted one of the best pilots graduated from the Army School at San Antonio, he could not escape danger.

On November 6th last, Nelson was flying east with the night mail. Soon after he passed the intermediate landing field at Ringtown, Pennsylvania, he noticed that the ship was on fire. He immediately turned back toward the field and began to fight the fire—shutting off his gas, turning on the fire extinguisher. But the fire extinguisher had frozen.

The fire got worse. Nelson saw that he couldn't stay in the blazing cockpit long enough to control the crack-up of the ship on the landing field. Of course he could have made a safe parachute jump there. He would have been quickly found in case he was hurt in landing. But there were houses near by—a town. He couldn't allow his plane to plunge haphazardly in such a place.

So he deliberately turned away from the field and flew toward open wilderness, where his chance of a safe parachute jump would be lessened, but where no one could be injured by the crash of his ship.

Meanwhile his ship was a blazing torch; his cockpit unbearably hot. He stayed long enough to guide the ship toward an open spot. Then he jumped. He watched, from his swinging parachute, the crash of the plane, and guided his descent as near to it as he could. Landing, he unbuckled himself and rushed to the wreck, and managed to pull five bags of his mail away from it.

Thomas P. Nelson, air-mail pilot, who was killed on December 2d

No airman ever showed more courage and faithfulness to a high tradition of service. Yet within another month his end came. A winter storm proved too strong and Nelson was found dead beside his plane near Cleveland.

While he was still missing, Colonel Lindbergh, Lieutenant James Doolittle, Eddie Stinson, Phil Love and all the other famous airmen in reach cranked their ships and went out into the stormy night searching for their lost comrade.

So magnificent an exhibition of courage and comradeship thrilled the nation. Most of us paused in our daily routine to admire the fine loyalty which so evidently unites the adventurers in this great service.

Air voyageurs, like seamen, are bound together by the common dangers of a hardy enterprise and when one is in distress all must fly to his aid. Human nature is seldom seen to better advantage.

Yet the same stormy night during which Lindbergh and Doolittle and their fellows challenged our admiration by flying to search for Nelson, four mail carriers traversed the "graveyard" route between Cleveland and New York. Pilots Brown and Sampson flew mail ships to Cleveland and Pilots Little and Williams moved along the eastward course.

Every day air-mail pilots fly approximately 52,000 miles in this country.

They are the pioneers of a new generation. Modest and competent, they do their work under conditions which few of us who lead pedestrian lives can imagine or even picture in our imagination.

It is inspiring to realize that in this service which makes use of the newest of man's inventions, the noblest of the old traditions of courage, loyalty and enterprise are dominant.

The air-mail pilots are young men, some hardly more than boys, but both in routine and in emergency they have proved and they are proving their worthiness to stand with the great company of heroes whose valor has ever given dignity to life.

The $18 Smile

OUR only fear about the current drive to safeguard the business health of the country is that it may cause the renaissance of the wall and desk mottoes which were not to be avoided anywhere before the war.

Our grocer, who has rediscovered the cash value of cheerfulness, is now looking around in the cellar for discarded injunctions to "Smile!" His wife invested the family savings, some months back, in an oil property well spoken of by the promoter's advertising writer. The inevitable bad news was received three weeks ago and the poor woman, who helps her husband in the store, thereafter went about her duties with despair dripping from every pore.

Casting up his accounts at the end of two weeks, he was dismayed to find his profits had shrunk at the rate of $18.60 a week. Considering the matter to be vital, he searched for the cause and after deep thought attributed the loss to his wife's doleful manner.

He told her to stay out of the store unless she could smile. The helpful woman immediately patterned her mien after Pagliacci (in his public appearances, of course) and the store's receipts are now better than normal.

Our friend will redecorate his store as soon as the cellar yields up its treasures. The old familiar signs—"Smile and Win," "The Cheerful Phiz Gets the Biz," and so on—will be on view. Also we'll have that uncomfortable feeling which comes whenever we are in the presence of the professional grin, the suspicion that there is something about our face or necktie that moves the beholder to mirth. We shall have to trade elsewhere.

The Red Ticket

STATISTICS showing that the daily average Iowa street and road accident casualty rate is one killed and forty seriously injured induced the state to start a campaign against reckless drivers.

The remedy will have to be found by engineers as well as by policemen.

Meanwhile Sheriff G. E. Cress of Mason City is trying out a novel method of police control.

He continued to arrest the worst offenders, and in addition he stopped the best drivers and decorated them with a red card complimenting them on their regard for others.

He had to do a lot of quick explaining to tourists who could not understand why they were stopped by an officer with a red tag in his hand, but many a driver proudly bore that red tag to the far corners of the country, far more zealous in living up to its judgment than he would have been had a judge forced law observance upon him with a fine.

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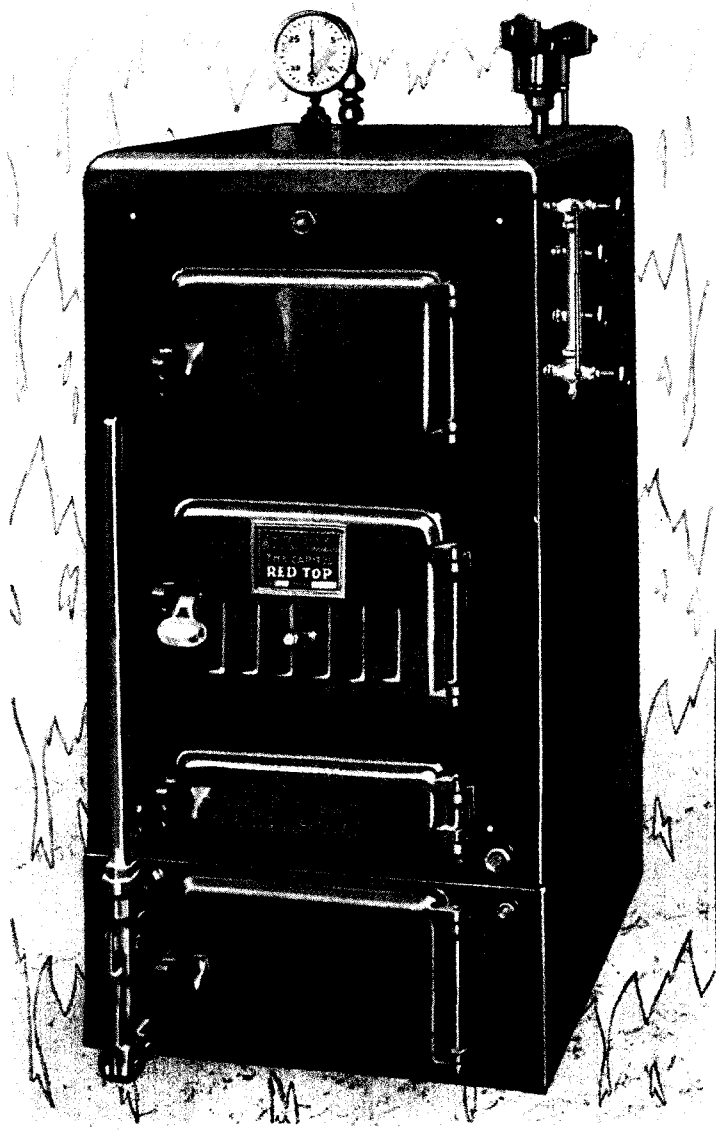

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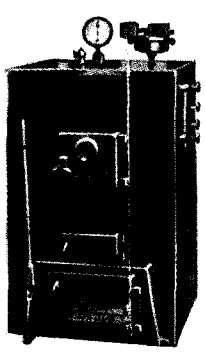

The Capitol Red Head

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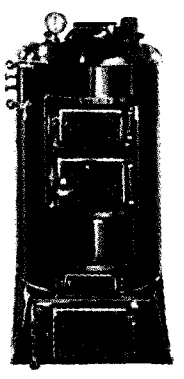

The Capitol Red Cap

Embodies every improvement known in round boilers. A thick blanket of rock wool, the finest insulation obtainable, suggests its quality in every particular. For medium sized residences.

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Exactly what do we mean by "success in baking"?

Sometimes when we speak of "success in baking" we mean merely avoiding failures. That's an important matter, certainly. It's so important that Pillsbury spends thousands of dollars testing Pillsbury's Best Flour — testing it by daily baking, by every scientific method known, to make sure that every sack is just like every other sack—that it will work perfectly for any baking purpose, bread, biscuits or pastry.

But there's another kind of baking success which is more than a matter of dodging failures. It is an achievement — *perfect flavor*, that small but all-important improvement in taste which is the mark of real success in baking. Women whose foods have this delicately richer flavor have learned to follow one important rule. They select ingredients with greatest care (flavorings, shortening, etc.) — and they use a flour that is *rich* as well as dependable — Pillsbury's Best. Pillsbury baking chemists have discovered one secret of finer flavor. They have found that there are certain blends of wheat which make a richer flour — and that foods baked with this richer flour have a better flavor. Pillsbury's Best Flour is milled only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It gives you double value — dependability, *plus better flavor*.

Isn't it worthwhile to have this double quality? To know that your flour will never cause a baking failure — and more than that, to know that all your foods will have that delicately richer flavor that is the mark of finest baking? Simply be sure to get Pillsbury's Best Flour — all good grocers have it. Ask for it by name — for better flavor and more certain success in all your baking!

ORANGE SHORTCAKE

2½ cups Pillsbury's Best Flour	½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 tablespoon sugar
	¼ cup shortening
	1 cup milk

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Work in shortening with the tips of the finge flaky add the milk gradually, m nife until a soft dough is out and transfer dough t layer cake pans and p a very hot oven (minutes. Put toge sections. Cover cream and garnis

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Al... ..., President of the National Radio Home-Makers' Club. Hear Mrs. Allen every Wednesday morning over the Columbia chain; 10:00 a. m. Eastern Standard time.

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